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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XXXIII., No. 6.

JUNE, 1881.

Old Series Com-  
plete in 63 vols.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

THOSE who from however great a distance have shared in the long vigil held in that "little house at Chelsea," of which so much has been heard and said in recent days, must have felt it something like a personal relief and solemn satisfaction when the last bonds were loosened, and the old man, so weary and worn with living, was delivered from his earthly troubles. "They will not understand that it's death I want," he said one of the last times I saw him. He said the same thing to all his visitors. As he sat, gaunt and tremulous, in the middle of the quiet, graceful little room, with still a faint perfume about it of his wife and her ways, still so like himself, talking in the cadenced and rhythmic tones of his native dialect, which suited so well the natural form of his diction, with now and then an abrupt outburst of that broken laugh which is so often only another form of weep-

ing, weariness had entered into his soul. Great weakness was no doubt one of its chief causes; but also the loneliness of the heart, the solitude of one whose companion had gone from his side, and who, though surrounded by tender friends and loving service, had no one of the primary relationships left to him, nothing of his very own still remaining out of the wrecks of life. His course was over years ago—nothing left for him to do, no reason for living except the fact that he was left there, and could do no other. It is scarcely too much to say that the whole nation, in which nevertheless there are so many to whom he was but a name, attended him, with uncovered head and unfeigned reverence, to the little churchyard in Annandale where he is gathered to his fathers. No one now living perhaps, apart from the warmer passion of politics, on the ground of mere literary fame, would call

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forth so universal a recognition—certainly no one whose voice had been silent and his visible presence departed for so long before the actual ending of his pilgrimage.

It is possible that any disturbance so soon of the religious calm and subduing influence of that last scene would have seemed harsh and unseasonable; but there is more than any mere sentimental objection to the immediate awakening of contending voices over the Master's grave, in the feeling with which we regard the book which has been so hurriedly placed in our hands—the last utterance of the last prophet and sage, what should have been the legacy of ripest wisdom, and calm at least, if not benignant philosophy. That Carlyle was not one who regarded contemporary progress with satisfaction, or had any optimist views about the improvement of the world, we were all well aware. But never had his great spirit stooped to individual contention, to anything that could be called unkindness; and we had no reason to expect that any honest and friendly contemporary on opening this posthumous record should receive a sting. But now the book, so long mysteriously talked of, and to which we have looked as, when it should come, one of the most touching and impressive of utterances, has burst upon the world like a missile, an angry meteor, rather than with the still shining as of a star in the firmament which we had looked for. The effect would scarcely have been more astonishing if, after having laid down that noble and mournful figure to his everlasting rest, he had risen again to pour forth an outburst of angry words upon us. Had we been less near the solemn conclusion, perhaps the shock and surprise would have been less painful; and it is possible, as some one says, that "a hundred years hence people will read it with the same interest." But this has little to do with the immediate question, which is that this record of so much of his life reveals to us a far less impressive and dignified personality than that which—in the reverential myths and legends of the gods of which Carlyle in his old age has been so long the subject—his generation has attributed to him. It is hard to contend against the evi-

dence supplied by his own hand, and it will be very difficult to convince the world that we who think differently of him knew better than himself. Nevertheless, there will no doubt be many eager to undertake this forlorn hope, and vindicate the character he has aspersed.

It is scarcely possible that there should not be an outcry of derision at such an idea. Who, the reader will say, could know him so well as himself?—which is unanswerable, yet a fallacy, so far as I can judge. No one has ever set a historical figure so vividly before us, with dauntless acceptance of its difficulties, and bold and strong presentment of an individual, be he the real Cromwell or Frederick or not, yet an actual and living Somebody not unworthy (if not perhaps too worthy) of the name. But in this latest work of all, where he has to deal not with historical figures but with those nearest and most dear to himself, I venture to think, with respect, that Carlyle has failed, not only in the drawing of himself (made in one sad and fevered mood) but also of those in whom he was most deeply interested and ought to have known best. Nothing can prove more curiously the inadequacy of personal impressions and highly-wrought feeling to reach that truth of portraiture which the hand of an unconcerned spectator will sometimes lightly attain. The only figure in this strange and unhappy book which has real life in it, and stands detached all round from the troubled background, is that of the man who was least to the writer of all the group, most unlike him, the vivacious, clear-headed, successful, and brilliant Jeffrey, a man in respect to whom there was no passionate feeling in his mind, neither love, nor compunction, nor indignant sympathy, nor tender self-identification. The sketch of James Carlyle, which for some time has been talked about in literary circles, with bated breath, and which critics in general, confused and doubtful of their own opinion, have turned to as the one thing exquisite in these reminiscences, is after all not a portrait but a panegyric—a strange outpouring of love and grief, in which the writer seems half to chant his own funeral oration with that of his father, and enters into every particular

of character with such a sense of sharing it, and into the valley and shadow of death with such a reflection of solemnity and awe and the mystery of departure upon his own head, that our interest is awakened much more strongly for him, than by any distinct perception we have of his predecessor. It is impossible not to be touched and impressed by this duality of being, this tremulous solemn absorption of self in the shadowy resemblance; but the real man whom we are supposed to be contemplating, shapes very confused through those mists. This sketch, too, was made in the immediate shock of loss, while yet the relations of the dead to ourselves are most clear, strengthened rather than diminished by their withdrawal out of our sight. At such a moment it would be strange indeed if the light were clear enough and the hand steady enough to give due firmness to the outline. That good craftsman, that noble peasant, looms out of those mists a hero and prophet like those reflections upon the mountains which turn a common figure into that of a giant. A tear is as effectual in this way as all the vapors of the Alps. Looking back through this haze it is no wonder that the gifted son with all the reverential recollections of his childhood roused and quickened, should see the figures of his kindred and ancestors, his father chief of all, like patriarchs in the country which in his consciousness had produced nothing nobler. "They were among the best and truest men (perhaps the very best) in their district and craft," they were men of "evidently rather peculiar endowment." The father was "one of the most interesting men I have ever known," "the pleasantest man I had to speak with in all Scotland," "a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with."

All this is very touching to read; and it is infinitely interesting and fine to see a man so gifted, whose genius has given him access out of the lowliest to the highest class of his contemporaries, thus turning back with grateful admiration and love to the humble yet noble stock from which he sprang. But with all this it is not a portrait, nor are we much the wiser as to the individual portrayed.

"I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation," Carlyle proceeds, as if the children and the friends were all met together to render honor to the dead, and could respond out of their own experience with emphatic "Ayes!" with sympathetic shakings of the head, "he was among the best of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce; a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God and diligently working on God's earth with contented hope and unwearyed resolution." It is an eloquent *éloge*, like those which in France are pronounced over the grave in the hearing of friends specially qualified to assent, and to confirm the truth. But at the very highest that can be said of it this is description merely, and James Carlyle never stands before us—let us not say as Cromwell does, but even like Father Andreas in "Sartor Resartus," who was partly, no doubt, drawn from him, and who with half the pains comes out before us a veritable man.\*

This is true also I think, with the exception already noted, of all we have in these volumes. There are facts and incidents which no man but he could have reported—some of great interest, some, as was inevitable, of no interest at all—but he whose power of pictorial representation was so great, has not been able to make either his dear friend or dearest wife a living image to our eyes. For

\* The difference between this descriptive treatment and distinct portraiture could scarcely be better shown than by the following delightful story recalled to me by a noble lady, an older friend than myself, as told by Mrs. Carlyle of her father-in-law. When they met after her marriage, she offered him a filial kiss, which the old man felt to be too great an honor. "Na, na, Mistress Jean," he said too respectful of his son's lady-wife to call her bluntly by her Christian name, "I'm no fit to kiss the like of you." "Hoot, James," his wife cried, distressed by the rudeness, though not without her share in the feeling, "you'll no refuse her, when it's her pleasure." "Na, na," repeated old Carlyle, softly putting away the pretty young gentlewoman with his hand. He disappeared for some time after this, then returned, clean-shaven and in his best Sunday clothes, blue coat, most likely with metal buttons, and all his rustic bravery, and approached her with a smile. "If you'll give me a kiss now!" he said.

Could there be a more delightful instance of the most chivalrous delicacy of feeling? It is worth a whole volume of panegyric.

this purpose, an imagination not limited by details so well remembered, a mind more free, a heart less deeply engaged was necessary. It is not in nature that we should look upon the figures which walk by our side through life, and share every variety of our existence, as we behold others more distant. Carlyle had neither the cold blood nor the deliberate purpose which would have made such a piece of intellectual vivisection possible. Goethe could do it, but not the enthusiast who fixed his worship upon that heathen demi-god, the being of all others most unlike himself in all the lists of fame. It is hard to understand why Carlyle took Irving in hand at all. It was in the heat and urgency of troubled thoughts, when his wife's death had stirred up all the ancient depths, and carried him back to his youth and all its associations: and many a beautiful stretch of that youth, of walks and talks, of poetic wanderings, of dreams and musings which we should have been sorry to lose, is to be found in the long and discursive chapter of recollections which he has inscribed with his friend's name; but of Irving little, not much more than a silhouette of him, dark against the clear background of those spring skies. It may perhaps be supposed that I am scarcely likely to touch upon this subject without bias; but I do not think there was the slightest unwillingness in my mind to receive a new light upon it, nor any anticipation of hostility in the eagerness with which I turned over those pages coming from the hand of a beloved Master, as much nearer to Edward Irving as he was superior to any of us. But here, save by glimpses, and those mostly of the silhouette kind as has been said, is no Irving. There is but a vague comrade of Carlyle's youth, mostly seen on his outer side, little revealing any passion, prophetic or otherwise, in him, a genial stalwart companion, of whom the writer is unwilling to allow even so much as that the light which led him astray was light from heaven. And yet it is with no petty intention of pulling down from its elevation the figure of his friend that this is done, but rather to vindicate him as far as possible from the folly with which he threw himself into what was nothing but wretched imposture and

hysterical shrieking and noise to the other. Rather that it should be made out to be mere excitement, the ever quickening tide of a current from which the victim could not escape, than that any possibility of consideration should be awarded to those strange spiritual influences which swayed him. But not to enter into this question, upon which it was natural that there should be no mutual comprehension between the friends, we think the reader will make very little of the man who occupies nominally the greater part of one of these volumes. His open-air aspect, his happy advent when he came on his early visits to Annandale, giving to Carlyle delightful openings out of his little farmhouse circle, afford a succession of breezy sketches; and we see with pleasure the two young men strolling along "the three miles down that bonny river's bank, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds;" or sitting together among the "peat-hags" of Drumclog Moss "under the silent bright skies." All these are pictures "pretty to see," as Carlyle says. But there is no growing of acquaintance with this big friendly figure, and when we see him in London, always against a background more distinct than himself, though no longer now of "bright silent skies," but of hot interiors full of crowding faces, mostly (alas for the careless record made in an unhappy moment!) represented as of the ignoble sort—it is less and less possible to identify him, or make out, except that he is always true and noble, amid every kind of pettiness and social vulgarity, what manner of man he was. This difficulty is increased by the continual crossing and re-crossing of Carlyle himself over the space nominally consecrated to Irving, sometimes striking him out altogether, and always throwing him back so that even the silhouette fails us. Had he lived a hundred years earlier the historian perhaps would have been no more tolerant of the Tongues or the miracles: but he would have picked out of the manifold ravings of the time, however dreary or unintelligible, such a picture of the heroic and stainless soul deceived, as should have moved us to the depths of our heart: perhaps thrown some new light



upon spiritual phenomena ever recurring, whether as a delusion of the devil, or a mortal mistake and blunder; at least have set the prophet before us in a flood of illumination, of reverence, and compunction and tenderness.

But this gift which has made Abbot Sampson one of our dearest friends, stands us in no stead with the man who stood by the writer's elbow, whose breath was on his cheek, who was the friend and companion of his early years. Strange! and yet so natural, that we have only to interrogate ourselves to understand such a disability. He knew his friend far too well to know him at all in this way. He was not indifferent enough to perceive the tendencies of his being or the workings of his mind. These tendencies moved him, not to calm observation, but to hot opposition and pain, and anxious thought of the results—to the anger and the impatience of affection, not to the tolerance and even creative enjoyment of the poet who finds so noble a subject ready to his hand.

In a very different fashion which is yet the same, the prolonged sketch of his wife, which almost fills one volume, and more or less runs through both, will fail to give to the general reader any idea of a very remarkable woman full of character and genius. This memoir shares the ineffectiveness of the others, and labors under the same disadvantages, with this additional, that his "dearest and beautifullest," his "little darling," his "bonnie little woman," continues always young to him, more or less surrounded with the love-halo of their youth, a light which, after the rude tear and wear of the world which they both went through, it is hard to understand as existing thus unmodified either in his eyes or about her remarkable and most individual person. To many of those who loved her there must be a painful want of harmony between the woman they knew, not old because of her force and endless energy, but worn into the wrinkles and spareness of age, with her swift caustic wit, her relentless insight, and potent humor—and all those gentle epithets of tenderness, and the pretty air of a domestic idol, a wife always enshrined and beautiful which surrounds her in these pages. That

such was her aspect to him we learn with thankfulness for her sake; though it is very doubtful how far she realized that it was so; but this was not her outside aspect, and I shrink a little, as if failing of respect to so dear and fine a memory, when I read out the sentences in which she appears, though with endless tributes of love and praise, as the nimble, sprightly, dauntless, almost girlish figure, which she seems to have always appeared to him. It must be added that a strong compunction runs through the tale, perhaps not stronger than the natural compunction with which we all remember the things we half left unsaid, the thanks unrendered, the tenderness withheld, as soon as the time has come when we can show our tenderness no longer; but which may make many believe, and some say, that Carlyle's thousand expressions of fondness were a remorseful make up for actual neglect. I am not one of those who think so; but it would be natural enough. That he had any intention of neglect, or that his heart ever strayed from her I am very little disposed to believe; but there were circumstances in their life which to him, the man, were very light, but to her were not without their bitterness, little appreciated or understood by him.

Here is one case for instance. "We went pretty often, I think I myself far the oftener, as usual in such cases my loyal little darling taking no manner of offence not to participate in my lionings, but behaving like the royal soul she was. I, dullard, egoist, taking no special recognition of such nobleness." She "took no manner of offence," was far too noble and genuine to take offence. Yet with a little humorous twich at the corner of her eloquent mouth would tell sometimes of the fine people who left her out in their invitations as the great man's insignificant wife, with a keen *mot* which told of individual feeling not extinguished, though entirely repressible and under her command. And Carlyle did what most men—what almost every human creature does when attended by such a ministry in life as hers: accepted the service and sacrifice of all her faculties which she made to him, with at the bottom, a real understanding and appreciation no doubt, but, on the surface, a calm ease of acquiescence as if it had

been the most natural thing in the world. She for her part—let us not be misunderstood in saying so—contemplated him, her great companion in life, with a certain humorous curiosity not untinged with affectionate contempt and wonder that a creature so big should be at the same time so little, such a giant and commanding genius with all the same so many babyish weaknesses for which she liked him all the better! Women very often, more often than not, do regard their heroes so—admiration and the confidence of knowledge superior to that of any one else of their power and bright qualities, permitting this tender contempt for those vagaries of the wise and follies of the strong. To see what he will do next, the big blundering male creature, unconscious entirely of that fine scrutiny, *malin* but tender, which sees through and through him, is a constant suppressed interest which gives piquancy to life, and this Carlyle's wife took her full enjoyment of. He was never in the least conscious of it. I believe few of its subjects are. Thus she would speak of "The Valley of the Shadow of Frederick" in her letters, and of how the results of a bad day's work would become apparent in the shape of a gloomy apparition, brow lowering, mouth shut tight, cramming down upon the fire, not a word said—at least till after this burnt-offering, the blurred sheets of unsuccessful work. Never a little incident she told but the listener could see it, so graphic, so wonderful was her gift of narrative. It did not matter what was the subject, whether that gaunt figure in the gray coat, stalking silently in, to consume on her fire the day's work which displeased him, or the cocks and hens which a magnanimous neighbor sacrificed to the rest of the Sage; whether it was the wonderful story of a maid-of-all-work, most accomplished of waiting-maidens, which kept the hearer breathless, or the turning outside in of a famed philosopher. Scherazade was nothing to this brilliant story-teller; for the Sultana required the aid of wonderful incident and romantic adventure, whereas this modern gentlewoman needed nothing but life, of which she was so profound and unpretending a student. I have never known a gift like hers, except far off in

the person of another Scotch gentlewoman, unknown to fame, of whom I have been used to say that I remembered the incidents of her youth far more vividly than my own.

The story of the cocks and hens above referred to is a very good illustration both of the narrator and her gift, though I cannot pretend to give it the high dramatic completeness, the lively comic force of the original. There is another incident of a similar character mentioned in these *Reminiscences*, when the heroic remedy of renting the house next door in order to get rid of the fowls was seriously thought of. But in the case which she used to tell, there were serious complications. The owners of the poultry were women—alas, not of a kind to be recognized as neighbors. How it came about that members of this unfortunate class should have domiciled themselves next door to the severe philosopher in the blameless atmosphere of Cheyne Row I cannot tell; but there they were, in full possession. Nor do I remember how they discovered that Mr. Carlyle's rest, always so precarious, was rendered altogether impossible by the inhabitants of their little fowl-house. When, however, a night or two of torture had driven the household frantic, this intelligence was somehow conveyed to the dwellers next door; and the most virtuous of neighbors could not have behaved more nobly. That very evening a cab drove up to the door, and, all the inhabitants crowding to the windows to see the exodus—a cackling and frightened procession of fowls was driven, coaxed, and carried into it, and sent away with acclamations. Mrs. Carlyle pondered for some time what to do, but finally decided that it was her duty to call and thank the author of this magnanimous sacrifice. Entirely fearless of remark by nature, past the age, and never of the temperament to be alarmed by any idea of indecorum, she was also, it must be allowed, a little curious about these extraordinary neighbors. She found a person noted among her kind, a bright and capable creature, as she described her, with sleeves rolled up on her round arms making a pie! almost, one would have said, a voucher of respectability: who accepted her thanks with simplicity and showed no alarm at the sight of her.

It was characteristic that any thought of missionary usefulness, of persuading the cheerful and handsome sinner to abandon her evil life, never seems for a moment to have suggested itself. Was it something of that disgust with the hollowness of the respectable, and indignant sense of the depths that underlie society, and are glossed over by all decorous chroniclers, which appears in everything her husband wrote, that produced this strange impartiality? It would be hard to say; but she was a much closer student of actual life than he, and with a scorn beyond words for impurity,\* which to her was the most impossible thing in life, had sufficient experience of its existence elsewhere to give her something of a cynical indifference to this more honest turpitude. She went with no intention of judging or criticising, but with a frank gratitude for service done, and (it cannot be denied) a little curiosity, to see how life under such circumstances was made possible. And there must have been perceptions (as the visitor perceived) in the other woman; she showed her gratitude for this human treatment of her by taking herself and her household off instantly into more congenial haunts.

Even this incident, so small as it is, will show how little in her characteristic force such a woman is represented by Carlyle's compunctions, tender apostrophes to his "little darling." The newspaper tributes to his "gentle wife," and the "feminine softness" which she shed about him, which abounded at the time of her death, struck me with a sort of scorn and pain as more absurdly conventional and fictitious, in reference to her, than any blind panegyrics I had ever heard—the sort of adjectives which are applied indiscriminately, whether the subject of them is a heroic Alcestis or a mild housewife. It was to the former, rather than the latter, character that Mrs. Carlyle belonged, notwithstanding the careful orderliness of which

her husband was so proud—the gracefulness and fitness with which she made her home beautiful, of which he brags with many a tender repetition: and that fine gift of household economy which carried them safe through all their days of struggle. Her endless energy, vivacity, and self-control, her mastery over circumstances, and undaunted acceptance for her own part in life of that mingled office of protector and dependant, which to a woman conscious of so many powers must have been sometimes bitter if sometimes also sweet—it is perhaps beyond the power of words to set fully forth. It is a position less uncommon than people are aware of; and the usual jargon about gentle wives and feminine influences is ludicrously inapplicable in cases where the strongest of qualities and the utmost force of character are called into play. Equally inadequate, but far more touching, are those prolonged maunderings (forgive, oh Master revered and venerable, yet foolish too in your greatness as the rest of us!) of her distracted and desolate husband over his Jeanie, which one loves him the better for having poured forth in sacred grief and solitude, like heaped-up baskets of flowers, never too many or too sweet, over her grave, but which never should have been produced to the common eye by way of showing other generations and strange circles what this woman was. It will never now in all likelihood be known what she was, unless her letters, which we are promised, and the clearer sight of Mr. Carlyle's biographer accomplish it for us a—hope which would have been almost certainty but for this publication, which makes us tremble lest Mr. Froude should have breathed so long the same atmosphere as the great man departed—to whom he has acted the part of the best of sons—as to blunt his power of judgment, and the critical perception, which in such a case is the highest proof of love. Doubtless he felt Carlyle's own utterances too sacred to tamper with. We can only with all our hearts regret the natural but unfortunate superstition.

It has been said that these *Reminiscences* are full of compunction. Here is one of the most distinct examples of the husband's inadvertence—so common, so daily recurring—an inadvertence of

\* I have been told a most characteristic anecdote on this point; how returning one evening alone from a friend's house, in her dauntless way, she was accosted, being then a young and pretty woman, by some man in the street. She looked at him with, one can well imagine what immeasurable scorn, uttered the one word "Idiot!" and went upon her way.

which we are all guilty, but such as has been seldom recorded with such fullness of after-comprehension and remorseful sorrow :—

" Her courage, patience, silent heroism meanwhile must often have been immense. Within the last two years or so she has told me about my talk to her of the Battle of Mollwitz on those occasions [*i.e.* the half-hour he spent with her on returning from his walk] while that was on the anvil. She was lying on the sofa weak—but I knew little how weak—and patient, kind, quiet, and good as ever. After tugging and wriggling through what inextricable labyrinth and slough of despond I still remember, it appears I had at last conquered Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately at that time she felt convinced she was dying; dark winter, and such the weight of misery and utter decay of strength, and, night after night, my theme to her, Mollwitz! This she owned to me within the last year or two, which how could I listen to without shame and abasement? Never in my pretended superior kind of life have I done for love of any creature so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft religious blessedness too."

This and a hundred other endurances of a similar kind had been her daily use and wont for years, while she too toiled through the "valley of the shadow of Frederick," her mind never free of some pre-occupation on his account, some expedient to soften to him those thorns of fate with which all creation was bristling. She showed me one day a skilful arrangement of curtains, made on some long-studied scientific principle by which "at last" she had succeeded in shutting out the noises, yet letting in the air. Thus she stood between him and the world, between him and all the nameless frets and inconveniences of life, and handed on to us the record of her endurance, with a humorous turn of each incident as if these were the amusements of her life. There was always a comic possibility in them in her hands.

While we are about it we must quote

one short description more, one of those details which only he could have given us, and which makes the tenderest picture of this half-hour of fireside fellowship. Carlyle has been describing his way of working, his long wrestling "thirteen years and more" with the "Friedrich affair," his disgusts and difficulties. After his morning's work and afternoon ride he had an hour's sleep before dinner: "but first always came up for half an hour to the drawing-room and her; where a bright kindly fire was sure to be burning, candles hardly lit, all in trustful chiaroscuro and a spoonful of brandy in water with a pipe of tobacco (which I had learned to take sitting on the rug with my back to the jamb, and door never so little open, so that all the smoke, if I was careful, went up the chimney) this was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were, not awaiting me now on my home coming! She was oftenest reclining on the sofa, wearied enough she, too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history even of what was bad had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart that I never anywhere enjoyed the like."

This explains how there used to be sometimes visible reposing in the corner of the fireplace, in that simple, refined, and gracious little drawing-room so free of any vulgar detail, a long white clay pipe, of the kind I believe which is called church-warden. It was always clean and white, and I remember thinking it rather pretty than otherwise with its long curved stem, and bowl unstained by any "color." There was no profanation in its presence, a thing which could not perhaps be said for the daintiest of cigarettes; and the rugged philosopher upon the hearthrug pouring out his record of labors and troubles, his battles of Mollwitz, his Dryasdust researches—yet making sure "if I was careful" that the smoke should go up the chimney and not disturb the sweetness of her dwelling-place—makes a very delightful picture. He admired the room, and all her little decorations and every sign of the perfect lady she was, with an almost awe of pleasure and pride, in which it was impossible not to



feel his profound sense of the difference which his wife, who was a gentlewoman, had made in the surroundings of the farmer's son of Scotsbrig.

My first interview with Mrs. Carlyle was on the subject of Irving, her first tutor, her early lover, and always her devoted admirer and friend. To have been beloved by two such men was no small glory to a woman. She took to me most kindly, something on the score of a half imaginary East Lothianism which she thought she had detected, and which indeed came from no personal knowledge of mine, but from an inherited memory of things and words familiar there. And I shall not easily forget the stream of delightful talk upon which we were instantly set afloat, she with all the skill and ease and natural unteachable grace of a born minstrel and improvisatore, flowing forth in story after story, till there stood before me as clear as if I saw it, her own delightful childhood in quiet old-fashioned Haddington long ago, and the big grand boyish gigantic figure of her early tutor teaching the fairy creature Latin and logic, and already learning of her something more penetrating than either. There were some points about which she was naturally and gracefully reticent—about her own love, and the preference which gradually swept Irving out of her girlish fancy if he had ever been fully established there, a point on which she left her hearer in doubt. But there was another sentiment gradually developed in the tale which gave the said hearer a gleam of amusement unintended by the narrator, one of those side-lights of self-revelation which even the keenest and clearest intelligence lets slip—which was her perfectly genuine feminine dislike of the woman who replaced her in Irving's life, his wife to whom he had been engaged before he met for the second time with the beautiful girl grown up to womanhood, who had been his baby pupil and adoration, and to whom—with escapades of wild passion for Jane, and wild proposals to fly with her to Greece, if that could be, or anywhere—he yet was willingly or unwillingly faithful. This dislike looked to me nothing more than the very natural and almost universal feminine objection to the woman who has consoled even a rejected lover.

The only wonder was that she did not herself, so keen and clear as her sight was, so penetrating and impartial, see the humor of it, as one does so often even while fully indulging a sentiment so natural, yet so whimsically absurd. But the extraordinary sequence of this, the proof which Carlyle gives of his boundless sympathy with the companion of his life, by taking up and even exaggerating this excusable aversion of hers, is one of the strangest of mental phenomena. But for the marriage to which Irving had been so long pledged, it is probable that the philosopher would never have had that brightest "beautifullest" of companions; and yet he could not forgive the woman who healed the heart which his Jeanie had broken! glorious folly from one point of view, strangest, sharp, painful prejudice on the other.

All that Carlyle says about his friend's marriage and wife is disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue. He goes out of the way even to suggest that her father's family "came to no good" (an utter mistake in fact), and that the excellent man who married Mrs. Irving's sister was "not over well" married, an insinuation as completely and cruelly baseless as ever insinuation was. It is no excuse perhaps to allege a prejudice so whimsical as the ground of imputations so serious, and yet there is a kind of mortal foolishness about it, which, in such a pair is half ludicrous, half pitiful, and which may make the offended more readily forgive.

Other instances of his curious loyal yet almost prosaic adoption of suggestions, taken evidently from his wife, will readily be noticed by the judicious reader. There is a remark about a lady's dress, which "must have required daily the fastening of sixty or eighty pins," unquestionably a bit of harmless satire upon the exquisite arrangement of the garment in question flashed forth in rapid talk, and meaning little; but fastening somehow with its keen little pinpoint in the philosopher's serious memory, to be brought out half a lifetime after, alack! and give its wound. It is most strange and pitiful to see those straws and chips which she dropped unawares thus carefully gathered and preserved in his memory, to be reproduced

with a kind of pious foolishness in honor of her who would have swept them all away had she been here to guard his good name as she did all her life.

I must say something here about the tone of remark offensive to so many personally, and painful above measure to all who loved or revered Carlyle, which is the most astonishing peculiarity of this book. The reader must endeavor to call before himself the circumstances under which all of it, except the sketch of his father, was written. He had lost the beloved companion whom, as we all do, yet perhaps with more remorse and a little more reason than most, he for the first time fully perceived himself never to have done full justice to: he had been left desolate with every circumstance of misery added which it is possible to imagine, for she had died while he was absent, while he was in the midst of one of the few triumphs of his life, surrounded by uncongenial noise of applause which he had schooled himself to take pleasure in, and which he liked too, though he hated it. It was when he found himself thus for the first time in the midst of acclamations which gratified him as signs of appreciation and esteem long withheld, scarcely looked for in this life, but which in every nerve of his tingling frame he shrank from—at that moment of all others, while he bravely endured and enjoyed his climax of fame, that he was struck to the heart by the one blow which life had in reserve for him, the only blow which could strike him to the heart! How strange, how over-appropriate this end to all the remaining possibilities of existence! He was a man in whose mind a morbid tendency to irritation mingled with everything; and there is no state of mind in which we are so easily irritated as in grief. If there is indeed "a far-off interest of tears," which we may gather when pain has been deadened, this is seldom felt at the moment save in the gentlest nature. He was not prostrated as some are. On the contrary, it is evident that he was roused to that feverish energy of pain which is the result in some natures of a shock which makes the whole being reel. And after the first terrible months at home, kind friends, as tender of him as if they had been his children, would not let him

alone to sit forlorn in the middle of her room, as I found him when I saw him first after her death, talking of her, telling little broken anecdotes of her, reaching, far back into the forgotten years. They insisted on applying to him the usual remedies which in our day are always suggested when life becomes intolerable. Not to take away that life itself for a time, which would be the real assuagement, could it be accomplished, but to take the mourner away into new scenes, to "a thorough change," to beautiful and unfamiliar places, where it is supposed the ghosts of what has been cannot follow him, nor associations wound him. He was taken to Mentone, of all places in the world, to the deadliness and quiet, the soft air, and invalid surroundings of that shelter of the suffering. When he came back he described it to me one day with that sort of impatient contempt of the place which was natural to a Borderer, as "a shelf" between the hills and the sea. He had no air to breathe, no space to move in. All the width and breadth of his own moorland landscape was involved in the description of that lovely spot, in its stagnant mildness and monotonous beauty. He told me how he had roamed under the greenness of the unnatural trees, "perhaps the saddest," he said, with the lingering vowels of his native speech, "of all the sons of Adam." And, at first alone in his desolate house, and then stranded there upon that alien shore where everything was so soft and unlike him in his gaunt and self-devouring misery, he seized upon the familiar pen, the instrument of his power, which he had laid aside after the prolonged effort of "Frederick," with more or less idea that it was done with, and rest to be his henceforth, and poured forth his troubled agony of soul, his restless quickened life, the heart which had no longer a natural outlet close at hand.

"Perhaps the saddest of all the sons of Adam!" In this short period, momentary as compared with the time which he took to his other works, fretted by solitude and by the novelty of surroundings which were so uncongenial, he poured forth, scarcely knowing what he did, almost the entire bulk of these two volumes, work which would have

taken him three or four times as long to produce had he not been wild with grief, distraught, and full of sombre excitement, seeking in that way a relief to his corroding thoughts. Let any one who is offended by these "Reminiscences" think of this. He never looked at the disturbed and unhappy record of this passion again; "did not know to what I was alluding," when his friend and literary executor spoke to him, two years later, of the Irving sketch. Miserable in body and mind, his nerves all twisted the wrong way, his heart rent and torn, full of sorrow, irritation, remorseful feeling, and all the impotent longings of grief, no doubt the sharpness of those discordant notes, the strokes dealt blindly all about him, were a kind of bitter relief to the restless misery of his soul. This is no excuse; there is no excuse to offer for sharp words, often so petty, always so painful, in many cases entirely unfounded or mistaken; but what can be a more evident proof that they were never meant for the public eye than Mr. Froude's "did not know to what I alluded?" He who would spend an anxious week sometimes (as Mrs. Carlyle often told) to make sure whether a certain incident happened on the 21st or 22d of a month in the Sixteen or Seventeen Hundreds, it is not credible that he should wittingly dash forth dozens of unverified statements—statements which, if true, it would be impossible to verify, which, if untrue, would give boundless pain—upon the world. And there is nothing of the deliberate posthumous malice of Miss Martineau in the book; there is nothing deliberate in it at all. It is a long and painful musing, self-recollection, self-relief, which should have been buried with sacred pity, or burned with sacred fire, all that was unkind of it—and the rest read with reverence and tears.

The first sight I had of him after his wife's death was in her drawing-room, where while she lived he was little visible, except in the evening, to chance visitors. The pretty room, a little faded, what we call old-fashioned, in subdued color which was certainly not "the fashion" at the time it was furnished, with the great picture of little Frederick and his sister Wilhelmine filling up one end, was in deadly good order, without

any of her little arrangements of chair or table, and yet was full of her still. He was seated, not in any familiar corner, but with the forlornest unaccustomedness, in the middle of it, as if to show by harsh symbol how entirely all customs were broken for him. He began to talk of her, as of the one subject of which his mind was full, with a sort of subdued, half-bitter brag of satisfaction in the fact that her choice of him, so troublesome a partner, so poor, had been justified before all men, and herself proved right after all in her opinion of him which she had upheld against all objections; from which, curiously enough, his mind passed to the "mythical," as he calls it, to those early legends of childhood which had been told by herself and jotted down by Geraldine Jewsbury, our dear and vivacious friend, now, like both of them, departed. He told me thereupon, the story of the "Dancing-School Ball,"—which the reader will find in the second volume—without rhyme or reason; nothing had occurred to lead his mind to a trifle so far away. With that pathetic broken laugh, and the gleam of restless, feverish pain in his eyes, he began to tell me of this childish incident; how she had been carried to the ball in a clothes-basket, "perhaps the loveliest little fairy that was on this earth at the time." The contrast of the old man's already tottering and feeble frame, his weather-beaten and worn countenance agitated by that restless grief, and the suggestion of this "loveliest little fairy," was as pathetic as can be conceived, especially as I had so clearly in my mind the image of her too—her palest, worn, yet resolute face, her feeble, nervous frame, past sixty, and sorely broken with all the assaults of life. Nothing that he could have said of her last days, no record of sorrow, could have been so heart-rending as that description and the laugh of emotion that accompanied it. His old wife was still so fair to him, even across the straits of death—had returned indeed into everlasting youth, as all the record he has since made of her shows. When there was reference to the circumstances of her death, so tragical and sudden, it was with bitter wrath, yet wondering awe, of such a contemptible reason for so great an event—that he spoke of—

"the little vermin of a dogue" which caused the shock that killed her, and which was not even her own, but left in her charge by a friend; terrible littleness and haphazard employed to bring about the greatest individual determinations of Providence—as he himself so often traced them out.

My brief visits to Carlyle after this are almost all marked in my memory by some little word of individual and most characteristic utterance, which may convey very little indeed to those who did not know him, but which those who did will readily recognize. I had been very anxious that he should come to Eton, at first while he was stronger, that he should make some little address to the boys—and later that he might at least be seen by all this world of lively young souls, the men of the future. His wife had encouraged the idea, saying that it was really pleasant to him to receive any proof of human appreciation, to know that he was cared for and thought of; but it was not till several years after her loss that, one bright summer morning, I had the boldness to suggest it. By this time he seemed to have made a great downward step and changed into his later aspect of extreme weakness, a change for which I had not been prepared. He shook his head, but yet hesitated. Yes, he would like, he said, to see the boys: and if he could have stepped into a boat at the nearest pier and been carried quietly up the river —. But he was not able for the jar of little railway journeys and changes; and then he told me of the weakness that had come over him, the failing of age in all his limbs and faculties, and quoted the psalm (in that version which we Scots are born to)—

"Threescore and ten years do sum up  
Our days and years, we see;  
And if, by reason of more strength,  
In some fourscore they be;  
Yet doth the strength of such old men  
But grief and labor prove"—

Neither he nor I could remember the next two lines, which are harsh enough, Heaven knows; and then he burst forth suddenly into one of those unsteady laughs. "It is a mother I want," he said, with mournful humor: the pathetic incongruity amused his fancy: and yet it was so true. The time had come

when another should gird him and carry him—often where he would not. Had it but been possible to have a mother to care for that final childhood!

The last time I saw him leaves a pleasant picture on my memory. In the height of summer I had gone a little too late one afternoon, and found him in the carriage just setting out for his usual drive, weary and irritated by the fatigue of the movement down stairs, encumbered with wraps though the sun was blazing; and it was then he had said, "It is death I want—all I want is to die." Though there was nothing really inappropriate in this utterance, after more than eighty years of labor and sorrow, it is one which can never be heard by mortal ears without a pang and sense of misery. Human nature resents it, as a slight to the life which it prizes above all things. I could not bear that this should be my last sight of Carlyle, and went back sooner than usual in hopes of carrying away a happier impression.

I found him alone, seated in that room, which to him, as to me, was still her room, and full of suggestions of her—a place in which he was still a superfluous figure, never entirely domiciled and at home. Few people are entirely unacquainted with that characteristic figure, so worn and feeble, yet never losing its marked identity; his shaggy hair falling rather wildly about his forehead, his vigorous grizzly beard, his keen eyes gleaming from below that overhanging ridge of forehead, from under the shaggy caverns of his eyebrows; his deep-toned complexion almost of an orange-red, like that of an out-door laborer, a man exposed to wind and storm and much "knitting of his brows under the glaring sun"; his gaunt, tall, tottering figure always wrapped in a long, dark grey coat or dressing-gown, the cloth of which, carefully and with difficulty sought out for him, had cost doubly dear both in money and trouble, in that he insisted upon its being entirely genuine cloth, without a suspicion of *shoddy*; his large, bony, tremulous hands, long useless for any exertion—scarcely, with a great effort, capable of carrying a cup to his lips. There he sat, as he had sat for all these years, since *her* departure left him stranded, a helpless man amid the wrecks of life. Ever



courteous, full of old-fashioned politeness, he would totter to his feet to greet his visitor, even in that last languor. This time he was not uncheerful. It was inevitable that he should repeat that prevailing sentiment always in his mind about the death for which he was waiting; but he soon turned to a very different subject. In this old house, never before brightened by the sight of children, a baby had been born, a new Thomas Carlyle, the child of his niece and nephew, as near to him as it was possible for any living thing in the third generation to be. He spoke of it with tender amusement and wonder. It was "a bonnie little manikin," a perfectly good and well-conditioned child, taking life sweetly, and making no more than the inevitable commotion in the tranquil house. There had been fears as to how he would take this innocent intruder, whether its advent might disturb or annoy him; on the contrary, it gave him a half-amused and genial pleasure, tinged with his prevailing sentiment, yet full of natural satisfaction in the continuance of his name and race. This little life coming unconscious across the still scene in which he attended the slow arrival of death, awoke in its most intimate and touching form the self-reference and comparison which was habitual to him. It was curious, he said, very curious! thus to contrast the new-comer with "the parting guest." It was a new view to him, bringing together the exit and the entrance with a force both humorous and solemn. The "bonnie little manikin," one would imagine, pushed him softly, tenderly, with baby hands not much less serviceable than his own, towards the verge. The old man looked on with a half-incredulous, and wondering mixture of pain and pleasure, bursting into one of those convulsions of broken laughter, sudden and strange, which were part of his habitual utterance. Thus I left him, scarcely restrained by his weakness from his old habit of accompanying me to the door. For he was courtly in those little traditions of politeness, and had often conducted me down stairs upon his arm, when I was fain to support him instead of accepting his tremulous guidance.

And that was my last sight of Thomas Carlyle. I had parted with his wife a

day or two before her death, at the railway, after a little visit she had paid me, in an agony of apprehension lest something should happen to her on the brief journey, so utterly spent was she, like a dying woman, but always indomitable, suffering no one to accompany or take care of her. Her clear and expressive face, in ivory-paleness, the hair still dark, untouched by age, upon her capacious forehead, the eloquent mouth, scarcely owning the least curve of a smile at the bright wit and humorous brilliant touches which kept all her hearers amused and delighted, seem still before me. She was full of his Edinburgh Rectorship, of the excitement and pleasure of it, and profound heartfelt yet half-disdainful satisfaction in that, as she thought, late recognition of what he was. To this public proof of the honor in which his country held him, both he and she seemed to attach more importance than it deserved; as if his country had only then learned to prize and honor him. But the reader must not suppose that this gallant woman who had protected and fought for him through all his struggles, showed her intense sympathy and anxiety now in any sentimental way of tenderness. She had arranged everything for him to the minutest detail, charging her deputy with the very spoonful of stimulant that was to be given him the moment before he made his speech—but all the same shot a hundred little jibes at him as she talked, and felt the humor of the great man's dependence upon these little cares, forestalling all less tender laughter by her own. I remember one of these jibes (strange! when so many brighter and better utterances cannot be recalled) during one of the long drives we took together, when she had held me in breathless interest, by a variety of sketches of their contemporaries—the immediate chapter being one which might be called the "Loves of the Philosophers"—I interrupted her by a foolish remark that Mr. Carlyle alone, of all his peers, seemed to have trodden the straight way. She turned upon me with swift rejoinder and just an amused quiver of her upper lip. "My dear," she said, "if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been better there is no telling what he might have done!" Thus she would

take one's breath away with a sudden *mot*, a flash of unexpected satire, a keen swift stroke into the very heart of pretence—which was a thing impossible in her presence. Not love itself could blind her to the characteristic absurdities, the freaks of nature in those about her—but she threw a dazzling shield over them by the very swiftness of her perception and wit of her comment.

There are many senses known to all in which the husband is the wife's protector against the risks of life. It is indeed a commonplace to say so, universally as the truth is acknowledged; but there is a sense also in which the wife is the natural protector of the husband, which has been much less noted. It is she who protects him from the comment, from the too close scrutiny and criticism of the world, drawing a sacred veil between him and the vulgar eye, furnishing an outlet for the complaints and grudges which would lessen his dignity among his fellow men. And perhaps it is the man of genius who wants this protection most of all. Mrs. Carlyle was her husband's screen and shield in these respects. The sharpness of his dyspeptic constitution and irritable temper were sheathed in her determined faculty of making the best of everything. She stood between him and the world, with a steadfast guardianship that never varied. When she was gone the veil was removed, the sacred wall of the house taken down, no private outlet left, and nothing between him and the curious gazer. Hence this revelation of pain and trouble which nobody but she, so fully conscious of his greatness yet so undazzled by it, could have toned and subdued into harmony.

And yet he, with the querulous bitterness and gloom which he has here thrust upon us, in the midst of all the landscapes, under the clearest skies; and she, with her keen wit and eyes which nothing escaped, how open they were to all the charities! One day when she came to see me, I was in great agitation and anxiety, with an infant just out of a convulsion fit. By the next post after

her return I got a letter from her, suggested, almost dictated, by Mr. Carlyle, to tell me of a similar attack which had happened to a baby sister of his some half century before, *and which had never recurred*—this being the consolatory point and meaning of the letter. Long after this, in the course of these last, melancholy, and lonely years, I appealed to him about a project I had, not knowing then how feeble he had grown. He set himself instantly to work to give me the aid I wanted, and I have among my treasures a note writ large in blue pencil, the last instrument of writing which he could use, after pen and ink had become impossible, entering warmly into my wishes. These personal circumstances are scarcely matters to obtrude upon the world, and only may be pardoned as the instances most at hand of a kind and generous readiness to help and console.

It would scarcely be suitable to add anything of a more abstract character to such personal particulars. Carlyle's work, what it was, whether it will stand, how much aid there is to be found in it, has been discussed, and will be discussed, by all who are competent and many who are not. A writer whose whole object, pursued with passion and with his whole soul, is to pour contempt upon all falsehood, and enforce that "truth in the inward parts" which is the first of human requisites, how could it be that his work should be inoperative, unhelpful to man? The fashion of it may fail for the moment, a generation more fond of sound than meaning may be offended by the "harsher accents and the mien more grave" than suits their gentle fancy; but so long as that remains the grand foundation of all that is possible for man, how can the most eloquent and strenuous of all its modern evangelists fall out of hearing? He had indeed few doctrines to teach us. What his beliefs were no one can definitely pronounce; they were more perhaps than he thought. And now he has passed to where all knowledge is revealed.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.\*

BY JAMES COTTER MORISON.

ONE can hardly help feeling that undue haste has been used in the publication of these volumes. Exception has already been taken at the little care shown to avoid giving unmerited and unnecessary pain to many persons whose names are here mentioned, and set round with remarks and epithets which cannot fail to be unpleasant and even wounding. The editor has executed his task with a too filial scrupulosity and piety. He has not omitted a name, or a word, or a letter of manuscripts which he admits were probably not intended for publication. Carlyle knew a great number of people, and many of them, or their near relatives, are still alive. It was, to say the least, inconsiderate to allow a book of his to appear full of personal allusions, which are well fitted to arouse a certain anger towards his memory. Either the work should have been kept back for at least another decade or so, or blanks and asterisks should have been unsparingly used.

However, the evil is done, and it is no fault of Carlyle's. It will also, in time, disappear. Posterity will not resent it, as many now with justice do. There is a graver question beyond, and it is no less than this—whether Carlyle himself is not a sufferer, and a permanent sufferer, by this publication? All the four essays were written in conditions of great gloom and depression, in consequence of recent bitter bereavement. The first on James Carlyle was begun apparently the instant the author had news of his father's death. In the middle of it he interrupts his narrative to insert the remark, "Friday night. My father is now in his grave," showing he had not waited for the funeral to commence his memoir. The pathos and beauty of the piece cannot be surpassed, written in "star-fire and immortal tears," to use his own words on a similar occasion. But the grief, though poignant, is not overpowering, on the contrary, lofty and calm, and therefore

touching in the extreme. The three other essays were composed some thirty-four years later, in the decline of life and health, when choked by anguish at the loss of his wife, and the result is, perhaps, more painful than beautiful. We had no need to wait for these Reminiscences to know that Carlyle took a sad and gloomy view of the world and its prospects in his later years. Perhaps he always did so, more or less. But these papers were composed when his gloom was deepest and blackest. This was not a good standpoint from which to pass in review a long and checkered life, when the heart was sick, and the nerves unstrung, and the years a heavy and numerous on the venerable head bowed down in passionate grief. The pious reverence and self-effacement of Mr. Froude are complete when he says: "The Reminiscences appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own." But it may be questioned whether he did the wisest thing for his friend's memory in sending forth these sombre sketches unrelieved by any color or contrast derived from less melancholy periods of his long life. There was no particular need of hurry for anything that appears. The promised biography, comprising a large selection of his letters, "as full of matter as the richest of his published works," would surely have been well worth waiting for a little. Then we should have had a picture of Carlyle's life seen through a less sad and depressing medium than the present. Bright lights, and still brighter laughter, we may be sure would have relieved the shadows, and the sage and hero, for whom a whole generation of disciples has felt the deepest reverence and gratitude, would not have appeared, as he now does, in a manner which has already given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Carlyle's morose acerbities, harsh judgments of his contemporaries, morbid self-watchings, and very often quite unheroic fastidious delicacies and shrinkings, are naturally enough, with the text of this book be-

\* "Reminiscences," by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude, M.A.

fore them, affording rare and congenial matter for mockery to some who, for obvious reasons, have no love for either the author or his work. True admirers will believe that another face will be put upon the subject when the whole record is produced. They will hope, until the contrary is proved, that *mutatis mutandis* something similar occurred to Carlyle as to his own Goethe in reference to this autobiography. Mr. Lewes, explaining why he used the "Wahrheit und Dichtung" only as a subsidiary source in his life of the poet, remarks:

"The main reason of this was the abiding inaccuracy of *tone* which, far more misleading than the many inaccuracies of fact, gives to the whole youthful period as narrated by him an aspect so directly contrary to what is given by contemporary evidence, especially his own letters, that an attempt to reconcile the contradiction is impossible."—*Life of Goethe*, Preface.

Let us have whatever biographical material there may be behind, especially the letters, before we venture on a final judgment. If the letters confirm the tone of the present pieces there is nothing more to be said. The great preacher and prophet of heroes was not himself the hero we thought him. The fact when it is proven will not be a welcome one at all; but it will not be the first of its kind and we must bear with it as we can. In the meanwhile the best thing to do is without shrinking advance to a close scrutiny of the facts as we have them and cast up some sort of balance-sheet which will show how we stand. How far have these Reminiscences added to or altered our appreciation of Carlyle?

By far their most unpleasant trait, by reason of its unamiability and persistence, is the constant depreciation of contemporaries, even acquaintances and friends. Name after name is mentioned, only to be dismissed with a contemptuous epithet, often very skilfully chosen it must be owned; but Carlyle was ever a master of nicknames, and he dabs almost every one he meets with colors from his vigorous brush, which, as he said, "stick to one." But how cheaply he held his contemporaries—with the fewest exceptions—is known to all. His opinion of Coleridge, Bentham, Keats, Byron, even Scott, has been long on record. That he seemed,

from some strange reason, incapable of doing justice to contemporary merit, has been obvious to all men for well-nigh forty years. The question has an interest, irrespective of the minor morals of social intercourse, by reason of its connection with his general view of life and history, his worship of the past, and his hatred of the present, about which a few words will be said presently.

But, as a matter of fact, he does not show himself more unjust (if so much) in this book than he had often before, especially to his literary contemporaries. There is nothing equal to the famous grunt against Keats's "maudlin weak-eyed sensibility," or to the deliberate ridicule of Coleridge in the "Life of Sterling." The uncharitable tone he adopts seems, on this occasion, more offensive than heretofore; first, because there is so much of it; secondly, because it is used with regard to persons with whom he was on more or less friendly terms, and he appears not only as the harsh and mistaken literary critic, but as the ill-natured social neighbor, sneering at people behind their backs. Still there is nothing new in all this. The evil tendency is stronger than one knew, and far stronger than one could wish; but it does not alter the elements of our judgment, it only affects their proportions.

Again, the terms in which he refers to Dr. Darwin seem hardly rational, and are wholly indecent. But we were prepared even for this in a measure. The way in which he had already treated Laplace and Leibnitz showed that no scientific eminence was sufficient to save a man from his mockeries, and it is abundantly clear, from all sides, that Carlyle felt towards science like a monk of the sixteenth century felt towards the revival of learning.

"That progress of science which is to destroy wonder, and in its stead substitute mensuration and numeration, finds small favor with Teufelsdröckh. The man who cannot wonder, were he president of innumerable royal societies and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* . . . in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye."

He had a perfect horror of anything being explained, accounted for. To do this was "logic-chopping," "scrannel-piping," and the rest. In



"Shooting Niagara," he hopes the "idle habit of accounting for the moral sense" will be eradicated and extinguished. "A very futile problem that, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse, leading to what moral ruin you little dream of." Sometimes he peremptorily closes investigation on his own historical ground, as in reference to the burial mounds on Naseby battle-field, which, with "more or less of sacrilege," had been recently explored. Quoting some account of what had been found, he sharply winds up with "Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake, forbear." He, no doubt, had a great respect for certain facts and investigations, and unwearied energy in their research—historical events, dates, and topographical details—coupled with unmeasured contempt for writers who were not endowed with his painstaking diligence. He is down upon Thiers for writing the 10th September when it should have been the 15th. But all precise and definite inquiry, especially if it led to systematic thinking, he regarded, as the ancients regarded dissection of the human body, as more or less impious, and leading to ruin. So his inane gibes at Darwinism, offensive as they are, strike us, again, as nothing new.

What does appear new, very serious, and not yet, at any rate, widely known, is the soft, shrinking, puling tone with which, on his own showing, he met the ills and even paltry discomforts of life. He cannot take a journey by train without railing, with unmeasured license of speech, at the "base and dirty hurly-burly," "the yelling flight through some detestable smoky chaos, and midnight witch-dance of nameless base-looking dirty towns." He is suffocated by the smoke and the foul air, finds the "inside of his shirt collar as black as ink," and hastens to get a bath. The least noise deprives him of sleep and half maddens him. All this must in common justice be set down to the irritability of an over-wrought nervous system, exhausted by excessive work. But his sensitiveness does not only shrink before physical ills. Contact, if only verbal, with coarse people alarms him. He mentions an instance in which there was no danger of a "quarrel about the fare" of a cab, "which was always my horror

in such cases." This does not match with the spirit which inspired "The Everlasting No." He dropped school-mastering with pretty prompt impatience when he found it uncongenial, though his surroundings at Kirkcaldy seem to have been otherwise eligible enough—pleasant country, the society of a beloved friend (Irving), sufficient leisure to allow of much reading and wide rambles by flood and field. He even cannot stand a temporary isolation in lodgings with his pupil, Charles Buller, of whom yet he was very fond; finds it "one of the dreariest and uncomfortablest of things." Still, nerves and dyspepsia may account for a good deal even of this.

What nothing can account for, or even well excuse, is the constant manifestation of a weak and unworthy vanity. "Once or twice, among the flood of equipages at Hyde Park Corner, I recollect sternly thinking—'Yes; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at.'" He tries to make out—which may be likely enough, but why mention it?—that Leigh Hunt sought his acquaintance, and not the contrary.

"What they will do with this book none knows, my Jeannie lass; but they have not had, for two hundred years, any book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and hoof as they see best."

If Carlyle really said this to his wife on the day on which he had finished "The French Revolution," the fact is a sad one. What is the natural, inevitable, thought and feeling of an artist and worker who is not a coxcomb to boot, at the end of a great effort, but this—that, after all his toil, he has failed of his ideal, and that his performance, he alone knowing how much higher it might have been, is a poor and flat miscarriage, dreadful to look at? The quite unseemly word "hoof," which I have underlined, is not the only one of its kind in these Reminiscences, and every one must admit that it is offensive in the extreme when applied by an author to the readers of his books, nay, even to his admirers. Yet this is what Carlyle, in very truth, actually does. Speaking of the fame acquired by his Edinburgh address, he says:—

"No idea or shadow of idea is in that address but what had been set forth by me tens

of times before, and the poor gaping sea of prurient blockheadism receives it as a kind of inspired revelation, and runs to buy my books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy. If they would give me £10,000 a year and *bray* unanimously their hosannahs heaven high—for the rest of my life, who now would there be to get the smallest joy or profit from it?"

What can one say of such an utterance? And this from the man who had, with much wise justice and charity, looked into the sad sick heart of Jean Jacques and told us, with calm wisdom, whence *his* miseries flowed. Painful and regrettable indeed.

Were these acerb, contemptuous pages really written by that chastened and serene spirit, which of yore led us to the "Worship of Sorrow" in words of such persuasive depth and beauty that they have ever remained for many like shining load-stars in the dark hours of doubt and misgiving, convincing them that there is "in man a higher than a love of happiness, that he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness?" What was Carlyle's message to the world preached in everything he wrote, from brochure to bulky history but this, that we must despise alike pleasure and pain, rise in victory over mere desire and the mean hungers and vanities of our poor selves, and become humble brave men and not grumble over our wages? Herein lies the grievous pain of this book, that the physician had, apparently, after all not in the least healed himself, that at the end of a noble and victorious career externally, we find him inwardly bankrupt of hope, faith, and charity, looking on the world with moody anger and querulous unsatisfied egotism. Where one might hope to find, had almost a right to find, a solemn hymn of victory closing in melodious *adagio* the long, well-fought battle of life, we come upon this lamentable piercing cry, not only of pain but of irascible discontent and harsh vehemence against men and things, wounding to the ear, and still more to the heart. How can we ever again read our "Sartor" with the old eyes and the old faith in our teacher, when we discover that *this* was the outcome of his wisdom? If, as every lover of Carlyle must hope and believe, this is no true presentation of his permanent mood, but

the exceptional voice of anguish uttered in the agony of bereavement with "nerves all inflamed and torn up, body and mind in a most hag-ridden condition," we may be comforted. But why should we have been discomforted?

After all, Carlyle has already passed into that select band of authors who are proof not only against criticism, good or bad, but their own weaknesses or even vices. The world knows better than to be unduly exacting and uncharitable to the truly great. Rousseau and Byron would long ago have been forgotten and abolished if criticism, very often morally quite just, had any efficacy against such spirits. The "ill-cut serpents of eternity" are not to be disposed of by such short and easy methods. Carlyle's work is finished and before the world, and it will not be to-day or to-morrow that a final corrected estimate of its value will be attained. Still the outlines of a judgment may even now be forecast which excludes him at once from the class of thinkers properly so called, to place him on the roll of great writers, whose function is to stir and charm the emotions rather than enlighten the intellect. It is easy to see that feeling not reflection was his guide in life, as it was in opinion. To take pains to come to a sober, well-weighed, scientifically true judgment always appeared to him more or less of a disloyalty to the Silences and Eternities and "divine soul of man." No ignorance of a subject ever kept him from the most peremptory and dogmatic conclusions about it. As this book shows, he was on the point of writing a pamphlet on the American Civil War, though he confesses he was "so ignorant about the matter," that perhaps he might have done more harm than good to the cause he favored, that cause being of course the interesting one of Jefferson Davis. His downright delirium about the "Nigger fanaticism," as he called it, is typical. If he could have really known slavery as the hateful thing it was, who can doubt that he, with his flaming love of justice and pity, would have been the fiercest of abolitionists and refused all parley with the abettors of the accursed thing. But he had conceived a horror of the "cash nexus" as sole bond between man and man—very true and deep the feeling

which prompted this—and forthwith rushed to the conclusion that emancipation of Quashee was only a piece of modern cant and anarchy, that Quashee was meant by nature to be a servant, and that it was everybody's interest, Quashee's included, that he should remain such. Carlyle could never be so unfaithful to the Veracities as to look at two sides of a question which stirred his feelings, otherwise he might have perceived that slavery was, if possible, more abominable and injurious to the white man than the black. So he judged, or rather felt about everything. The Vesuvian fire within him was always filling his sky with sulphurous clouds of black smoke and burning cinders, at times making him discharge torrents of red-hot lava; but calm sunlight was naturally intercepted by these volcanic explosions.

He seems to have come into the world a sort of one-faced Janus, with his back resolutely turned towards the future about which he would neither hear nor believe any good thing. He not only despaired of future good for the world, but for himself even when clear victory had rewarded his valiant efforts, and his path, if he could have seen it, was strewn with nobly-won palms and laurels. All honest work and ways had to his thinking ceased more or less with his entrance into the world. His father is *Ultimus Romanorum*. He positively implies that such a thing as a good watch in these days of quackery could no longer be obtained. It is likely enough that the transition from the *ancien régime* which his long life fairly spanned, supplied his tenacious affections and memory with instances of wise old customs and usages which were lost or forgotten in the age of telegraphs and steam. But he is no mere commonplace *laudator temporis acti*. He thoroughly loathes the present and all its works. A fair, not to say a philosophic man would have struck a balance, would have said with regret that much good had been hurried away in the ever-surg-ing new, but still have admitted that the new also contained much of good. Such a thought he would have put away from him. He was a strange spiritual survival, belonging to an extinct moral world. His real contemporaries were

Luther, John Knox, and Oliver Cromwell. They had no qualms or mawkish doubts, they were "thorough men;" they did not palter with their moral sense or chop logic. Such a reactionary as Carlyle hardly can be found. De Maistre and his like are progressists in comparison. They are reactionary from the head, political interests of party, and what not. Carlyle is so from the blood, the most inward core and fibre. He detests the modern world and its ways, from no reason or interest, he simply detests it with his whole soul, and that is enough for him.

His work as an historian—that is his essential and permanent work,—naturally bears the impress of these qualities and predispositions. He belongs to no school of modern writers on history, numerous and important as the class is. He shares not a whit the wider, juster, historical conception of the past—the classification of epochs, the notion of sociological growth carried on through the centuries, the long course of development which reaches from primitive man to the present day. The strongest and fruitfulest side of modern historical studies—early institutions—he does not even glance at, and it would certainly have been abhorrent to him. "Institutions," one can imagine him saying with his war-horse snort; "what of institutions? the spirit of man is what we seek, man symbol of eternity imprisoned into time," etc., etc. As a matter of fact the only thing he cared about in history was *character*. The strong man who has his way, who makes cowards and caitiffs tremble before him, who pitches pedants' formulæ to the winds, and plays the *diable à quatre* generally with owlsh conventionalities and purblind decorums and decencies—that is the man who attracts him; he and his belongings make up history for Carlyle. This alone explains his otherwise inconsistent sympathy for all manner of wild men whom on other grounds he would have fiercely condemned, Burns, Mirabeau, Danton, and the rest. "Stormy force" ever arrests his eye; and what an eye! No poet or dramatist ever pierced with more unerring insight to the core of a character than he could in an instant and with a power well-nigh unique in literature unfold that charac-

ter and make it live and move again before our very eyes. Michelet is not without a kindred talent, but he has not the depth and insight of Carlyle; nor his wondrous and truly sublime pathos. His historical imagination was transcendent and almost terrific. He realises the minutest details of a great event, feels with all the characters like a consummate dramatist, sees with their eyes, and yet with his own too, seeing much which they did or could not see, and in the end rolls out such pictures as never historian painted before. Where can anything be found, leaving the longest interval, approaching to the battle of Dunbar?

"The night is wild and wet. 2nd September means 12th by our calendar. The harvest moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. . . . The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against those whine-stone bays. The sea and the tempests are abroad; all else asleep but we. And there is One that rides on the wings of the wind." "The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangor night's silence, the cannons awaken along all the line. 'The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts!' On my brave ones, on!" "Plenty of fire from field-pieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main. Battle across the Brock. Poor stiffened men roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out."

And so on (for there is no end to quoting) till the Lord General Cromwell was heard to say, "They run; I profess they run," and he and his at the foot of Doon Hill made a halt and sang the 117th Psalm, "rolling it strong and great against the sky." Is Milton often finer than this?

But Carlyle's especially characteristic mark among historians is his humor. Never since Herodotus, who loved his joke and cared often, one may suspect, more for the fun than the truth of his stories, has any historian in any language come near Carlyle in this respect. Historians have mostly been rather solemn and pompous folk. Not even Voltaire, the wittiest of writers in other developments, ventures in his serious histories to essay the comic vein. But Carlyle is hardly ever well out of it. In his most tragic and pathetic passages, the humorous side of things may recede a little just for a moment, but Puck is always hovering in the neighborhood, and is at

his antics again before you have time to say hold. The marvellous art and delicacy with which Carlyle applies his humor, always thereby deepening and softening his pathos, never in the least marring or destroying it, is one of the greatest things in literature. For it is clearly a greater achievement than that of the professed humorists—Rabelais, Montaigne, Swift, Sterne—who have nothing else to do but to cultivate their humor and follow its whims whithersoever it may lead them. Sidney Smith, by his admirable infusion of wit into his serious argument, comes nearest to him. But his wit, though of the brightest, is cold and on the surface compared to the warm rich humor of Carlyle, which appeals to the heart quite as much as to the sense of the ludicrous. The one, in short, it wit and the other humor. It is very likely that this quality, while it immensely increases the admiration of one class of readers, has been injurious to him in the eyes of another class, probably by a far larger one. Some good people resent fun and laughter, especially in connection with otherwise serious subjects, and consider it as taking a liberty with them to introduce anything of the kind. There are, certainly, things in the "Frederick" which affect people accustomed to the so-called dignity of history, as Shakespeare's clowns and grave-diggers affected Voltaire, with his notions about the dignity of tragedy, and this may be one reason why the "Frederick" [not only in size, Carlyle's greatest book] has never, I believe, attained the popularity of his other works. There were much more to say on Carlyle as an historian, if these were the occasion and place for it. There is only space for a remark or two more, one of some importance.

Every attentive reader of Carlyle must have noticed a marked difference between his earlier and later writings consisting in this, that whereas from the "Sartor" onwards to "Past and Present" (1843), he speaks of war and bloodshed and violence generally, with more or less disgust and becomingly human reprobation, he afterwards can hardly go far enough in their praise, practically occupied himself with little else than the study of campaigns and military matters (whether of Cromwell



or Frederick), or in the germane enjoyment of excogitating means of coercing and subduing caitiffs and scoundrels and fairly gloating over the process. His vehemence against war in the "Sartor" might content the Peace Society itself. The humorous description of the French and English Drumdrudge, each sending its thirty recruits—

"Till after infinite effort the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil, not the smallest. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and, instead of shooting each other, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

In "Past and Present" he speaks of the Manchester Insurrection like a man decently clothed and in his right mind, regards it as the most successful of insurrections just because 'so few were killed, and is altogether intelligent and humane. Then came a great change in his feelings with regard to all these matters. War and violence become with him almost ends in themselves one might say, so manifest is the relish with which he describes them. No one who ever read the latter-day pamphlet on Model Prisons will forget the Brobdiagnian humor with which he addresses the "Devil's regiments of the line." "Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you after the example of the Gods," etc. There was a grain of truth and insight in all this, as there seldom fails to be in Carlyle's wildest vagaries. He sees a fact, one aspect of a question, in dazzling clearness; but he does not only neglect, but scorns and repudiates as treason to heaven's truth all effort to reconcile his fact or aspect with other facts and aspects. This temper grew on him with years and he came at last to sympathize with mere savage barbarity. As this shows, said of Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa—

"He made Gebhardus, the anarchic governor of Milan, lie chained under his table like a dog for three days, as it would be well if every anarchic governor, of the soft type and the hard, were made to do on occasion; asking himself in terrible earnest, 'Am I a dog, then; alas, am I not a dog?' Those were serious old times."

This is so much the worse as nothing is more certain than that these Italian expeditions of the German Emperors were the source of ultimate ruin to the empire and disaster to Europe. But Carlyle did not trouble himself with considerations of this kind. The point which I want to come to is this, that in these Reminiscences he gives us himself the approximate date when this momentary change of which we have been speaking took place in his sentiments. Referring to Mill's "considerably hidebound" *London Review*, he regrets that he was not made editor of it.

"Worse, I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself. . . . I had plenty of Radicalism, but the opposite hemisphere (which never was wanting either, as it miserably is in Mill and Co.) had not yet found itself summoned by the trumpet of time and his events (1848, study of Oliver, etc.) into practical emergence and emphasis and prominence as now."

Though short, the intimation is sufficient. The year of revolution in the nineteenth century, and the too sympathetic brooding over the great leader of the rebellion in the seventeenth century, had, combining with elective affinities within, wrought this change. He never seems to have been aware that there had been a change, which is also characteristic.

And now to take leave even of this melancholy book with a few friendly words. Disappointing as is the picture which Carlyle here gives us of his inner mind, on one side he appears truly admirable, and that is his indomitable courage and persistence in work. In this respect he carried out to the letter all his precepts. From the "Life of Schiller" to the "Life of Frederick," a period of some forty odd years, he never drew rein; through ill-health and disheartenment, through trials and sorrows, through neglect and through fame, he worked on with "desperate hope," determined to bring out his "product," infinitesimal or otherwise, with truly heroic courage.

Secondly: These hastily written pages—written under the circumstances we know—are nevertheless very often, in point of style and literary power, equal to anything the author ever produced. They were dashed off at such speed that in one instance—the "Essay

on Irving"—the writer absolutely forgot the fact of their composition. Without the straining after effect sometimes too visible in Carlyle, his language is here often singularly rhythmical, picturesque, and graphic. The Scotch border country is painted in quiet tones and modest colors—transparent, deep, harmonious—with great beauty. And all this was done in a moment, as it were, by a broken-hearted old man of three score years and twelve. It is difficult to refer

to the deepest note of all—the cruel, the relentless pathos with which he mourns his wife. Literature may be searched through, and nothing found so unutterably pitiful and melting as this long wail of anguish of the bereaved one over his lost partner of forty years. I am half-tempted to blot what I have written. There were depths of love, radiant sublimities, in this man which we shall not soon meet with again.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

I DO not propose at the present time to attempt anything like a critical estimate of the great man who has just passed from our midst. Better occasions may offer themselves for saying what has to be said in that direction. For the present it would seem that there is little need of speech. Much has been written, and not a little admirably written, in commemoration of the teacher and the message which he delivered to mankind; as also there has not been wanting the usual snarl of the cynic irritated by a chorus of eulogy. Even the feeblest of critics could scarcely fail to catch some of the characteristic features of one of the most vigorous and strongly-marked types that ever appeared in our literature. The strongest among them would find it hard to exhaust the full significance of so remarkable a phenomenon. Despair of saying anything not palpably inadequate or anything not already said by many writers might suggest the propriety of silence, were it not that in any review which claims a literary character it might seem unbecoming not to make some passing act of homage to one who was yesterday our foremost man of letters. To do justice to such a theme we ought to have been touched by the mantle of the prophet himself. We should have been masters of the spell wrought by his unique faculty of humorous imagination. When Mr. Carlyle spoke, as he has spoken in so many familiar passages, of the death of a personal friend, or of one of those heroes whom he loved with personal

affection, he could thrill us with a pathos peculiar to himself; for no one could adopt more naturally or interpret more forcibly the mood of loft Stoicism, dominating without deadening the most tender yearning; or enable us at once to recognize the surpassing value of a genuine hero and to feel how dreamlike and transitory all human life appears in presence of the eternal and infinite, and how paltry a thing, in the moments when such glimpses are vouchsafed to us, is the most towering of human ambitions. To express adequately these solemn emotions is the prerogative of men endowed with the true poetic gift. It will be enough for a prosaic critic to recall briefly some of the plain and tangible grounds which justify the pride of his fellow-countrymen—especially of those who follow his calling—in Mr. Carlyle's reputation.

One remark, indeed, suggests itself to every one. Carlyle's life would serve for a better comment than even his writings upon his title, "the hero as man of letters." And it is in that capacity that I shall venture to consider him very briefly without attempting to examine the special significance or permanent value of his writings. Carlyle, as we all know, indulged in much eloquent declamation upon the merits of silence as compared with speech. Like many other men of literary eminence, he seemed rather to enjoy the depreciation of his own peculiar function. As Scott considered that a mere story-teller or compounder of rhymes was but a poor

creature compared with one who played his part on the stage of active life, Carlyle delighted to exalt the merits of the rugged, silent, inarticulate heroes, who used a rougher weapon than the pen, and conquered some fragment of tangible order from the primeval chaos. He idolized Cromwell all the more because the tangle of half intelligible and wholly ungrammatical sentences which the rough-hewn Puritan dashed down upon paper recall the struggles of some huge monster splashing through thick and thin regardless of anything but the shortest road to his end. If Frederick condescended to play at writing verses with Voltaire, it was the pardonable condescension of a great man who could not really for a single instant put the smartest of writers on a level with a genuine king of men. Heartily as Carlyle loved certain great literary teachers more or less congenial to his own temperament, he always places them on a level distinctly beneath that of statesmen or soldier; and as his utterances of this kind often took the form of an unqualified exaltation of silence, it was natural that to some of us he should appear to be guilty of a certain inconsistency. If action were so superior to speech, why not choose the better part himself? Was it not rather extravagant—even for a professed humorist—to pour forth such a torrent of words in order to demonstrate the inutility of words? If he believed in his own doctrine, should he not have preferred to carry a musket or to wield a spade rather than to wear out so vast a quantity of pens and paper? Contempt for literature, though rarely avowed, is one of the commonest sentiments of practical men; but is it not a suicidal creed for a man of letters?

To this, I imagine, Carlyle could have given a very sufficient answer. For, in the first place, he made no special claim upon the respect of mankind in virtue of his office. This task lay in his way to do, and it was not for him to decide whether the task was humble or exalted. Should a man be born in a station of life, from which the best available outlook was the career of a successful scavenger, let him do his scavenging with a will, as heartily and effectually as possible. In that ideal state of the world

when each man will have that to do which he can do most perfectly, the parts will be differently distributed. But in the distracted welter, as Carlyle would have called it, of modern social arrangements, each of us is stuck down at random in his separate niche, and must be content to snatch at such waifs and strays of work as happen to be floated nearest to him by the eddies of the perplexed whirlpool of life. Carlyle at another period might have been a Knox heading a great spiritual movement, or at least a Cameronian preacher stimulating the faith of his brethren under the fire of persecution. Under actual circumstances, no precise post in the army of active workers was open to him; and he was forced to throw in his lot with the loose bands of literary skirmishers, each of whom has to fight for his own hand, and to strike in here and there without concert or combination. The duty might not be a very exalted one; but it was that which lay nearest at hand. Had he pleased, however, he might have adopted a stronger line of defence. In truth, it would be interpreting a humorist too strictly if we mistook his intense jets of scorn or exhortation for the measured language of prosaic admonition. He did not really mean to assert that silence was better than speech, absolutely and unconditionally; for that would be something very like nonsense; nor, again, to declare that the influence which reaches us through the spoken word is essentially inferior to that which breathes from the accomplished deed. For there are words which are among the best of deeds; as there are certainly deeds which ought properly to be classified among the emptiest of words. The fribbler and busybody is certainly not the more tolerable because he does not exhale in mere talk, but is absorbed in a round of petty activity which hinders what it seems to help, or in painfully building up structures which crumble before they are finished. And, as clearly, we must reckon as among the most potent of rulers, the men who have spoken a word in season and welded together the vague, unguided aspirations of mankind into a force capable of overthrowing empires and reconstructing societies. The sentiment which really

animated Carlyle—to which he gave at times grotesque or extravagant expressions, was simply the expression of a nature marked, perhaps, by some Puritanical narrowness, but glowing with genuine zeal and animated by the deepest possible sense of the solemnity and seriousness of life. The qualities which he admired with his whole soul were force of will, intensity of purpose, exclusive devotion to some worthy end. What he hated from the bottom of his heart were any practices tending to dissipate the energy which might have accomplished great things or to allow it to expend itself upon unreal objects. We may remember, to quote one among a thousand instances, his references to that remarkable religious reformer, Ram Dass, who declared himself to have fire enough in his belly to burn up the sins of the whole world. A man, according to his view, is valuable in proportion as he has a share of that sacred fire. We are tempted unfortunately to use it up merely for cooking purposes, or to turn it to account for idle pyrotechnical displays. He is the greatest who uses the fire for its legitimate purposes and in whom it burns with the whitest and most concentrated heat. Perhaps in enforcing this doctrine from every possible point of view, Carlyle may have shown some want of appreciation for certain harmless and agreeable modes of dissipating energy. The Puritan in grain—and certainly the name applies to no one if not to Carlyle—finds a difficulty in coming to an understanding with the lover of a wider culture. But, in any case, it is not really a question between the means of speech and of action, but between those who have and those who have not an overpowering sense of the paramount importance of the ends to be obtained.

Now it may be fairly said that Carlyle's words have in this sense the quality of deeds. Intensity is the cardinal virtue of his style. The one essential thing with him is, to make a deep impression; he must strike at the heart of the hearers and grasp at once the central truth to be inculcated; he cares less than nothing for the rules of art so long as he can gain his end; and will snatch at any weapons in his power, whether he is to be grotesque or sublime, tender or

cynical in expression, or to produce an effect not capable of being tabulated under any critical category. The blemishes as well as the surpassing merits of his writings spring equally from a characteristic which naturally makes him unintelligible and at times offensive to men of different temperaments. Now whatever the literary consequences, the man's own personality derived from it a singular impressiveness. Great men are sometimes disappointing; but no one could possibly be disappointed who made a pilgrimage to the little house in Chelsea. It is a feeble expression of the truth to say that the talk resembled the writing; it seemed more frequently to be the quintessence of this writing. Ever afterwards, if you took up "Sartor Resartus" or the "French Revolution," you seemed to have learnt the inevitable cadence of the sentences; you heard the solemn passages rolled out in the strong current of broad Scotch, and the grotesque phrases recalled the sudden flash of the deep-set eyes and the huge explosions of tremendous laughter full of intense enjoyment, and yet dashed with an undertone of melancholy; or you saw the bent frame in its queer old dressing-gown, taking the pipe from its lips and rapping out some thundering denunciation of modern idols with more than Johnsonian vigor. You came to understand how the oddities which strike some hasty readers as savoring of affectation really expressed the inmost nature of the man; and that the strange light cast upon the world represented the way in which objects spontaneously presented themselves to his singularly constituted imagination. Instead of fancying that he had gradually learnt a queer dialect in order to impress his readers, you came to perceive that the true process was one of gradually learning to trust his natural voice where he had at first thought it necessary to array himself more or less in the conventional costume of ordinary mortals. Briefly it became manifest that the contortions of the Sibyl (to quote Burke's phrase about Johnson) was the effect of a genuine inspiration, and the very reverse of external oddities adopted of *malice prepense*.

The character had thus a power quite independent of the special doctrines asserted. One proof of Carlyle's extra-



ordinary power was the influence which he exercised upon men who differed from him diametrically upon speculative questions. Nobody, for example, represented the very antithesis to his doctrines more distinctly than J. S. Mill. Benthamism and the whole philosophy in which Mill believed were among the favorite objects of Carlyle's denunciation. Yet Mill admits in his *Autobiography* that he did not feel himself competent to judge Carlyle; that he read the "Sartor Resartus" "with enthusiastic admiration and the keenest delight," and felt towards the author as the reasoner who "hobbles" along by proof should feel to the poetic seer who perceives by intuition. And many, I believe, of Mill's disciples would be found to owe even more to the stimulus received from their dogmatic opponent than to the direct teaching of their more congenial master. Nobody, indeed, could have gone to Carlyle in order to discuss the evidence of some disputed theory, to balance conflicting considerations, or clear up a point which required dispassionate examination and delicate reasoning. Disciple or antagonist, you had to sit at his feet, to refrain from anything bordering remotely upon argument, and simply to submit to the influence of a nature of extraordinary power and profound convictions. From such a man perhaps more is to be learnt by those who differ than by those who humbly follow. It is rarely good for any man to be fairly overpowered and swept away in the current of another man's thoughts, however lofty their import; and it was as well to have some independent source of mental influence before taking a strong dose of philosophy according to Carlyle. And perhaps, if I may say so, it was by comparing the man with his ardent disciples that one first became sensible of his true magnitude; for almost in proportion to the greatness of the teacher himself was the danger to his humble followers. His head was strong enough to bear a doctrine which seemed to have an intoxicating influence upon those who received it at second-hand. His own writing has merits almost unapproachable in their peculiar character; but Carlylese in the mouths of imitators is among the most pestilent jargons by which modern Eng-

lish literature has been disfigured—and that is certainly to say a good deal.

It is unfortunately a common experience to feel that one would be, say, a Radical, were it into for the Radicals. The tail of a party—and the tails of parties are apt to be the largest part of them—is very frequently the strongest argument against the head. It is perhaps a still more melancholy experience that the leaders frequently become the victims of the disciples whom they raise up. The subtle flattery of admiration, the temptation to sustain authority by exaggerating the doctrine which has made a success, is often enough to turn a strong head. And it is one of Carlyle's titles to honor that he never degenerated into the vulgar president of a mutual admiration society. He had too much self-respect, and was made of materials too sturdy and well-seasoned, to fall into such an error. He had been brought up in too stern a school. For years he had preached to deaf ears, and had been regarded by respectable editors of the *Jeffrey* variety as the kind of person of whom something might possibly be made, if he could only be induced to run quietly in the traces. There is no appearance that such treatment inflicted lasting wounds upon his vanity, or induced him to swerve an inch from his line of objectionable eccentricity, or to attempt to gain a hearing by any condescension to the tastes of the average reader. He was content to do the best work he could according to his own notions of what was right, and to leave it to win its way gradually to the place, whatever it might be, which it deserved. He was as independent in life as in thought. There is something in its way sublime about Carlyle's dogmatism; the absolute confidence with which he holds to his creed, and explains all dissent from it by the simple, and certainly in some sense well-founded, consideration of the general stupidity of mankind. It is of course easy to condemn the harshness of many of his judgments; and to hold that he was really showing his own blindness in his sweeping censures of whole schools of philosophers and politicians. But given the conviction, of which I do not here discuss the justification, he acted in the spirit of his creed. It was not, 'it seems, till he

published the "Cromwell"—that is, till he was about fifty—that he gained anything to be called popularity. It would indeed be a libel upon our fathers not to admit that most competent judges had discovered the merits of "Sartor Resartus" or the "French Revolution." Yet on the whole he was clearly one of the writers whose fame ripens slowly, and ripens all the more surely when he is strong enough to stick to his true vocation in spite of an absence of recognition. A man possessed of Carlyle's amazing power of vivid portraiture had many temptations to cover slightness of work by that shame picturesque with which superficial imitators have made us too familiar. But no one denies that, whatever the accuracy of the coloring in his historical studies, they at least imply the most thoroughgoing and conscientious labor. If Dryasdust does not invest Cromwell or Frederick with the same brilliant lights as Carlyle, he admits fully that Carlyle has not scamped the part of the work upon which the Dryasdust most prides himself. At worst, he can only complain that the poetical creator is rather ungrateful in his way of speaking of the labors by which he has profited. If the "French Revolution" is not in this respect the equal of the later works (in some other qualities it is their superior), it is only, I imagine, because the materials which would be required by a modern historian were not accessible near fifty years ago. It is, indeed, a subsidiary pleasure, in reading all Carlyle's writings, to feel that the artist is always backed up by the conscientious workman. If some of the early articles touch upon subjects fully studied, he has at least done thoroughly whatever he professes to have done; and even in reading later studies upon the same subjects, it is generally manifest that Carlyle's errors are never those of the indolent or superficial scribbler.

The quality manifested is the absolute self-respect and independence of a man who scorns to owe success to anything but the intrinsic merit of good work, or to measure success by the instantaneous harvest of flattery and admiration. No one could stand more firmly upon his own legs, or be more superior, not only to the vulgar forms

of temptation, but to those which sometimes assail the loftiest minds. He gave what was in him to give, and spared no pains to give it in the most effective shape; but he never stooped to court the applause of the unintelligent and unsympathetic. If there was ever a risk of such condescension, it was perhaps at the period when he took to writing pamphlets upon questions of the day. There seemed to be a possibility of his descending from his lofty position to join in the inferior squabbles of politicians and journalists. There is certainly some admirable writing in those pamphlets; but they touch upon the topics in which his real power deserted him and gave some opportunity to the cavillers. The common criticism that he pointed out defects without suggesting remedies, had then a certain plausibility; for it is certainly natural to challenge a critic of any particular line of policy to name the policy which would meet his approval. If you attack protection you must advocate free trade, and general denunciation upsets its own aim. Happily Carlyle did not wander long in this region; and returned to the strong ground of those general moral principles which are independent of the particular issues of every-day politics. The reproach, indeed, followed him beyond its appropriate sphere. Some writers complain that Carlyle did not advance any new doctrine, or succeed in persuading the world of its truth. His life failed, it is suggested, in so far as he did not make any large body of converts with an accepted code of belief. But here, as it seems to me, the criticism becomes irrelevant. No one will dispute that Carlyle taught a strongly marked and highly characteristic creed, though one not easily packed into a definite set of logical formulæ. If there was no particular novelty in his theories, that was his very contention. His aim was to utter the truths which had been the strength and the animating principles of great and good men in all ages. He was not to move us, like a scientific discoverer, by proclaiming novelties, but to utter his protest in behalf of the permanent truths, obscured in the struggle between conflicting dogmas and drowned in the anarchical shrieks of contending parties. He succeeded in so far as he

impressed the emotions and the imagination of his fellows, not in so far as he made known to them any new doctrine. Nor was his life to be called a failure, judged by his own standard, because he failed to produce any tangible result. Rightly or wrongly, Carlyle was no worshipper of progress, nor, indeed, a believer in its existence. The fact that an opinion did not make its way in the world was not even a presumption against its truth and importance in a world daily growing more and more chaotic, plunging wildly over Niagaras, falling more hopelessly under the dominion of shams and pursuing wilder phantasms into more boundless regions of distracted bewilderment. His duty was accomplished when he had liberated his own soul; when he had spoken so much truth as it was given to him to perceive, and left it to work as it might in the general play of incalculable forces. Here is truth: make what you can of it; if you can translate it into action, so much the better; if it only serves to animate a few faithful Abdiels, struggling with little hope and even less success against the manifold perplexities of a collapsing order, it has at least been so far useful. The sower must be content when he has cast the seed; he must leave it to the Power which rules the universe to decide whether it shall bear fruit a thousandfold, or be choked among the tares which are sprouting up in every direction with a growth of unparalleled luxuriance. He has played his part; and the only pay which he desires or deserves is the consciousness of having played it manfully.

That, as I conceive, would be Carlyle's attitude of mind. It is one which is rare and difficult to sustain among professed teachers of men. The keen sensibility which makes a man alive to the miseries of the race and anxious to rouse them from their slumbers, is apt to be dangerous endowment; and only the strongest can bear the responsibility of such endowments unharmed. The dangers which beset such men are familiar enough, and may take many shapes of more or less vulgar temptation. The sense of power over the sympathies of your fellows may generate a morbid vanity. People take so much interest in your heart that you are tempted to invite the

world at large to be spectators of its most secret emotions, to make a show of your agonies, and to attitudinize as a sentimental sufferer in presence of admiring multitudes. You are anxious to do good by your preachings; you welcome proselytes to your teaching gladly, because they are proselytes to the truth; and so you surround yourself with the most demoralizing of all audiences—a crowd of submissive admirers who do their best to applaud your worst weaknesses and lead you on in the attempt to outrival yourself by caricaturing your own extravagances. You fancy yourself to be an oracle, and descend to be a mere popular preacher, accepting the vulgarest applause, and courting it by the most facile achievements. You think yourself infallible, and begin to resent every opposition as the proof of a corrupt antipathy. You grow irritable because the world is not converted out of hand, and fritter away your powers on petty controversies which serve only to show that a man may make himself ridiculous in spite of high purposes and great abilities. The type is familiar, and it is needless to quote instances. The reformers of mankind are too often martyrs not only in the sense of suffering at the hands of antagonists, but in the sense of sacrificing much of the purity and loftiness of their own natures in the trial to which they all are exposed. Perhaps we owe them some gratitude even for that kind of sacrifice; and certainly we must admit that we owe a great debt to many men who, like Rousseau, for example, have been led into countless weaknesses, and even moral errors, under temptations to which they have been rendered liable by a superabundance of genuine sensibility. Men of coarser fibre would have committed fewer errors and been useless to their fellows.

Happily we have no such delicate problems of casuistry in the case of Carlyle. Some people would have been more attracted to him had he not been armed with this grand stoical independence. They feel that there is something harsh about him. They utterly fail to perceive his intense tenderness of feeling, because they cannot understand the self-restraint which forbade him to wear his heart upon

his sleeve. They see indifference to suffering in his profound conviction of the impotence of spasmodic attempts at its relief; and fancy that he was cynical when, in fact, he was only condemning that incontinence of sentiment which cannot bear to recognize the inexorable barriers of human fate. They cannot understand that a man can really be content to give the most concentrated expression to a melancholy view of human life without fidgeting over the schemes of practical reform. There seems to be a kind of antithesis between the apparent pride of a self-contained independence and the ardent sympathies of genuine benevolence. I do not think, indeed, that any one can really love Carlyle's books without becoming sensible of the emotional depth which underlies his reserve and his superficial harshness; nor is it possible to read the "Life of Sterling"—the most purely charming of his writings—without understanding the invincible charm of the man to a fine and affectionate nature. But upon these points we shall be better qualified to speak when we have the biography, which, if one may prophesy in such matter, bids fair to be one of the most delightful of books. For the present, it is enough to say that, whatever else may be said, Carlyle remains the noblest man of letters of his generation; the man who devoted himself with the greatest persistency to bringing out the very best that was in him; who least allowed himself to be diverted from the highest aims; and who knew how to confer a new dignity upon a character not always—if the truth must be spoken—very remarkable for dignity. He showed his eccentricity—as a critic naively tells us—by declining the mystic letters G.C.B. But he missed none of the dignity which comes from the unfeigned respect borne by all honest men to a character of absolute independence, the most unspotted honor in every relation of life, and the exclusive devotion of a long life to the high calling imposed by his genius.

What Carlyle's opinion may have been of the state of English literature during his generation it is perhaps better only guessing. Undoubtedly he must have held that it shared in that general decay which, according to him, is a symptom

of a state of spiritual and social anarchy. I do not speak, of course, of that kind of printed matter which is held for the moment to be a part of literature, though it should rather be called a quasi-literary manufacture. Grub Street is always with us, and perhaps at the present time it is in a rather more blatant and exuberant condition than usual. But Carlyle would have had a good many hard things to say about writers of high pretensions, and about some in whom one could wish that he should have been more ready to recognize genuine fellow-workers instead of setting them down as mouthpieces of the general babble of futile jargonings. According to him, most of us would do better to hold our tongues or to seek for some honest mode of living which would not involve any swelling of the distracting chorus of advice bestowed by "able editors" upon a bewildered public. A very infinitesimal fraction of modern literature would pass this severe censor as deserving to escape the waste-paper basket. But one must not interpret a humorist too rigidly; and we may follow, so far as we may, Carlyle's example without troubling ourselves too much about his rather sweeping dogmas. That little house in Chelsea will long be surrounded with ennobling associations for the humbler brethren of the craft. For near fifty years it was the scene of the laborious industry of the greatest imaginative writer of the day, and the goal of pilgrimages from which no one ever returned without one great reward—the sense, that is, of having been in contact with a man who, whatever his weaknesses or his oddities, was utterly incapable of condescending to unworthy acts or words, or of touching upon any subject without instinctively dwelling upon its deepest moral significance. If his views of facts might be wrong or distorted and his teaching grotesque in form, it could never be flippant or commonplace, or imply any cynical indifference to the deepest interests of humanity. The hero in literature is the man who is invariably and unflinchingly true to himself; who works to his end undistracted by abuse or flattery, or the temptations of cheap success; whose struggles are not marked by any conspicuous catastrophes or demands for splendid



self-sacrifices; who has to plod on a steady dull round of monotonous labor, under continual temptation to diverge into easier roads, and with the consciousness that his work may meet with little acceptance, or with a kind of acceptance which is even more irritating than neglect; and who must therefore place his reward chiefly in the work it-

self. Such heroism requires no small endowment of high moral qualities; and they have seldom or never been embodied more fully than in this sturdy, indomitable Scotchman, whose genius seemed to be the natural outcome of the concentrated essence of the strong virtues of his race.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY R. H. HUTTON.

THE common figment that we have lost a great writer for the first time, when first there ceases to be any place on the earth where his living body can be found, is perhaps more obviously a figment in the case of Thomas Carlyle than in that of any author of this century. For many years back it had been tolerably certain that Carlyle would add nothing more to that body of unique imaginative work which constitutes his real contribution to the life of man, except whatever of reminiscences and correspondence might be forthcoming at his death. And we now know not only that this has added, and will add, much very rich material to our knowledge of him, but also that what it adds will be exactly of the kind most fitted to increase the due appreciation of his great genius, and temper the indiscriminating idolatry of his special adorers. An author is best known, known in the best manner, when the largest number of those who are accessible to his influence first realize most clearly what he was as a whole; and it is certain that a much larger number of people will recognize more clearly what Carlyle was as a whole, during the next ten years, than have ever realized it up to the present moment.

Carlyle seems to me to have had the temperament and the powers of a great artist, with what was in effect a single inspiration for his art, and that one which required so great a revolution in the use of his appropriate artistic materials, that the first impression he produced on ordinary minds was that of bewilderment and even confusion. This subject—almost his only subject

—whether he wrote history or biography, or the sort of musings which contained his conceptions of life, was always the dim struggle of man's nature with the passions, doubts, and confusions by which it is surrounded, with special regard to the grip of the infinite spiritual cravings, whether good or evil, upon it. He was always trying to paint the light shining in darkness and the darkness comprehending it not, and therefore it was that he strove so hard to invent a new sort of style which should express not simply the amount of human knowledge, but also, so far as possible, the much vaster amount of human ignorance against which that knowledge sparkled in mere radiant points breaking the gloom. Every one knows what Carlylese means, and every apt literary man can manufacture a little tolerably good Carlylese at will. But very few of us reflect what it was in Carlyle which generated the style, and what the style, in spite of its artificiality, has done for us. Indeed I doubt if Carlyle himself knew. In these reminiscences he admits its flavor of affectation with a comment which seems to me to show less self-knowledge than usual. Of his friend Irving's early style, as an imitation of the Miltonic or old English Puritan style, he says, "At this time, and for years afterward, there was something of preconceived intention visible in it, in fact of real affectation, as there could not well help being. To his example also I suppose I owe something of my own poor affectations in that matter which are now more or less visible to me, much repented of, or not." I suspect of the two alternatives

suggested in this amusing little bit of characteristic mystification, the "not" should be taken as the truth. Carlyle could not repent of his affectation, for it was in some sense of the very essence of his art. Some critics have attempted to account for the difference in style between his early reviews in the *Edinburgh* and his later productions by the corrections of Jeffrey. But Jeffrey did not correct Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, and if any one who possesses the volume containing both the *Life of Schiller* and the *Life of Sterling* will compare the one with the other, he will see at once that, between the two, Carlyle had deliberately developed a new organon for his own characteristic genius, and that so far from losing, his genius gained enormously by the process. And I say this not without fully recognizing that simplicity is after all the highest of all qualities of style, and that no one can pretend to find simplicity in Carlyle's mature style. But after all the purpose of style is to express thought, and if the central and pervading thought of all which you wish to express and must express if you are to attain the real object of your life, is inconsistent with simplicity, let simplicity go to the wall, and let us have the real drift. And this seems to me to be exactly Carlyle's case. It would have been impossible to express adequately in such English as was the English of his *Life of Schiller*, the class of convictions which had most deeply engraved themselves on his own mind. That class of convictions was, to state it shortly, the result of his belief—a one-sided belief no doubt, but full of significance—that human language, and especially our glib cultivated use of it, had done as much or more to conceal from men how little they do know, and how ill they grasp even that which they partly know, as to define and preserve for them the little that they have actually puzzled-out of the riddle of life. In the very opening of the "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle says:

"Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere words. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud 'electricity,' and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk. But what is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us, but it

is a poor science that would hide from us that great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical, and more, to whosoever will think of it."

That passage reminds one of the best of the many amusing travesties of Mr. Carlyle's style, a travestie which may be found in Marmaduke Savage's "Falcon Family," where one of the "Young Ireland" party praises another for having "a deep no-meaning in the great fiery heart of him." But in Mr. Carlyle's mind this conviction of the immeasurable ignorance (or "nescience," as he preferred to call it in antithesis to science), which underlies all our knowledge, was not in the least a "deep no-meaning" but a constant conviction, which it took a great genius like his to interpret to all who were capable of learning from him. I can speak for myself at least, that to me it has been the great use of Carlyle's peculiar *chiaroscuro* style, so to turn language inside out, as it were, for us, that we realize its inadequacy, and its tendency to blind and mislead us, as we could never have realized it by any limpid style at all. To expose the pretensions of human speech, to show us that it seems much clearer than it is, to warn us habitually that "it swims as a mere superficial film" on a wide unplumbed sea of undiscovered reality, is a function hardly to be discharged at all by plain and limpid speech. Genuine Carlylese—which, of course, in its turn is in great danger of becoming a deceptive mask, and often does become so in Carlyle's own writings, so that you begin to think that all careful observation, sound reasoning, and precise thinking is useless, and that a true man would keep his intellect foaming and gasping, as it were, in one eternal epileptic fit of wonder—is intended to keep constantly before us the relative proportions between the immensity on every subject which we fail to apprehend, and the few well-defined focal spots of light that we can clearly discern and take in. Nothing is so well adapted as Carlyle's style to teach one that the truest language on the deepest subjects is thrown out, as it were, with more or less happy effect, at great realities far above our analysis or grasp, and

not a triumphant formula which contains the whole secret of our existence.

Let me contrast a passage concerning Schiller in the Life of Schiller, and one concerning Coleridge in the Life of Sterling, relating to very nearly the same subject, the one in ordinary English, the other in developed Carlylese, and no one, I think, will doubt which of the two expresses the central thought with the more power. "Schiller," says Carlyle—

"Does not distort his character or genius into shapes which he thinks more becoming than their natural one; he does not bring out principles which are not his, or harbor beloved persuasions which he half or wholly knows to be false. He did not often speak of wholesome prejudices; he did not 'embrace the Roman Catholic religion because it was the grandest and most comfortable.' Truth with Schiller, or what seemed such, was an indispensable requisite; if he but suspected an opinion to be false, however dear it may have been, he seems to have examined it with rigid scrutiny, and if he found it guilty, to have plucked it out and resolutely cast it forth. The sacrifice might cause him pain, permanent pain; but danger, he imagined, it could hardly cause him. It is irksome and dangerous to tread in the dark; but better so than with an *ignis-fatuus* to guide us. Considering the warmth of his sensibilities, Schiller's merit on this point is greater than it at first might appear."

And now let me take the opposite judgment passed upon Coleridge in the Life of Sterling:

"The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself; in it, as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once 'he had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity'; this was evident enough; but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself on the hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these. To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous, pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light; but embedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences, as had made strange work with it. Once more the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the heaven's splendors and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their god-like radiances and brilliancies; but no heart to front the seething terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place theré. The courage necessary for him above

all things had been denied this man. His life with such ray of the empyrean in it had been great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it; he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element lying smothered under the terrene and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings.

For the old Eternal Powers do live forever, nor do their laws see any change, however we or our poor Wigs and Church tippets may attempt to read their laws. To *steal* into heaven—by the modern method of sticking, ostrich-like, your head into fallacies on earth, equally as by the ancient and by all conceivable methods—is forever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt, and it continues to be punished as such. Strange enough! here once more was a kind of heaven-scaling Ixion; and to him, as to the old one, the just gods were very stern; the ever-revolving, never-advancing wheel (of a kind) was his through life; and from his cloud Juno did not he too procreate strange Centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory hybrids, and ecclesiastical chimæras, which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner?"

I think Carlyle was driving by implication at something which seems to me quite false in the latter passage, and possibly even in the former also. But no one can doubt, I think, which of these two styles conveys the more vividly the idea common to both—that it is very easy and very fatal to deceive ourselves into thinking or believing what we only wish to believe, and that a mind which cannot distinguish firmly between the two loses all sense of the distinction between words and things. And how much more powerfully is the thought expressed in the strange idiom of the later style. The fundamental difference between the two styles is that while the former aims, like most good styles, at what Carlyle wants to say expressly, the later is, in addition, lavish of suggestions which come in aid of his express meaning, by bringing out in the background the general chaos of vague indeterminate agencies which bewilder the believing nature, and render a definite creed difficult. Take the very characteristic Carlylese phrase "in a tragically ineffectual degree," and note the result of grafting the stronger thought of tragedy on the weaker one of ineffectuality—how it dashes in a dark background to the spectacle of human helplessness, and suggests, what Carlyle

wanted to suggest, how the powers above are dooming to disappointment the man who fortifies himself in any self-willed pet theory of his own. So, too, the expressions "logical fatamorganas," "tremulous, pious sensibility," "a ray of empyrean embedded in such weak laxity of character," "spectral Puseyisms," "monstrous illusory hybrids," "ecclesiastical chimæras"—all produce their intended *daunting* effect on the imagination, suggesting how much vagueness, darkness, and ignorance Carlyle apprehended behind these attempted philosophical "views" of the great *à priori* thinker. Observe, too, the constant use of the plurals—"indolences and esuriences," "god-like radiances and brilliancies," which just suggest to the mind in how very many different forms the same qualities may be manifested. And finally observe the discouraging effect of the touch which contrasts the conventionality of caste-costume, "our poor Wigs and Church tippets," with the "Eternal Powers that live forever"—a touch that says to us in effect, "Your conventions mystify you, take you in, make you believe in an authority which the Eternal Powers never gave." And all this is conveyed in such little space, by the mere suggestion of contrasts. The secret of Carlyle's style is a great crowding-in of contrasted ideas and colors—indeed, such a crowding in, that for any purpose but his it would be wholly false art. But his purpose being to impress upon us with all the force that was in him, that the universe presents to us only a few focal points of light which may be clearly discerned against vast and almost illimitable tracts of mystery—that human language and custom mislead us miserably as to what these points of light are—and that much of the light, all indeed which he himself does not recognize, comes from putrefying and phosphorescent *ignes fatui*, which will only betray us to our doom—the later style is infinitely more effective than the first. He does contrive to paint the incapacity of the mind to grasp truth, its wonderful capacity to miss it, the enormous chances against hitting the mark precisely in the higher regions of belief, with a wonderful effect which his earlier style gave little

promise of. It seems to me a style invented for the purpose of convincing those whom it charmed that moral truth can only be discerned by a sort of brilliant imaginative tact and audacity in discriminating the various stars sprinkled in a dark vault of mystery, and then walking boldly by the doubtful light they give;—that very much cannot be believed except by self-deceivers or fools;—but that wonder is of the essence of all right-mindedness;—that the enigmatic character of life is good for us, so long as we are stern and almost hard in acting upon the little truth we can know;—but that any sort of clear solution of the enigma must be false—and that any attempt to mitigate the sternness of life must be ascribed to radical weakness and the smooth self-delusions to which the weak are liable.

In speaking of his style, I have already suggested by implication a good deal of the drift of Carlyle's faith. What he loves to delineate is the man who can discern and grope his way honestly by a little light struggling through a world of darkness—the man whose gloom is deep, but whose lucidity of vision, so far as it goes, is keen—the man who is half hypochondriac, half devotee, but wholly indomitable, like Mahomet, Cromwell, Johnson. Thus he says of Cromwell:

"And withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man, the depth and tenderness of his ideal affections; the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things? The quantity of insight he could yet get into the heart of things; the mastery he could get over things; this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as men's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted, the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing* and struggling to see."

In his life of Frederick the Great, writing on Voltaire, Carlyle describes the same sort of character as the ideal Teutonic character, a type which recommended itself to Voltaire because it was the reverse of his own.

"A rugged, surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint; standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in him now and then—something which goes beyond laughter and



articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two—what they call 'humor' in their dialect."

Every hero he had was great in proportion as he displayed at once this profound impression of the darkness and difficulty of life, and this vehement dictatorial mode of acting on the glimpses or visions he had by way of showing valor in defiance of the darkness. Carlyle's characteristic delight in Odin and the Scandinavian mythology is a mere reflection of this strong appreciation of the religion of the volcano, the thunder-cloud, and the lightning-flash, mingled with a certain grim enjoyment of the spectacle of the inadequacy of human struggle. If Carlyle loved also to describe keen, clear wits like Jeffrey and Voltaire—if he revelled, too, in the picture of thin, acrid natures like Robespierre's, it was as foils to his favorite portraits of grim, vehement, dictatorial earnestness. As his style is *chiaro-oscuro*, so his favorite figures and characters are *chiaro-oscuro* also. Carlyle did not love too much light—did not believe in it even as the gift of God. Mankind to him were "mostly fools." To make the best of a bad business was the highest achievement of the best men. He had a great belief in the sternness of purpose behind creation, but little belief in the love there. In his reminiscences he describes the attitude of Irving's schoolmaster, "old Adam Hope," toward his average scholars as being summed up thus: "Nothing good to be expected from you, or from those you come of, ye little whelps, but we must get from you the best you have, and not complain of anything." And so far as I understand his religion, that is very much how Carlyle represents to himself the attitude of the Eternal mind toward us all. He tells us candidly in his account of Irving, that he had confessed to Irving that he did not think as Irving did of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for him to expect he ever should or could. And, indeed, no one who knows Carlyle's writings needed the avowal. Carlyle had a real belief in the Everlasting mind behind nature and history; but he had not only no belief in anything like a true revelation, he had, I think, almost a positive repulsion, if

not scorn, for the idea, as if an undue and "rose-water" attempt to alleviate the burden of the universe by self-deception were involved in it. When, for instance, his coarse favorite, Friedrich Wilhelm, dies—the king, I mean, who assaulted his own daughter in his rage, struck her violently, and would have kicked her—Carlyle delights to tell you that he slept "with the primeval sons of Thor," and to comment on his death thus: "No Beresark of them, nor Odin's self, was a bit of truer human stuff; I confess his value to me in these sad times is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic Papin's Digester, Truculent Charlatan, and other species of kings, alone obtainable for the sunk flunkey populations of an era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm to guide it on the road back from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but alas, it ought to have been 'should give.' What *they* 'would' give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballot-boxes, a steady and tremendous truth, from the days of Barabbas downward and upward." If this be not meant as a hint that, for Carlyle, such a hero as Friedrich Wilhelm was rather the king to be desired than He for whom Barabbas was really substituted—and this, perhaps, is an overstrained interpretation—it certainly does suggest that Carlyle's mind habitually adhered by preference to the Scandinavian type of violent smoke-and-flame hero, even at those times when the lessons of his childhood carried him back to the divine figure of the crucified Christ.

I do not think that any portion of Carlyle's works contains clear traces of the sort of grounds on which he came to reject the Christian revelation. Probably his correspondence when it appears may clear up this point. But I should judge that at the root of it was a certain contempt for the raw material of human nature, as inconsistent with the Christian view, and an especial contempt for the particular effect produced upon that raw material by what he understood to be the most common result of conversion. Dyspepsia may have had something to do with his preference for a decidedly dyspeptic type of religion—dys-

pepsia itself, and the imaginative mould into which dyspepsia cast his vivid thoughts. Certainly he always represents the higher fortitude as a sort of "obstinacy," rather than as a pious submission to the Divine will, and conceives the matter as if God were trying what stuff we are of by first setting us tasks, and then besetting us with difficulties in performing them. Thus, speaking of his own dyspepsia in these "Reminiscences," he does not in the least mince his language about it, though it would seem that at bottom he does regard it as something which it tasks his "faith" to bear.

"The accursed hag, Dyspepsia, had got me bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking living day a thing of ghastly night-mares. I resisted what I could; never did yield or surrender to her; but she kept my heart right heavy, my battle being sore and hopeless. One could not call it hope, but only desperate obstinacy, refusing to flinch, that animated me. 'Obstinacy as of ten mules' I have sometimes called it since; but, in candid truth, there was something worthily human in it, too; and I have had, through life, among my manifold unspeakable blessings, no other real bower-anchor to ride by in the rough seas. Human 'obstinacy' grounded in real faith and insight, is good, and the best."

Of the existence of something hard—something of the genuine task-master—in the mind of the Creator, something requiring obstinacy, and not mere submission, to satisfy its requirements, Carlyle had a deep conviction. I think his view of Christianity—reverently as he always or almost always spoke of the person of Christ—was as of a religion that had something too much of love in it, something slightly mawkish, and that if he could but have believed the old Calvinism, its inexorable decrees would in many respects have seemed to him more like the ground-system of creation than the gospel either of Chalmers or of Irving. His love of despots who had any ray of honesty or insight in them, his profound belief that mankind should try and get such despots to order their doings for them, his strange hankerings after the institution of slavery as the only reasonable way in which the lower races of men might serve their apprenticeship to the higher races—all seems to me a sort of reflection of the Calvinistic doctrine that life is a subordination to a hard taskmaster, directly or by deputy,

and that so far from grumbling over its severities, we must just grimly set to work and be thankful it is not worse than it is. "Fancy thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely)," he says in "Sartor Resartus," "thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp." That seems to me to represent Carlyle's real conviction. He could not believe that God does, as a matter of fact, care very much for the likes of us; or even is bound to care. His imagination failed to realize the need or reality of Divine love. "Upward of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal position, their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams," he wrote, in describing a city at midnight. And you could easily see that his whole view of life was accommodated to that conception. And the Creator, in Carlyle's view, takes I think very much the same account of these "two-legged animals with heads full of the foolishlest dreams," as Adam Hope did of his stupid scholars; not much is to be expected of us or got out of us, but God will get out of us the best he can, and "not complain of anything." Even the best of our race show that they are the best by estimating their own deserts at the very lowest, by saying "we are unprofitable servants." As for the common sort they deserve not so much Divine love and salvation as to be driven out of "the dog-hutch" of their own self-love into the pitiless storm. Such seems to me to be the general drift of Carlyle's religion. He has had his incredulity as to the Christian miracles, historical evidence, and the rest; but his chief doubt has been as to the stuff of which mankind is made—on which his verdict seems to me to be this—"not of the kind worth saving or to be saved, after Christ's fashion, at all, but to be bettered, if at all, after some other and much ruder fashion, the 'beneficent whip' being, perhaps, the chief instrumentality."

Carlyle has exerted, I think, a very potent influence on the political history of our day—more, however, through the power of his imaginative picture of the turbulent fermentations and molten fury

of popular democracy, than by his attempt to persuade the peoples to give up "palavers," "ballotings," etc., and to let wise men guide them and rule them. Such books as his "Chartism," "Past and Present," "Latter-Day Pamphlets," in spite of all their humor and all their various truth of insight—which was not small—did little if anything to influence the popular mind. And as to his apologies for slavery, and his vehement attacks on "Black Quashee," they were so utterly inconsistent with the drift of the known facts of the case, and contained practical advice so malign in its tendency, not only to the slaves but to the slave-owners, that I think they altogether failed, in this country at least, of political effect. But his wonderful and unique picture of a democracy stirred to its depths, in "The French Revolution," produced a profound impression of warning, and partly even of terror, on those who could understand it; and through them the impression spread to many, so that the dangers of democracy have been more fully appreciated ever since, and will be the better understood for all time to come in consequence of Carlyle's marvellous picture. On those who, like myself, read it in their youth, no book probably ever produced so vivid and startling an impression. One reads in the "Reminiscences" how deeply Carlyle himself was excited by the composition of it, nay one sees how exactly he found in it the concentration of his general view of human life—the alloy only left out. "The thorough possession it had taken of me," he says, "dwelling in me day and night, keeping me in constant fellowship with such a 'flamy cut-throat scene of things,' infernal and celestial, both in one, with no fixed prospect but that of writing it, though I should die, had held me in a fever blaze for three years long; and now the blaze had ceased, problem *taliter qualiter* was actually done, and my humor and way of thought about all things was of an altogether ghastly, dim-smouldering, and as if preternatural sort." The book itself corresponds with this description of Carlyle's mood in writing it. The mawkish sentimentalisms of the earlier stage of the French Revolution—the fierce and bloody passions of its later stage—the miseries of

the famished French people—the conventionalities of the effete aristocracy—the unreal platitudes of political philosophers—the deep envies and mutual suspicions of the different candidates for popular confidence, are painted in that book with such wonderfully living force as render it to me no little marvel that almost all the leading events in it were well over before Thomas Carlyle was born. That any statesman who has read that book should ever be able to rid himself of the feeling that popular passion is a sort of volcano on the slopes of which we all live, and which may some day break up even the crust of English phlegm by a shock of earthquake, seems to me impossible. No doubt Carlyle never makes sufficient account of the hard baked clay of the Teutonic races, and sifts away not a little of the slow customary dulness, even of Celtic or Franko-Celtic peasant life. He puts too much of his own fire into the interpretation of even these lurid phenomena. Still the picture is, in its essence, as true as it is imposing and appalling; and, doubtless, it has had as much effect in preaching the inevitable advance of democracy, and teaching that it is as righteous as it is inevitable that the future should be moulded so as to secure the good of the multitude rather than so as to secure the uplifting of a select few on the shoulders of the multitude, as it has had in pointing out the difficulties which stand in the way of the self-government of the ignorant by the ignorant, and in disheartening triumphant makers of paper constitutions. "The French Revolution" is, perhaps, the book of the century—a book which could hardly have been written except by a man in a fever—a fever such as the advance of democracy would naturally produce in a mind at once full of popular sympathies, and of the deepest scorn for popular ignorance and superstition.

In origin a peasant, who originated a new sort of culture and created a most artificial style full at once of affectation and of genuine power; in faith a mystic, who rejected Christianity while clinging ardently to the symbolic style of Christian teaching; in politics a pioneer of democracy, who wanted to persuade the people to trust themselves

to the almost despotic guidance of Lord-protectors whom he could not tell them how to find ; in literature a rugged sort of poet, who could not endure the chains of rhythm, and even jeered at rhyme—Carlyle certainly stands out a paradoxical sort of figure, solitary, proud, defiant, vivid. The "Reminiscences" will do, I think, at least as much to immortalize his faults as to show the pene-

trating brilliance of his keen literary glance ; at least as much to diminish the fascination of his spiritual example as to increase the fascination of his genius. But, after all, no literary man in the nineteenth century is likely to stand out more distinct, both for flaws and genius, to the centuries which will follow.—*Good Words.*

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### ON FRUITS AND SEEDS.

BY SIR JOHN LUBBROCK.

OUR eloquent countryman, Mr. Ruskin, commences his work on *Flowers* by a somewhat severe criticism of his predecessors. He reproduces a page from a valuable but somewhat antiquated work, *Curtis' Magazine*, which he alleges to be "characteristic of botanical books and botanical science, not to say all science," and complains bitterly that it is a string of names and technical terms. No doubt that unfortunate page does contain a list of synonyms and long words. But in order to identify a plant you must have synonyms and technical terms, just as to learn a language you must have a dictionary. To complain of this would be to resemble the man who said that Johnson's Dictionary was dry and disjointed reading. But no one would attempt to judge the literature of a country by reading a dictionary. So also we cannot estimate the interest of a science by reading technical descriptions. On the other hand, it is impossible to give a satisfactory description of an animal or plant except in strict technical language. Let me reproduce a description which Mr. Ruskin has given of the swallow, and which, indeed, he says, in his lecture on that bird, is the only true description that could be given. His lecture was delivered before the University of Oxford, and is, I need hardly say, most interesting.

Now how does he describe a swallow? You can, he says, "only rightly describe the bird by the resemblances and images of what it seems to have changed from, then adding the fantastic and beautiful contrast of the unimaginable

change. It is an owl that has been trained by the Graces. It is a bat that loves the morning light. It is the aerial reflection of a dolphin. It is the tender domestication of a trout." That is, no doubt, very poetical, but it would be absolutely useless as a scientific description, and, I must confess, would never have suggested, to me at least, the idea of a swallow.

But though technical terms are very necessary in science, I shall endeavor, as far as I can, to avoid them here. As, however, it will be impossible for me to do so altogether, I will do my best at the commencement to make them as clear as possible, and I must therefore ask those who have already looked into the subject to pardon me if, for a few moments, I go into very elementary facts. In order to understand the structure of the seed, we must commence with the flower, to which the seed owes its origin. Now if you take such a flower as, say a geranium, you will find that it consists of the following parts: Firstly, there is a whorl of green leaves, known as the sepals, and together forming the calyx; secondly, a whorl of colored leaves or petals, generally forming the most conspicuous part of the flower, and called the corolla; thirdly, a whorl of organs more or less like pins, which are called stamens; and in the heads, or anthers, of which the pollen is produced. These anthers are in reality, as Goethe showed, modified leaves; in the so-called double flowers, as, for instance, in our garden roses, they are developed into colored leaves like those of the corolla, and monstrous flowers are



not unfrequently met with in which the stamens are green leaves, more or less resembling the ordinary leaves of the plant. Lastly, in the centre of the flower is the pistil, which also is theoretically to be considered as constituted of one or more leaves, each of which is folded on itself, and called a carpel. Sometimes there is only one carpel. Generally the carpels have so completely lost the appearance of leaves that this explanation of their true nature requires a considerable amount of faith. The base of the pistil is the ovary, composed, as I have just mentioned, of one or more carpels, in which the seeds are developed. I need hardly say that many so-called seeds are really fruits; that is to say, they are seeds with more or less complex envelopes.

We all know that seeds and fruits differ greatly in different species. Some are large, some small; some are sweet, some bitter; some are brightly colored, some are good to eat, some poisonous, some spherical, some winged, some covered with bristles, some with hairs, some are smooth, some very sticky.

We may be sure that there are good reasons for these differences. In the case of flowers much light has been thrown on their various interesting peculiarities by the researches of Sprengel, Darwin, Müller, and other naturalists. As regards seeds also, besides Gaertner's great work, Hildebrand, Krause, Steinbrinck, Kerner, Grant Allen, Wallace, Darwin, and others, have published valuable researches, especially with reference to the hairs and hooks with which so many seeds are provided, and the other means of dispersion they possess. Nobbe also has contributed an important work on seeds, principally from an agricultural point of view, but the subject as a whole offers a most promising field for investigation. It is rather with a view of suggesting this branch of science to you, than of attempting to supply the want myself, that I now propose to call your attention to it. In doing so I must, in the first place, express my acknowledgments to Mr. Baker, Mr. Carruthers, Mr. Hemsley, and especially to Mr. Thiselton Dyer and Sir Joseph Hooker, for their kind and most valuable assistance.

It is said that one of our best botanists once observed to another that he never could understand what was the use of the teeth on the capsules of mosses. "Oh," replied his friend, "I see no difficulty in that, because if it were not for the teeth, how could we distinguish the species?"

We may, however, no doubt, safely consider that the peculiarities of seeds have reference to the plant itself, and not to the convenience of botanists.

In the first place, then, during growth, seeds in many cases require protection. This is especially the case with those of an albuminous character. It is curious that so many of those which are luscious when ripe, as the peach, strawberry, cherry, apple, etc., are stringy, and almost inedible, till ripe. Moreover, in these cases, the fleshy portion is not the seed itself but only the envelope, so that even if the sweet part is eaten the seed itself remains uninjured.

On the other hand, such seeds as the hazel, beech, Spanish chestnut, and innumerable others, are protected by a thick, impervious shell, which is especially developed in many Proteaceæ, the Brazil-nut, the so-called monkey-pot, the cocoa-nut, and other palms.

In other cases the envelopes protect the seeds, not only by their thickness and toughness, but also by their bitter taste, as, for instance, in the walnut. The genus *Mucuna*, one of the leguminosæ, is remarkable in having the pods covered with stinging hairs.

In many cases the calyx, which is closed when the flower is in bud, opens when the flower expands, and then after the petals have fallen closes again until the seeds are ripe, when it opens for the second time. This is, for instance, the case with the common herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*). In *Atractylis cancellata*, a South European plant, allied to the thistles, the outer envelopes form an exquisite little cage. Another case, perhaps, is that of *Nigella*, the "Devil-in-a-bush," or, as it is sometimes more prettily called, "Love-in-a-mist," of old English gardens.

Again, the protection of the seed is in many cases attained by curious movements of the plant itself. In fact, plants move much more than is general-

ly supposed. So far from being motionless, they may almost be said to be in perpetual movement, though the changes of position are generally so slow that they do not attract attention. This is not, however, always the case. We are all familiar with the sensitive plant, which droops its leaves when touched. Another species (*Averrhoa bilimbi*) has leaves like those of an acacia, and all day the leaflets go slowly up and down. *Desmodium gyrans*, a sort of pea living in India, has trifoliate leaves, the lateral leaflets being small and narrow; and these leaflets, as was first observed by Lady Monson, are perpetually moving round and round, whence the specific name *gyrans*. In these two cases the object of the movement is quite unknown to us. In *Dionaea*, on the other hand, the leaves form a regular fly-trap. Directly an insect alights on them they shut up with a snap.

In a great many cases leaves are said to sleep; that is to say, at the approach of night they change their position, and sometimes fold themselves up, thus presenting a smaller surface for radiation, and being in consequence less exposed to cold. Mr. Darwin has proved experimentally that leaves which were prevented from moving suffered more from cold than those which were allowed to assume their natural position. He has observed with reference to one plant, *Maranta arundinacea*, the arrowroot, a West Indian species allied to Canna, that if the plant has had a severe shock it cannot get to sleep for the next two or three nights.

The sleep of flowers is also probably a case of the same kind, though, as I have elsewhere attempted to show, it has now, I believe, special reference to the visits of insects; those flowers which are fertilized by bees, butterflies, and other day insects, sleep by night, if at all; while those which are dependent on moths rouse themselves toward evening, as already mentioned, and sleep by day. These motions, indeed, have but an indirect reference to our present subject. On the other hand, in the dandelion (*Leontodon*), the flower-stalk is upright, while the flower is expanded, a period which lasts for three or four days; it then lowers itself and lies close to the ground for about twelve days,

while the fruits are ripening, and then rises again when they are mature. In the cyclamen the stalk curls itself up into a beautiful spiral after the flower has faded.

The flower of the little linaria of our walls (*L. cymbalaria*) pushes out into the light and sunshine, but as soon as it is fertilized it turns round and endeavors to find some hole or cranny in which it may remain safely ensconced until the seed is ripe.

In some water plants the flower expands at the surface, but after it is faded retreats again to the bottom. This is the case, for instance, with the water-lilies, some species of the potamogeton, *Trapa natans*. In valisneria, again, the female flowers are borne on long stalks, which reach to the surface of the water, on which the flowers float. The male flowers, on the contrary, have short, straight stalks, from which, when mature, the pollen detaches itself, rises to the surface, and, floating freely on it, is wafted about, so that it comes in contact with the female flowers. After fertilization, however, the long stalk coils up spirally, and thus carries the ovary down to the bottom, where the seeds can ripen in greater safety.

The next points to which I will direct your attention are the means of dispersion possessed by many seeds. Farmers have found by experience that it is not desirable to grow the same crop in the same field year after year, because the soil becomes more or less exhausted. In this respect, therefore, the powers of dispersion possessed by many seeds are a great advantage to the species. Moreover, they are also advantageous in giving the seed a chance of germinating in new localities suitable to the requirements of the species. Thus a common European species, *Xanthium spinosum*, has rapidly spread over the whole of South Africa, the seeds being carried in the wool of sheep. From various considerations, however, it seems probable that in most cases the provision does not contemplate a dispersion for more than a short distance.

There are a great many cases in which plants possess powers of movement directed to the dissemination of the seed. Thus, in *Geastrum hygrometricum*, a kind of fungus which grows un-

derground, the outer envelope, which is hard, tough, and hygrometric, divides, when mature, into strips from the crown to the base; these strips spread horizontally, raising the plant above its former position in the ground; on rain or damp weather supervening the strips return to their former position; on the return of the drought this process is repeated, until the fungus reaches the surface and spreads out there; then the membrane of the conceptacle opens and emits the spores in the form of dust.

I have already referred to the case of the common dandelion. Here the flower-stalk stands more or less upright while the flower is expanded, a period which generally lasts for three or four days. It then lowers itself, and lies more or less horizontally and concealed during the time the seeds are maturing, which in our summers occupies about twelve days. It then again rises, and, becoming almost erect, facilitates the dispersion of the seeds, or, speaking botanically, the fruits, by the wind. Some plants, as we shall see, even sow their seeds in the ground, but these cases will be referred to later on.

In other cases the plant throws its own seeds to some little distance. This is the case with the common *Cardamine hirsuta*, a little plant, I do not like to call it a weed, six or eight inches high, which comes up of itself abundantly on any vacant spot in our kitchen-gardens or shrubberies. The seeds are contained in a pod which consists of three parts, a central membrane, and two lateral walls. When the pod is ripe the walls are in a state of tension. The seeds are loosely attached to the central piece by short stalks. Now, when the proper moment has arrived, the outer walls are kept in place by a delicate membrane, only just strong enough to resist the tension. The least touch, for instance a puff of wind blowing the plant against a neighbor, detaches the outer wall, which suddenly rolls itself up, generally with such force as to fly from the plant, thus jerking the seeds to a distance of several feet.

In the common violets, beside the colored flowers, there are others in which the corolla is either absent or imperfectly developed. The stamens also are small, but contain pollen, though less

than in the colored flowers. In the autumn large numbers of these curious flowers are produced. When very young they look like an ordinary flower-bud, the central part of the flower being entirely covered by the sepals, and the whole having a triangular form. When older they look at first sight like an ordinary seed-capsule, so that the bud seems to pass into the capsule without the flower-stage. The pansy violets do not possess these interesting flowers. In the sweet violet (*V. odorata* and *V. hirta*), they may easily be found by searching among the leaves nestling close to the ground. It is often said, for instance by Vaucher, that the plants actually force these capsules into the ground, and thus sow their own seeds. I have not, however, found this to be the case, though as the stalk elongates, and the point of the capsule turns downward, if the earth be loose and uneven, it will no doubt sometimes so happen. When the seeds are fully ripe, the capsule opens by three valves and allows them to escape.

In the dog violet (*V. canina*), the case is very different. The capsules are less fleshy, and, though pendent when young, at maturity they erect themselves, stand up boldly above the rest of the plant, and open by the three equal valves resembling an inverted tripod. Each valve contains a row of three, four, or five brown, smooth, pear-shaped seeds, slightly flattened at the upper, wider end. Now the two walls of each valve, as they become drier, contract, and thus approach one another, thus tending to squeeze out the seeds. These resist some time, but at length the attachment of the seed to its base gives way, and it is ejected several feet, this being no doubt much facilitated by its form and smoothness. I have known even a gathered specimen throw a seed nearly ten feet.

Now we naturally ask ourselves what is the reason for this difference between the species of violets; why do *V. odorata* and *V. hirta* conceal their capsules among the moss and leaves on the ground, while *V. canina* and others raise theirs boldly above their heads, and throw the seeds to seek their fortune in the world? If this arrangement be best for *Viola canina*, why has not *Viola odo-*

*rata* also adopted it? The reason is, I believe, to be found in the different modes of growth of these two species.

*Viola canina* is a plant with an elongated stalk, and it is easy therefore for the capsule to raise itself above the grass and other low herbage among which violets grow.

*V. odorata* and *V. hirta*, on the contrary, have, in ordinary parlance, no stalk, and the leaves are radical, *i.e.* rising from the root. This is at least the case in appearance, for, botanically speaking, they rise at the end of a short stalk. Now, under these circumstances, if the sweet violet attempted to shoot its seeds, the capsules not being sufficiently elevated, the seeds would merely strike against some neighboring leaf, and immediately fall to the ground. Hence, I think, we see that the arrangement of the capsule in each species is that most suitable to the general habit of the plant.

In the true geraniums again, as, for instance, in the herb Robert, after the flower has faded, the central axis gradually elongates. The seeds, five in number, are situated at the base of the column, each being inclosed in a capsule, which terminates upward in a rod-like portion, which at first forms part of the central axis, but gradually detaches itself. When the seeds are ripe the ovary raises itself into an upright position; the outer layers of the rod-like termination of the seed-capsule come to be in a state of great tension, and eventually detach the rod with a jerk, and thus throw the seed some little distance. In some species, as, for instance, in *Geranium dissectum*, the capsule-rod remains attached to the central column and the seed only is ejected.

It will, however, be remembered that the capsule is, as already observed, a leaf folded on itself, with the edges inward, and in fact in the geranium the seed-chamber opens on its inner side. You will, therefore, naturally observe to me that when the carpel bursts outward, the only effect would be that the seed would be forced against the outer wall of the carpel, and that it would not be ejected, because the opening is not on the outer but on the inner side. Your remark is perfectly just, but the difficulty has been foreseen by our gerani-

ums, and is overcome by them in different ways. In some species, as, for instance, in *Geranium dissectum*, a short time before the dehiscence, the seed-chamber places itself at right angles to the pillar. The edges then separate, but they are provided with a fringe of hairs, just strong enough to retain the seed in its position, yet sufficiently elastic to allow it to escape when the carpels burst away, remaining attached, however, to the central pillar by their upper ends.

In the common herb Robert and some other species, the arrangement is somewhat different. In the first place, the whole carpel, springs away. The seed-chamber detaches itself from the rod of the carpel, and when the seed is flung away remains attached to it. Under these circumstances it is unnecessary for the chamber to raise itself from the central pillar, to which accordingly it remains close until the moment of disruption. The seed-chamber is moreover held in place by a short tongue which projects a little way over its base; while, on the other hand, the lower end of the rod passes for a short distance between the seed-capsule and the central pillar. The seed-capsule has also near its apex a curious tuft of silky hair, the use of which I will not here stop to discuss. As the result of all this complex mechanism the seeds when ripe are flung to a distance which is surprising when we consider how small the spring is. In their natural habitat it is almost impossible to find the seeds when once thrown. I therefore brought some into the house and placed them on my billiard-table. They were thrown from one end completely over the other, in some cases more than twenty feet.

Some species of vetch, again, and the common broom, throw their seeds, owing to the elasticity of the pods, which, when ripe, open suddenly with a jerk. Each valve of the pod contains a layer of woody cells, which, however, do not pass straight up the pod, but are more or less inclined to its axis. Consequently, when the pod bursts it does not, as in the case of cardamine, roll up like a watch-spring, but twists itself more or less like a corkscrew.

I have mentioned these species because they are some of our commonest



wild flowers, so that during the summer and autumn we may, in almost any walk, observe for ourselves this innocent artillery. There are, however, many other more or less similar cases. Thus the squirting cucumber (*Momordica elaterium*), a common plant in the south of Europe, and one grown in some places for medicinal purposes, effects the same object by a totally different mechanism. The fruit is a small cucumber, and when ripe it becomes so gorged with fluid that it is in a state of great tension. In this condition a very slight touch is sufficient to detach it from the stalk, when the pressure of the walls ejects the contents, throwing the seed some distance. In this case of course the contents are ejected at the end by which the cucumber is attached to the stalk. If any one touches one of these ripe fruits, they are often thrown with such force as to strike him in the face. In this the action is said to be due to endosmosis.

In *Cyclanthera*, a plant allied to the cucumber, the fruit is unsymmetrical, one side being round and hairy, the other nearly flat and smooth. The true apex of the fruit, which bears the remains of the flower, is also somewhat eccentric, and, when the seeds are ripe, if it is touched even lightly, the fruit explodes and the seeds are thrown to some distance. The mechanism by which this is effected has been described by Hildebrand. The interior of the fruit is occupied by loose cellular structure. The central column, or placenta, to which the seeds are attached, lies loosely in this tissue. Through the solution of its earlier attachments, when the fruit is ripe, the column adheres only at the apical end, under the withered remains of the flower, and at the swollen side. When the fruit bursts the placenta unrolls, and thus hurls the seeds to some distance, being even itself sometimes also torn away from its attachment.

Other cases of projected seeds are afforded by *Hura*, one of the *Euphorbia*, *Collomia*, *Oxalis*, some species allied to *acanthus*, and by *Arcanthobium*, a plant allied to the mistletoe, and parasitic on junipers, which ejects its seeds to a distance of several feet, throwing them thus from one tree to another.

Even those species which do not eject their seeds often have them so placed with reference to the capsule that they only leave it if swung or jerked by a high wind. In the case of trees, even seeds with no special adaptation for dispersion must in this manner be often carried to no little distance; and to a certain though less extent this must hold good even with herbaceous plants. It throws light on the, at first sight, curious fact that in so many plants with small, heavy seeds, the capsules open not at the bottom, as one might perhaps have been disposed to expect, but at the top. A good illustration is afforded by the well-known case of the common poppy, in which the upper part of the capsule presents a series of little doors, through which, when the plant is swung by the wind, the seeds come out one by one. The little doors are protected from rain by overhanging eaves, and are even said to shut of themselves in wet weather. The genus *Campanula* is also interesting from this point of view, because some species have the capsules pendent, some upright, and those which are upright open at the top, while those which are pendent do so at the base.

In other cases the dispersion is mainly the work of the seed itself. In some of the lower plants, as, for instance, in many seaweeds, and in some allied fresh-water plants, such as *Vaucheria*, the spores\* are covered by vibratile cilia, and actually swim about in the water, like infusoria, till they have found a suitable spot on which to grow. Nay, so much do the spores of some seaweeds resemble animals, that they are provided with a red "eye-spot," as it has been called, which, at any rate, seems so far to deserve the name that it appears to be sensitive to light. This mode of progression is, however, only suitable to water plants. One group of small, low-organized plants, *Marchantia*, develop among the spores a number of cells with spirally thickened walls, which, by their contractility, are supposed to disseminate the spores. In the common horse-tails (*Equisetum*), again, the spores are provided with curi-

\* I need hardly observe that, botanically, these are not true seeds, but rather motile buds.

ous filaments, terminating in expansions, and known as "elaters." They move with great vigor, and probably serve the same purpose.

In much more numerous cases, seeds are carried by the wind. For this of course it is desirable that they should be light. Sometimes this object is attained by the character of the tissues themselves, sometimes by the presence of empty spaces. Thus, in *Valerianella auricula*, the fruit contains three cells, each of which would naturally be expected to contain a seed. One seed only, however, is developed, but, as may be seen from the figure given in Mr. Bentham's excellent "Handbook of the British Flora," the two cells which contain no seed actually become larger than the one which alone might, at first sight, seem to be normally developed. We may be sure from this that they must be of some use, and, from their lightness, they probably enable the wind to carry the seed to a greater distance than would otherwise be the case.

In other instances the plants themselves, or parts of them, are rolled along the ground by the wind. An example of this is afforded, for instance, by a kind of grass (*Spinifex squarrosus*) in which the mass of inflorescence, forming a large round head, is thus driven for miles over the dry sands of Australia until it comes to a damp place, when it expands and soon strikes root.

So, again, the *Anastatica hierochuntica*, or "Rose of Jericho," a small annual with rounded pods, which frequents sandy places in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, when dry, curls itself up into a ball or round cushion, and is thus driven about by the wind until it finds a damp place, when it uncurls, the pods open, and sow the seeds.

These cases, however, in which seeds are rolled by the wind along the ground are comparatively rare. There are many more in which seeds are wafted through the air. If you examine the fruit of a sycamore you will find that it is provided with a wing-like expansion, in consequence of which, if there is any wind when it falls, it is, though rather heavy, blown to some distance from the parent tree.

In a great many other plants the same result is obtained by flattened and ex-

panded edges. A beautiful example is afforded by the genus *Thysanocarpus*, a North American crucifer; *Th. laciniatus* has a distinctly winged pod; in *T. curvipes* the wings are considerably larger; lastly, in *T. elegans* and *T. radians* the pods are still further developed in the same direction, *T. radians* having the wing very broad, while in *T. elegans* it has become thinner and thinner in places, until at length it shows a series of perforations. Among our common wild plants we find winged fruits in the dock (*Rumex*) and in the common parsnip (*Pastinaca*). But though in these cases the object to be obtained—namely, the dispersion of the seed—is effected in a similar manner, there are differences which might not at first be suspected. Thus in some cases, as, for instance, the pine, it is the seed itself which is winged; in *Thlaspi arvense* it is the pod; in *Entada*, a leguminous plant, the pod breaks up into segments, each of which is winged; in *Nissolia* the extremity of the pod is expanded into a flattened wing; lastly, in the lime, the fruits drop off in a bunch, and the leaf at the base of the common flower-stalk, or "bract," as it is called, forms the wing.

In *Gouania retinaria* of Rodriguez the same object is effected in another manner; the cellular tissue of the fruit crumbles and breaks away, leaving only the vascular tissue, which thus forms a net inclosing the seed.

Another mode, which is frequently adopted, is the development of long hairs. Sometimes, as in clematis, anemone, dryas, these hairs take the form of a long feathery awn. In others the hairs form a tuft or crown, which botanists term a pappus. Of this the dandelion and John-go-to-bed-at-noon, so called from its habit of shutting its flowers about mid-day, are well-known examples. Tufts of hairs, which are themselves sometimes feathered, are developed in a great many composites, though some, as, for instance, the daisy and lapsana, are without them; in some very interesting species, of which the common *Thrincia hirta* of our lawns and meadows is one, there are two kinds of fruits, one with a pappus and one without. The former are adapted to seek "fresh woods and pastures new," while

the latter stay and perpetuate the race at home.

A more or less similar pappus is found among various English plants—in the epilobium, thrincia, tamarix, willow, cotton grass, and bulrush; while in exotic species there are many other cases—as, for instance, the beautiful oleander. As in the wings, so also in that of the pappus, it is by no means always the same part of the plant which develops into the crown of hairs. Thus in the valerians and composites it is the calyx; in the bulrush the perianth; in epilobium the crown of the seed; in the cotton grass it is supposed to represent the perianth; while in some, as, for instance, in the cotton plant, the whole outer surface of the seed is clothed with long hairs. Sometimes, on the contrary, the hairs are very much reduced in number, as, for instance, in some species of *Æschynanthus*, where there are only three, one on one side and two on the other. In this case, moreover, the hairs are very flexible, and wrap round the wool of any animal with which they may come in contact, so that they form a double means of dispersion.

In other cases seeds are wafted by water. Of this the cocoa-nut is one of the most striking examples. The seeds retain their vitality for a considerable time, and the loose texture of the husk protects them and makes them float. Every one knows that the cocoa-nut is one of the first plants to make its appearance on coral islands, and it is, I believe, the only palm which is common to both hemispheres.

The seeds of the common duckweeds (*Lemna*) sink to the bottom of the water in autumn, and remain there throughout the winter; but in the spring they rise up to the surface again and begin to grow.

In a very large number of cases the diffusion of seeds is effected by animals. To this class belong the fruits and berries. In them an outer fleshy portion becomes pulpy, and generally sweet, inclosing the seeds. It is remarkable that such fruits, in order, doubtless, to attract animals, are, like flowers, brightly colored—as, for instance, the cherry, currant, apple, peach, plum, strawberry, raspberry, and many others. This color, moreover, is not present in the

unripe fruit, but is rapidly developed at maturity. In such cases the actual seed is generally protected by a dense, sometimes almost stony, covering, so that it escapes digestion, while its germination is perhaps hastened by the heat of the animal's body. It may be said that the skin of apple and pear pips is comparatively soft; but then they are embedded in a stringy core, which is seldom eaten.

These colored fruits form a considerable part of the food of monkeys in the tropical regions of the earth, and we can, I think, hardly doubt that these animals are guided by the colors, just as we are, in selecting the ripe fruit. This has a curious bearing on an interesting question as to the power of distinguishing color possessed by our ancestors in bygone times. Magnus and Geiger, relying on the well-known fact that the ancient languages are poor in words for color, and that in the oldest books—as, for instance, in the Vedas, the Zendavesta, the Old Testament, and the writings of Homer and Hesiod—though, of course, the heavens are referred to over and over again, its blue color is never dwelt on—have argued that the ancients were very deficient in the power of distinguishing colors, and especially blue. In our own country Mr. Gladstone has lent the weight of his great authority to the same conclusion. For my part I cannot accept this view. There are, it seems to me, very strong reasons against it, into which I cannot, of course, now enter; and though I should rely mainly on other considerations, the colors of fruits are not, I think, without significance. If monkeys and apes could distinguish them, surely we may infer that even the most savage of men could do so too. Zeuxis would never have deceived the birds if he had not had a fair perception of color.

In these instances of colored fruits, the fleshy edible part more or less surrounds the true seeds; in others the actual seeds themselves become edible. In the former the edible part serves as a temptation to animals; in the latter it is stored up for the use of the plant itself. When, therefore, the seeds themselves are edible they are generally protected by more or less hard or bitter envelopes—for instance, the horse-chestnut, beech, Spanish chestnut, walnut,

etc. That these seeds are used as food by squirrels and other animals is, however, by no means necessarily an evil to the plant, for the result is that they are often carried some distance and then dropped, or stored up and forgotten, so that in this way they get carried away from the parent tree.

In another class of instances, animals, unconsciously or unwillingly, serve in the dispersion of seeds. These cases may be divided into two classes, those in which the fruits are provided with hooks, and those in which they are sticky. To the first class belong, among our common English plants, the burdock (*Lappa*), agrimony (*Agrimonia*), the burparsley (*Caucalis*), enchanter's nightshade (*Circea*), goose grass or cleavers (*Galium*), and some of the forget-me-nots (*Myosotis*). The hooks, moreover, are so arranged as to promote the removal of the fruits. In all these species the hooks, though beautifully formed, are small; but in some foreign species they become truly formidable. *Martynia* is a plant of Louisiana, and if its fruits once get hold of an animal it is most difficult to remove them. *Harpagophytum* is a South African genus. The fruits are most formidable, and are said sometimes even to kill lions. They roll about over the dry plains, and if they attach themselves to the skin, the wretched animal tries to tear them out, and sometimes getting them into its mouth perishes miserably.

The cases in which the diffusion of fruits and seeds is affected by their being sticky are less numerous, and we have no well marked instance among our native plants. The common plumbago of South Europe is a case which many of you no doubt have observed. Other genera with the same mode of dispersion are *Pittosporum*, *Pisonia*, *Boerhavia*, *Siegesbeckia*, *Grindelia*, *Drymaria*, etc. There are comparatively few cases in which the same plant uses more than one of these modes of promoting the dispersion of its seeds, still there are some such instances. Thus in the common burdock the seeds have a pappus, while the whole flower head is provided with hooks which readily attach themselves to any passing animal. *Asterothrix*, as Hildebrand has pointed out, has three provisions for dispersion; it

has a hollow appendage, a pappus, and a rough surface.

But perhaps it will be said that I have picked out special cases; that others could have been selected which would not bear out, or perhaps would even negative, the inferences which have been indicated; that I have put the cart before the horse; that the ash fruit has not a wing in order that it may be carried by the wind, or the burdock hooks that the heads may be transported by animals, but that happening to have wings and hooks these seeds are thus transported. Now doubtless there are many points connected with seeds which are still unexplained; in fact it is because this is so that I was anxious to direct attention to the subject. Still I believe the general explanations which have been given by botanists will stand any test.

Let us take for instance seeds formed on the same type as that of the ash—heavy fruits, with a long wing, known to botanists as a Samara. Now such a fruit would be of little use to low herbs, which, however, are so numerous. If the wing was accidental, if it were not developed to serve as a means of dispersion, it would be as likely to occur on low plants and shrubs as on trees. Let us then consider on what kind of plants these fruits are found. They occur on the ash, maple, sycamore, hornbeam, pines, firs, and elms; while the lime, as we have seen, has also a leaf attached to the fruits, which answers the same purposes. Seeds of this character therefore occur on a large proportion of our forest trees, and on them alone. But more than this: I have taken one or two of the most accessible works in which seeds are figured, for instance Gærtner's "*De Fructibus et Seminibus*," Le Maout and Decaisne (Hooker's translation) "*Descriptive and Analytical Botany*," and Baillon's "*Histoire des Plantes*." I find thirty genera, belonging to twenty-one different natural orders, figured as having seeds or fruits of this form. They are all trees or climbing shrubs, not one being a low herb.

Let us take another case, that of the plants in which the dispersion of the seeds is effected by means of hooks. Now, if the presence of these hooks were, so to say, accidental, and the dis-



persion merely a result, we should naturally expect to find some species with hooks in all classes of plants. They would occur, for instance, among trees and on water-plants. On the other hand, if they are developed that they might adhere to the skin of quadrupeds, then, having reference to the habits and size of our British mammals, it would be no advantage for a tree or for a water-plant to bear hooked seeds. Now, what are the facts? There are about thirty English species in which the dispersion of the seeds is effected by means of hooks, but not one of these is aquatic, nor is one of them more than four feet high. Nay, I might carry the thing further. We have a number of minute plants, which lie below the level at which seeds would be likely to be entangled in fur. Now none of these, again, have hooked seeds or fruits. It would also seem, as Hildebrand has suggested, that in point of time, also, the appearance of the families of plants in which the fruits or seeds are provided with hooks coincided with that of the land mammalia.

Again let us look at it from another point of view. Let us take our common forest trees, shrubs, and tall climbing plants; not, of course, a natural or botanical group, for they belong to a number of different orders, but a group characterized by attaining to a height of say over eight feet. We will in some cases only count genera; that is to say, we will count all the willows, for instance, as one. These trees and shrubs are plants with which you are all familiar, and are about thirty-three in number. Now, of these thirty-three no less than eighteen have edible fruits or seeds, such as the plum, apple, arbutus, holly, hazel, beech, and rose. Three have seeds which are provided with feathery hairs; and all the rest, namely, the lime, maple, ash, sycamore, elm, hop, birch, hornbeam, pine, and fir are provided with a wing. Moreover, the lower trees and shrubs, such as the cornel, guelder rose, rose, thorn, privet, elder, yew, and holly have generally edible berries, much eaten by birds. The winged seeds or fruits characterize the great forest trees.

Or let us take one natural order. That of the roses is particularly interest-

ing. In the genus *Geum* the fruit is provided with hooks; in *Dryas* it terminates in a long feathered awn, like that of clematis. On the other hand, several genera have edible fruits; but it is curious that the part of a plant which becomes fleshy, and thus tempting to animals, differs considerably in the different genera. In the blackberry, for instance, and in the raspberry, the carpels constitute the edible portion. When we eat a raspberry we strip them off and leave the receptacle behind; while in the strawberry the receptacle constitutes the edible portion; the carpels are small, hard, and closely surround the seeds. In these genera the sepals are situated below the fruit. In the rose, on the contrary, it is the peduncle that is swollen and inverted, so as to form a hollow cup, in the interior of which the carpels are situated. Here you will remember that the sepals are situated above, not below, the fruit. Again, in the pear and apple, it is the ovary which constitutes the edible part of the fruit, and in which the pips are embedded. At first sight, the fruit of the mulberry—which, however, belongs to a different family—closely resembles that of the blackberry. In the mulberry, however, it is the sepals which become fleshy and sweet.

The next point is that seeds should be in a spot suitable for their growth. In most cases, the seed lies on the ground, into which it then pushes its little rootlet. In plants, however, which live on trees, the case is not so simple, and we meet some curious contrivances. Thus, the mistletoe, as we all know, is parasitic on trees. The fruits are eaten by birds, and the droppings often therefor fall on the boughs; but if the seed was like that of most other plants it would soon fall to the ground, and consequently perish. Almost alone among English plants it is extremely sticky, and thus adheres to the bark.

I have already alluded to an allied genus, *Arceuthobium*, parasitic on Junipers, which throws its seeds to a distance of several feet. These also are very viscid, or, to speak more correctly, are imbedded in a very viscid mucilage, so that if they come in contact with the bark of a neighboring tree they stick to it.

Another very interesting genus, again of the same family, is *Myzodendron*, a Fuegian species, described by Sir Joseph Hooker, and parasitic on the beech. Here the seed is not sticky, but is provided with four flattened flexible appendages. These catch the wind, and thus carry the seed from one tree to another. As soon, however, as they touch any little bough the arms twist round it and there anchor the seed.

In many epiphytes the seeds are extremely numerous and minute. Their great numbers increase the chance that the wind may waft some of them to the trees on which they grow; and as they are then fully supplied with nourishment they do not require to carry any store with them. Moreover their minute size is an advantage, as they are carried into any little chink or cranny in the bark; while a larger or heavier seed, even if borne against a suitable tree, would be more likely to drop off. In the genus *Neumannia*, the small seed is produced at each end into a long filament, which must materially increase its chance of adhering to a suitable tree.

Even among terrestrial species there are not a few cases in which plants are not contented simply to leave their seeds on the surface of the soil, but actually sow them in the ground.

Thus in *Trifolium subteraneum*, one of our rarer English clovers, only a few of the florets become perfect flowers, the others form a rigid pointed head which at first is turned upwards, and as their ends are close together, constitute a sort of spike. At first, I say, the flower-heads point upwards like those of other clovers, but as soon as the florets are fertilized, the flower-stalks bend over and grow downwards, forcing the flower-head into the ground, an operation much facilitated by the peculiar construction and arrangement of the imperfect florets. The florets are, as Darwin has shown, no mere passive instruments. So soon as the flower-head is in the ground they begin, commencing from the outside, to bend themselves towards the peduncle, the result of which of course is to drag the flower-head further and further into the ground. In most clovers each floret produces a little pod. This would in the present species be useless, or even injurious;

many young plants growing in one place would jostle and starve one another. Hence we see another obvious advantage in the fact that only a few florets perfect their seeds.

I have already alluded to our *Cardamines*, the pods of which open elastically and throw their seeds some distance. A Brazilian species *C. chenopodifolia*, besides the usual long pods, produces also short pointed ones, which it buries in the ground.

*Arachis hypogæa* is the ground-nut of the West Indies. The flower is yellow and resembles that of a pea, but has an elongated calyx, at the base of which, close to the stem, is the ovary. After the flower has faded the young pod, which is oval, pointed, and very minute, is carried forward by the growth of the stalk, which becomes two or three inches long and curves downwards so as generally to force the pod into the ground. If it fails in this, the pod does not develop, but soon perishes; on the other hand, as soon as it is underground the pod begins to grow and develops two large seeds.

In *Vicia amphicarpa*, a South European species of vetch, there are two kinds of pods. One of the ordinary form and habit, the other oval, pale, containing only two seeds born on underground stems, and produced by flowers which have no corolla.

Other species possessing the same faculty of burying their seeds are *Okenia hypogæa*, several species of *Commelyna*, and of *Amphicarpea*, *Voandzeia subterranea*, *Scrophularia arguta*, etc.; and it is very remarkable that these species are by no means nearly related, but belong to distinct families, namely, the *Cruciferae*, *Leguminosae*, *Commelynaceae*, *Violaceae*, and *Scrophulariaceae*.

Moreover, it is interesting that in *L. amphicarpos*, as in *Vicia amphicarpa* and *Cardamine chenopodifolium*, the subterranean pods differ from the usual and aerial form in being shorter and containing fewer seeds. The reason of this is, I think, obvious. In the ordinary pods the number of seeds of course increases the chance that some will find a suitable place. On the other hand the subterranean ones are carefully sown, as it were, by the plant itself. Several seeds together would only jostle one

another, and it is therefore better that one or two only should be produced.

In the *Erodiums*, or crane's bills, the fruit is a capsule which opens elastically, in some species throwing the seeds to some little distance. The seeds themselves are more or less spindle-shaped, hairy, and produced into a twisted hairy awn. The number of spiral turns in the awn depends upon the amount of moisture; and the seed may thus be made into a very delicate hygrometer, for if it be fixed in an upright position the awn twists or untwists according to the degree of moisture, and its extremity thus may be so arranged as to move up and down like a needle on a register. It is also affected by heat. Now if the awn were fixed instead of the seed, it is obvious that during the process of untwisting, the seed itself would be pressed downwards, and as M. Roux has shown, this mechanism thus serves actually to bury the seed. His observations were made on an allied species, *Erodium cicutarium*, which he chose on account of its size. He found that if a seed of this plant is laid on the ground, it remains quiet as long as it is dry; but as soon as it is moistened—i.e. as soon as the earth becomes in a condition to permit growth—the outer side of the awn contracts, and the hairs surrounding the seed commence to move outwards, the result of which is gradually to raise the seed into an upright position with its point on the soil. The awn then commences to unroll, and consequently to elongate itself upwards, and it is obvious that, as it is covered with reversed hairs, it will probably press against some blade of grass or other obstacle, which will prevent its moving up, and will therefore tend to drive the seed into the ground. If then the air becomes dryer, the awn will again roll up, in which action M. Roux thought it would tend to draw up the seed, but from the position of the hairs the feathery awn can easily slip downwards, and would therefore not affect the seed. When moistened once more, it would again force the seed further downwards, and so on until the proper depth was obtained. A species of anemone (*A. montana*) again has essentially the same arrangement, though belonging to a widely separated order.

A still more remarkable instance is

afforded by a beautiful South European grass, *Stipa pennata*, the structure of which has been described by Vaucher, and more recently, as well as more completely, by Frank Darwin. The actual seed is small, with a sharp point, and stiff, short hairs pointing backwards. The posterior end of the seed is produced into a fine twisted corkscrew-like rod, which is followed by a plain cylindrical portion, attached at an angle to the corkscrew, and ending in a long and beautiful feather, the whole being more than a foot in length. The long feather, no doubt, facilitates the dispersion of the seeds by wind, eventually, however, they sink to the ground, which they tend to reach, the seed being the heaviest portion, point downwards. So the seed remains as long as it is dry, but if a shower comes on, or when the dew falls, the spiral unwinds, and if, as is most probable, the surrounding herbage or any other obstacle prevents the feathers from rising, the seed itself is forced down and so driven by degrees into the ground.

I have already mentioned several cases in which plants produce two kinds of seeds, or at least of pods, the one being adapted to burying itself in the ground. Heterocarpism, if I may term it so, or the power of producing two kinds of reproductive bodies, is not confined to these species. There is, for instance, a North African species of *Corydalis* (*C. heterocarpa* of Durieu) which produces two kinds of seed, one somewhat flattened, short and broad, with rounded angles; the other elongated, hooked, and shaped like a shepherd's crook with a thickened staff. In this case the hook in the latter form perhaps serves for dispersion.

Our common *Thrinia hirtia* also possesses, besides the fruits with the well-known feathery crown, others which are destitute of such a provision, and which probably therefore are intended to take root at home.

Mr. Drummond, in the volume of "Hooker's Journal of Botany" for 1842, has described a species of *Alismaceæ* which has two sorts of seed-vessels; the one produced from large floating flowers the other at the end of short submerged stalks. He does not, however, describe either the seeds or seed-vessels in detail.

Before concluding I will say a few words as to the very curious forms presented by certain seeds and fruits. The pods of lotus, for instance, quaintly resemble a bird's foot, even to the toes; whence the specific name of one species, *ornithopodioides*; those of *hippocrepis* remind one of a horseshoe; those of *trapa bicornis* have an absurd resemblance to the skeleton of a bull's head. These likenesses appear to be accidental, but there are some which probably are of use to the plant. For instance there are two species of *scorpiurus*, the pods of which lie on the ground, and so curiously resemble the one (*S. subvillosa*), a centipede, the other (*S. vermiculata*), a worm or caterpillar, that it is almost impossible not to suppose that the likeness must be of some use to the plant.

The pod of *Biserrula Pelecinus* also has a striking resemblance to a flattened centipede; while the seeds of *Abrus precatorius*, both in size and in their very striking color, mimic a small beetle, *Artemis circumusta*.

Mr. Moore has recently called attention to other cases of this kind. Thus the seed of *Martynia diandra* much resembles a beetle with long antennæ: several species of *Lupinus* have seeds much like spiders, and those of *Dimorphochlamys*, a gourdlike plant, mimic a piece of dry twig. In the common castor oil plants, though the resemblance is not so close, still at a first glance the seeds might readily be taken for beetles or ticks. In many *Euphorbiaceous* plants, as for instance in *Jatropha* the resemblance is even more striking. The seeds have a central line resembling the space between the elytra, dividing and slightly diverging at the end, while between them the end of the abdomen seems to peep; at the anterior end the seeds possess a small lobe, or caruncle, which mimics the head or thorax of the insect, and

which even seems specially arranged for this purpose; at least it would seem from experiments made at Kew that the carunculus exercises no appreciable effect during germination. These resemblances might benefit the plant in one of two ways. If it be an advantage to the plant that the seeds should be swallowed by birds, their resemblance to insects might lead to this result. On the other hand if it be desirable to escape from graminivorous birds, then the resemblance to insects would serve as a protection. We do not, however, yet know enough about the habits of these plants to solve this question.

Indeed, as we have gone on, many other questions will, I doubt not, have occurred to you, which we are not yet in a position to answer. Seeds, for instance, differ almost infinitely in the sculpturing of their surface. But I shall wofully have failed in my object to-night if you go away with the impression that we know all about seeds. On the contrary there is not a fruit or a seed, even of one of our commonest plants, which would not amply justify and richly reward the most careful study. In this, as in other branches of science, we have but made a beginning. We have learnt just enough to perceive how little we know. Our great masters in natural history have immortalized themselves by their discoveries, but they have not exhausted the field; and if seeds and fruits cannot vie with flowers in the brilliance and color with which they decorate our gardens and our fields, still they surely rival, it would be impossible to excel them, in the almost infinite variety of the problems they present to us, the ingenuity, the interest, and the charm of the beautiful contrivances which they offer for our study and our admiration.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE THORN.

It was morning in the garden,  
Life stirred among the trees,  
Where low love whispers answered  
To the wooing of the breeze.



And the birds were singing matins,  
 Not a voice was out of tune,  
 And the dew lay on the roses  
 That crowned the month of June,

And away there in the distance  
 Shone a vision of the sea,  
 And I plucked a rose for Molly  
 As she crossed the lawn to me.

O the glory of the sunshine !  
 O the murmur of the hives !  
 As we stood there once, together,  
 In the morning of our lives.

And the subtle, saintly fragrance  
 Possessed me unawares,  
 That floats about a maiden  
 Just risen from her prayers.

And the parrot bowed his top-knot  
 To her finger, from the perch,  
 As she softly hummed the hymn tune  
 We had sung last night at church.

Then half ashamed, I muttered, '  
 " Here's a rose for you, but see,  
 Deep in my clumsy finger  
 The thorn remains with me !"

Straight from her housewife dainty,  
 She brought a needle bright,  
 And sought the cruel mischief out,  
 With skilful finger light.

O Molly, still I see you,  
 As you there beside me stood,  
 In girlish, simple beauty,  
 God knows that you were good.

And I hear you softly saying,  
 " Do I hurt you ? does it smart ?"  
 And I could not make an answer  
 For the beating of my heart.

The silent hills stood watching us  
 That sunlit, summer morn,  
 When from my aching finger  
 You drew away the thorn.

Ah ! little witch, you haunted me  
 Thro' many a lonesome day,  
 When I wandered from your garden  
 With pilgrim feet away.

And by-and-by, in evil hour,  
 I asked you once again,  
 To pluck a thorn from out my heart,  
 And ease my bosom's pain.

And you would not, or you could not,  
But you turned with tears away,  
And the dream of manhood faded  
For ever and for aye.

The time of flowers is over,  
The rain falls cold and chill,  
The mist comes creeping sadly  
O'er every sunlit hill.

Yet I can suffer for your sake,  
Since better may not be.—  
If you may keep the rose, dear,  
The thorn may bide with me.—*Temple Bar.*

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FREAKS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THE wonders of the telegraph have been sufficiently dwelt on. Its praises have been sung in prose and verse. Dithyrambs have been lavished on the marvellous invention which has enabled man to "put a girdle round the earth," to hold direct converse with the antipodes, and to annihilate time and space. Now, while in no way gainsaying the wonderful nature of the invention, or depreciating its importance and general usefulness to mankind, we may be permitted to observe that these great advantages are not entirely without drawback. The telegraph is not always, or to everybody, the unmitigated boon and blessing enthusiastic admirers have represented it to be. As a messenger, it is distinctly uncertain; and those who have suffered from this uncertainty may perhaps be pardoned if they look with somewhat diminished fervor on the boon conferred upon them. In short, there is to this, as to most questions, another side; and it is with this other side that we propose to deal in the following pages.

We have said that, as a messenger, the telegraph is uncertain. Thereby we mean that—to some extent from causes which we shall hereafter endeavor to indicate—there is always more or less uncertainty attaching to a telegram, both in regard to the length of time it may be on its journey, and in regard to the way in which the wording may be reproduced. Especially on this latter point is it that there is so much liability to go wrong. Too often some kind of tricky

spirit, some telegraphic Puck, seems to preside over the destinies of the telegram, with malicious perversity altering the sense, and seeming to take a pleasure in thwarting man, and playing practical jokes upon him.

It might *a priori* be imagined that, though the telegraph must of necessity share the common lot of things human—that of being liable to err—yet no exceptional tendency in that direction ought to exist. So far as concerns the mechanical part of the invention, this is undoubtedly so; the mechanical part rarely fails. Although we have it on the authority of the Postmaster-General, in one of his reports, that on one occasion a party of friends telegraphed that they were "all right," which, owing to a mechanical defect of the apparatus, came out that they were "all tight;" yet, on the whole, errors which arise from defects of apparatus are, we believe, very rare. It is the "personal equation" which has to be allowed for. The human element plays so considerable a part in matters telegraphic, that the human propensity to err finds proportionately wide scope. And this tells in two ways. It applies to him who sends a telegram as well as to the operator who manipulates it. Imagine for a moment what the process is: you, let us say, wish to send a telegram; you write out your message; perhaps you pride yourself on your handwriting (most people do who write indistinctly), but you are not aware how incompletely you form many of your letters, and how easy

it is for a stranger to your handwriting to misread some of the words, especially if the indistinct words happen to be names. Hence liability the first to error. The intelligent telegraph clerk (or not intelligent, as the case may be) reads over your message to himself, and reads it, as he imagines, correctly. Not so, however. One of the words—say "ten"—is written so as to look more like "two;" and he reads it for "two." The sense of the message is in no way affected, and he does not question the word. Or it may be a name which looks to the clerk more like some other name. Supposing, however, that he reads the word correctly, the chances are great that the clerk who despatches will fall into the very error which the former has avoided. Thus, even in the initial stage there is a great liability to error. This is increased by the fact that telegrams so often have to be written in a hurry; and it is astonishing what mistakes we all make in such circumstances. It is by no means an unknown occurrence for persons to omit to insert the essential word in a telegram; while, we have heard, it is not at all infrequent for them to put down as the address the name of some totally different town from that which they had in their minds, and imagined they had written. But even supposing these shoals avoided, the rocks ahead are many. Each telegraph operator takes down the words as he receives them; and his liability to error is twofold. He may rightly apprehend the words, and yet in writing make one or more so indistinct that when he or another operator comes to transmit the message a stage further, the words are misread; or he may misapprehend the signal sent to him, and thus write down a wrong word. When this possibility of going astray is multiplied, as it often is several times, by the message having to undergo several separate transmissions, perhaps the marvel is that so many thousands of telegrams should go right, rather than that out of the whole number many should go wrong.

In any system of symbols for letters, consisting of such simple elements as the telegraph alphabet does—viz., dots and dashes—it is inevitable that there should be considerable similarity between the symbols of some words—a

similarity which is, of course, productive of mistakes. We may take it that the Morse system of telegraph symbols, having been adopted universally throughout the telegraphing world, is the best for the purpose that has been devised; and we presume that it is not likely now to be improved upon. And yet there are many words which are so perilously alike that errors in them are sure to recur from time to time. To name but one instance, "bad" and "dead" are composed of the same number of dots and dashes, the sole difference being that there is in "dead" a "space" or pause wanting in "bad"—a difference so slight as to require the nicest perception to distinguish it. We will give the two words in Morse spelling, so as to afford an ocular demonstration:

	b	a	d
Bad =	— . . .	. —	— . .
	d	e	a
Dead =	— . . .	. . .	— . . .

It unfortunately happens that uneducated people have a special affection for the phrase, "He is bad," for "He is ill;" and this phrase, when used in telegrams thus—"Father is bad, come directly," gets altered into "Father is dead, come directly."

The universal adoption of the telephone, should that ever become practicable, would, we fear, by no means do away with the evil. The nature of the errors would change, that is all. They would be such as arise from mishearing; and it is open to question whether they would not be quite as numerous and just as perplexing. Telegraphing is a species of dictation; and any one who had had experience of the way in which, under dictation of a subject totally incomprehensible to the writer, the most ludicrous mistakes will be made, will not be surprised at the curious freaks the telegraph sometimes indulges in. The only mode in which its Puck-like mischief-making powers can ever be curbed is by the introduction of a universal system of transmitting the identical writing of the senders of telegrams. The only blunders that we then should have to complain of would be our own; and to our own faults we are all inclined to be chari-

table. But such a consummation is probably chimerical, or only destined for our posterity. There is, indeed, in existence an instrument for sending the original writing by telegraph, but it can at present be regarded only as a scientific toy.

So long as our confessedly imperfect system remains, errors must be expected: but as errors will be numerous in proportion as the sources from which they arise are numerous, anything which tends to diminish those sources must be welcome; and a few suggestions, with respect to the mode of framing telegraphic messages, so that they may not offer unnecessary traps for the unwary operator, will no doubt be acceptable as contributing to this result.

And here we must first combat a popular delusion. It is commonly supposed that brevity is the essence of a telegram, and that the shorter a message can be the better: that if you have a thing to say in ten words, it is better to say it in seven; if you have a thing to say in seven, it is better to say it in five. This appears to be the creed of the general telegram-sender. No doubt, if his sole object be to swell the revenues of the State, his procedure is laudable: but there are other considerations to be taken into account; and if he wishes his telegrams to be rendered in such guise that they shall be understood *par qui de droit*, he will strive rather to make the wording plain than laconic. Redundancy is of course to be avoided, but too great brevity is equally to be eschewed. Laconic writing, it is to be borne in mind, tends to obscurity; obscurity makes it impossible for the telegraph operator to know when he is sending sense and when nonsense; and if he has no guide as to what he is sending, the chances are at least equal that he will go astray.

There is, no doubt, another motive which weighs with some, and that is the desire that the message should not be intelligible to the officials through whose hands it will pass. But it is short-sighted policy to make the wording obscure, in order to frustrate hypothetical official curiosity. If secrecy is important, it would be better to use a cipher. In the majority of cases, however, the true plan is to take the officials into your confi-

dence, and write your message in such guise that he who runs may read. As an illustration of the ingenuity with which people will express themselves, as if for the very purpose of defeating their own object, we may cite the following: A lady, some short time since, telegraphed, "Send them both thanks," by which she meant, "Thank you; send them both"—(the "both" referred to two servants). The telegram reached its destination as "Send them both back," thus making sense as the official mind would understand it, but a complete perversion of the meaning of the writer. Nothing was gained by putting it in this way; the cost of the message would have been just the same if put differently; and as the telegraph ignores stops, the message as it stood read like nonsense. It happens that "th" is not unlike "b" in the Morse alphabet; and this, coupled with the fact that "back" seemed to be required as the last word, fully explains the error.

But affectionate redundancy may also offer traps to the unwary. The following telegram was once sent: "Thankful to say little girl born safely; dear mother very nicely, having had a short and easy time." By the substitution of one single letter for another the whole sense was changed. This was how it reached its destination: "Thankful to say little girl born safely dead, mother very nicely," etc. If the reader will imagine that sentence being spelt out to him, he will see that having received the words, "Little girl born safely, dead," no other letter than "d" could present itself to his mind; and so it was with the telegraph operator, who was so fully possessed with the idea of "dead" that he paid no heed to the final signals.

We may roughly classify the different kinds of errors perpetrated by the telegraph into: 1st, Errors which are due to pure guessing—sheer carelessness, we may call it—against which nothing is proof. 2d, Errors closely akin to the first, but in which the first letter or two are common to both words. These can often be obviated by careful wording. In the instance quoted above, if the clearly superfluous "dear" had been eliminated, a mistake, which made the message read like a grim joke, would not have been committed. 3d, There



are errors due to the similarity, more or less great, between the signals of different words. Obviousness of meaning will often help to prevent these also.

We will now present to the reader a curious collection of telegraph blunders, illustrative of the three categories we have mentioned. The names, we need scarcely remark, are in all cases fictitious. The first category, as we have said, consists of blunders of sheer guessing; and these in their turn may be subdivided into two classes: 1st, Those in which the different idea conveyed is an allied or a cognate idea, or a widely different idea; and 2d, Those in which the different idea conveyed is the exact opposite to the original idea. Let us take those in which a cognate or a widely different idea is given. Here we have: "Send three tons linseed oil," transmitted as, "Send three tons linseed meal." "Please to send us fifteen wagons of Burgie daily till further orders," transmitted as, "Please to send us fifteen tons of Burgie daily till further orders.—"Send us two waiters," transmitted as, "Send us twenty waiters."—"Warmest sympathy to Ellen and yourself in your sad loss," transmitted as, "Warmest congratulations to Ellen and yourself in your sad loss."—"Ask Lady Grantly if Cox can read aloud," etc., rendered as, "Ask Lady Grantly if you can read aloud," etc. "Cox" seems to have rather an unfortunate tendency to be converted into "you," for here is another case of it: "Have just written to Cox to send no more milk," was rendered, "have just written to you to send no more milk." There is a distant resemblance between the signals for the two words; but clearly in each case the mistake was the result of guessing, the operator setting down what he thought was likely, instead of listening accurately to what was sent.—"Will be at home this evening," was rendered, "Will be at home to-morrow evening." There seems to be a fatality about appointment telegrams. The days of the week are perpetually transformed, and the hours of meeting changed. *Monday* is changed into *to-day*, and *to-day* into *Monday* or *to-morrow*; *Thursday* is changed into *Tuesday*, and *Tuesday* into *Thursday*; *Saturday* into *Sunday* or *Wednesday*; and so on. It is related

that on one occasion an invitation to dinner on *Sunday* was altered to an invitation for *Monday*. The recipient, on telegraphing to know whether "*Sunday* or *Monday*" was meant, had his telegram altered to "*Saturday* or *Monday*;" and the final answer of "*Sunday*" was turned into "*Tuesday*." "Meet me at half-past seven"—a not uncommon time for theatre appointments—often reaches the destinee as, "Meet me at half-past eleven"—the fact being that *seven* and *eleven*, when not distinctly written, are easily confounded. "I shall be at my office at nine," arrives as, "I shall be at my office at one." But these blunders being of a common kind, we need not multiply instances of them. Let us return to our list. "Just received a salmon from London," was rendered, "Just received a balloon from London!" An order to a butcher ran thus: "Please send me two hind-quarters of lamb for *to-morrow*." This was altered to, "Please send me two hind-quarters of lamb for *dinner*."—"Please come quickly, prepared to sleep. We want you. Bring some *soles*, if possible." The telegraph operator improved this into, "Please come quickly, prepared to sleep. We want you. Bring some *clothes*, if possible." His mind evidently resisted the notion that it could be fish that was to be brought, and "*clothes*" seemed the more likely object of the sender's solicitude. A telegram addressed to a fish-salesman read as follows: "Send ten fresh *hares* as early as you can." This was improved into "Send ten fresh *soles* as early as you can." Here the idea of asking a *fish-monger* to supply hares evidently struck the clerk as absurd. He therefore used his intelligence (?). In the next case, the clerk clearly did not use his intelligence, or he would hardly have turned a telegram from a lady of title to a waiter: "Come and *wait* to-night. Sorry to give such short notice;" into "Come and *dine* to-night. Sorry to give such short notice." The next is a very ingenious perversion: "*Met John* at Brighton. Train leaves Horsham at 10 minutes past 7." This was rendered, "*Meet train* at Brighton," etc.—"Will leave by train arriving at quarter past *six*," was rendered, "Will leave

by train arriving at quarter past, *Thursday*."—"If possible, come up to-morrow, *express*," was rendered, "If possible, come up to-morrow *evening*."—"Let my coat and waistcoat be *sent down* to-morrow evening," was rendered, "Let my coat and waistcoat be *in town* to-morrow evening." A husband telegraphs to his wife, "Be *sure* and wrap up warm," etc. It is rendered, "Be *here* and wrap up warm," etc.—"The wedding is at St. James's, Piccadilly, house *thirty-nine* Margaret Street; do come." This is rendered, "The wedding is at St. James's Piccadilly house *they dine* Margaret Street; do come." The introduction of "Number" before "thirty-nine" would have prevented the blunder. The operator evidently went to sleep between the "th" and "ine," and guessed that "they dine" was what had been signalled to him.—"Your aunt *Kate* died this morning at 20 minutes past 11; will write particulars." This was rendered, "Your aunt *came direct* this morning at 20 minutes past 11; will write particulars." Wide as this is from the original, one sees how the mistake was made. "Kate" has only a dot and a dash less than "came," and the operator conceiving he had missed them, took "came" for the word intended. This would agree with his notions of what was the likely word. Having thus arrived at "Your aunt came," the next word beginning "di—" pointed to "direct" as the likely word, and down he jotted it. The last three words of the sentence might have shown him to be following a wrong clue, and might have made him pause before committing himself to his interpretation of the message, had he not had a lively experience of sentences which seemed to him the varietal jumbles, but which were in truth the messages as worded by the senders. Indeed the jargon in which many people indulge is quite as like nonsense as the worst results of the telegraph operator's manipulations. A gentleman on one occasion telegraphed to a friend that "he had had a fair passage [across the Channel], but *not a glide*," meaning thereby that it had not been altogether smooth. This out-of-the-way expression fairly beat his correspondent, and it was some time before the latter would

believe that those words had been written in sober earnest by his friend, and were not some ingenious perversity on the part of the telegraph. But to return. "Shall be glad to have *bus* to ourselves if you can get one to meet us," was converted into, "Shall be glad to have *you* to ourselves if you can get one to meet us." Here again the last words might have been expected to put the clerk on his guard, and warn him that there must be a mistake somewhere. But we cannot help thinking that a Nemesis was at work to punish the writer for using that most objectionable word "bus." If brevity was his aim, why not write, "We should like an omnibus to ourselves"? This would have even had the advantage of being a word shorter. The next is a very wide guess; the clerk seems to have been "wool-gathering": "Reduce wool *shirtings* one farthing per yard" was rendered, "Reduce wool *estimates* one farthing per yard."—"Meet meat the Peabody statue, Royal Exchange, *precisely* at 2," was rendered by a clerk ignorant or oblivious of topography, "Meet me at the Peabody statue, Royal Exchange, *Piccadilly*, at 2."—"Has Mr. Delaporte come to you? Please answer yes or no," was rendered, "Can Mr. Delaporte come to you? Please answer yes or no."—"Mary *will* be home in the evening," was rendered, "Mary *is ill*, be home in the evening."—"I hope you will be glad to hear your sister has consented to an engagement with *father's approval*." This was rendered, "I hope you will be glad to hear your sister has consented to an engagement with *father's apostle*." Puck must have been in a very waggish mood here!—"All going well; a little *girl* at 7 o'clock this morning," was rendered, "All going well; a little *fire* at 7 o'clock this morning," which must have rather alarmed the recipients, who were expecting to hear of a birth. The blunder was probably due to some one's bad writing. It might, however, have been prevented if "born" had been inserted after "little girl;" and by the omission of the superfluous word "o'clock," equal brevity would have been attained.—"Come *here* at quarter to five, instead of to Princes Gate," was sent as, "Come *home* at quarter to five, instead of to

Princess Gate."—"As this is the last we shall see of Jenny for a long while, we had rather not *part* till Friday," was altered into, "As this is the last we shall see of Jenny for a long while, we had rather not *wait* till Friday." The next is to a doctor about a patient who is unable to leave his room. "We should be glad if you could see Mr. Vincent to-morrow at your *leisure*," which was rendered, "We should be glad if you could see Mr. Vincent to-morrow at your *residence*." Doctors are particularly unfortunate in their telegrams. One doctor had tidings sent to him that a patient was suffering from "nausea," which was delivered to him as "hensia;" another message mentioned that some one was suffering from *St. Vitus' dance*, which reached its destination as "suffering from a *vile dance*." "Meet me at Midland station at 12.50. Wire me to *Knight* if you can't come." This was rendered, "Meet me at Midland station at 12.50. Wire me to-night if you can't come"—a blunder clearly due to the awkward construction of the sentence. "At *Knight's*" would have been just as short, and have would avoided the danger. The following is a lively specimen of an operator's intelligence: "We hear there is *sickness* at college," is turned by him or her—for the "telegraph" is of both sexes—into "We hear there is *examination* at college."—"Will *come home* immediately by next train," was rendered, "Will *you come* immediately by next train," leading the unfortunate recipient to take a useless and costly journey. "Shall be home usual time, my brother's *wife* going to see him," was rendered, "Shall be home usual time, my brothers *were* going to see him." Here, again, one word more would have saved the mistake, viz., "is" after "wife;" and the omission of "my" would have compensated for the insertion of the auxiliary verb. "Send with flowers to-morrow one bridal *and* six bridesmaids' bouquets." This was felicitously rendered, "Send with flowers to-morrow one bridal *wreath*, six bridesmaids' bouquets," the operator being apparently of mind that a wreath must be wanted for the bride. "I cannot ask you to dinner this evening, as shall be *without* cook," was turned into the following

pleasing intimation: "I cannot ask you to dinner this evening, as shall be *with you*," which must have somewhat perplexed the recipient. He was not, however, so cruelly treated as the recipient of the telegram, "Don't *fail* this evening; Lord Dash is coming," which was happily altered into, "Don't *call* this evening; Lord Dash is coming;" or as the lady who sent an advertisement for a lady's-maid to the "Times," the last words of which were "personal character *indispensable*," and who had the pleasure of seeing it printed, owing to some vagary of the telegraph, as "personal character *undesirable*." "Send no more corkscrews until I advise you," was rendered, "Send *on* more corkscrews until I advise you," with the result that can be imagined. The foregoing blunders have all, more or less, their comic side; but the three following are of a graver nature. "Your mother is *better*," was rendered, "Your mother is *dead*."—"Peter's *father* dead; should not I go?" was rendered, "Peter's *here* dead; should not I go?"—"Cannot go to the theatre to-night. Baby no *worse*." The last three words were altered into "Baby no *more*." It is a curious fact that "no more" and "no worse" have a decided tendency to become converted the one into the other. Messages conveying the tidings that invalids are no worse are translated into the intelligence that they are "no more;" while announcements that persons are "no more" become news that they are "no worse." In this instance, the words were intended to reassure the husband; but the telegraph clerk, not knowing the circumstances, imagined that they were intended to explain why the wife could not go to the theatre. By substituting in such a case the phrase "not any worse" for "no worse," the danger might be avoided.

We now come to the blunders of our second category—viz., those conveying the exact opposite to the idea intended. And here, while some part of the fault may occasionally be set down to the authors of the telegrams, we must confess that Puck is revealed in his most mischievous mood. What else can explain the translation of a plain message like "We *can* dine with you to-night" into "We *cannot* dine with you

to-night"? Or "We *can* supply the machine you ask for," into "We *can-not* supply the machine you ask for"? Or "They are *unsold*," into "They are *sold*"? Or "Send to Victoria by *first* train," into "Send to Victoria by *last* train"? Or "I hope to see you some time this *evening*," into "I hope to see you some time this *morning*"? Or "Henry is gradually getting *better*," into "Henry is gradually getting *weaker*," will write to-night"? Or "Character very *unsatisfactory*," into "Character very *satisfactory*"? Or "Send by first *boat* to-morrow bushel sample wheat," into "Send by first *train* to-morrow bushel sample wheat"? Or "Added fifteen," into "Deducted fifteen"? Or "Our rooms are *let*," into "Our rooms are *ready*"? while contrariwise "The rooms are *ready*" was turned into "The rooms are *let*"? Or "*I shall be* home to-night for dinner," into "*Shall not be* home to-night for dinner"? Or, finally, "Love to you all. I am very *well*," into "Love to you all. I am very *ill*"?

On the other hand, abbreviations or awkwardly constructed sentences must sometimes share the blame. Thus "Please *not* come," was rendered, "Please *do* come." And this has happened more than once; the operator evidently imagining that if "not" had really been intended, the sentence would have consisted of four words, "Please do not come;" but being assured by his fellow-operator at the other end of the wire that there were only three, he refused to trust to the evidence of his senses, and preferred to follow the light of his reason. The one told him "not" the other "do." He chose "do." "Don't come this afternoon," was rendered, "You come this afternoon." Here again, though the abbreviation is in itself no excuse for such a blunder, yet the absence of it would no doubt have prevented the mistake. All abbreviations in telegrams are mischievous, but none more so than "can't." It is perpetually being altered into "can;" and yet, with that perversity for defeating their own objects which too frequently characterizes mortals, "can't" seems to be used in almost every telegram in which "cannot" should appear. We hold that it would be only

benevolent on the part of the authorities to erase "can't" from the dictionary, so far as its use in telegrams is concerned.

Just as "no worse" and "no more," we saw, had a tendency toward mutual conversion, so "all is over" and "all is well" we find have a similar tendency. Thus a simple announcement, "All is *over*" was rendered "All is *well*." And "Come home to-morrow, all is *well*," was rendered, "Come home to-morrow, all is *over*." These expressions are to be avoided, as it evidently to a great extent depends on the turn of mind of the operator which way they come out. The first operator was no doubt of a hopeful tendency, and thought the message must be of a reassuring character. The second was gloomy, and turned brightness into sorrow. In both cases the result was equally unfortunate.—We had just now a mistake of "ill" for "well." Here is another, "Worse news of baby. Come directly. I am *well*. Answer what time to expect you," which was rendered, "Worse news of baby. Come directly. I am *ill*. Answer what time to expect you." The juxtaposition of "I am *well*" with "worse news of baby, come directly," no doubt threw the clerk off his guard, and led him to imagine the news must all be bad. By writing, "I am *well*, but baby is worse, come directly," etc., the sender would have guided the operator's mind to the real state of the case.

It is astonishing, but true, that of all messages likely to go wrong, none are more so than those consisting of a single word. The brief response "yes" is sent as "no," the response "no" is sent as "yes." And this mistake will be made even by operators who have the word plainly written before their eyes, and who, it would therefore have been thought, could not possibly make it. A telegram once consisted of the solitary word "Biscuits." It came out at the other end "Yes"!

The following mistakes, slight telegraphically, would not be slight to those concerned.—"We will come to-day if you do not telegraph *that* it is convenient," was rendered, "We will come to-day if you do not telegraph, *but* it is inconvenient." The signals for "that"



and "but" are almost identical, the sole difference lying in the spaces or pauses, thus :

t	h	a	t
that = —	....	. —	—
	1b	u	t
but = —	...	. —	—

The same applies to the two following :  
 "Burbury address 54 *High Street*, Wantage, leaves London," etc., was rendered, "Burbury address is 4 High Street, Wantage," etc.

5	4
54 = ....	.... —
i	s
is 4 = ..	.... —

"Please to *get* a calf if possible either to-morrow or Thursday, and send it in a cattle-wagon," was rendered, "Please to *meet* a calf if possible either to-morrow or Thursday, and send it in a cattle-wagon."

g	e	t
get = —	.	—
m	e	t
meet = —	.	—

"We have *got* a man," was rendered, "We have *not* a man." Here the error was caused by the dropping of a dash.

The last series of telegraphic freaks we intend to lay before the reader consists of errors which have evidently arisen from guessing on the part of the clerk after the first two or three letters of the word have been signalled. Parenthetically we may observe that "expect" and "except," "decided" and "declined," are words which often get confounded from this cause. "Send brougham to *Works* this afternoon," was rendered, "Send brougham to *Worksop* this afternoon;" and this happening in the neighborhood of Worksop, to Worksop the brougham went. "Have twelve pieces in stock, but they are two *shades*," was rendered, "Have twelve pieces in stock, but they are two *shillings*." This error is not uncommon in mercers' telegrams, telegraph clerks thinking apparently little about color but much about prices. "Send immediately three bottles champagne to *Granchester*," was rendered, "Send immediately three bottles champagne to *Grandmother*."—"Carriage has arrived. Send *cheque* by afternoon post," was

cleverly rendered, "Carriage has arrived. Send *chaise* by afternoon post."—"Your *bacon* has been forwarded," was converted into "Your *banker* has been forwarded," the operator probably supposing that "forwarded" was a delicate way of putting some unpleasant news anent the banker, equivalent, perhaps, to "run in."—"I shall be home *towards* evening," was rendered, "I shall be home *to-morrow* evening,"—"Shall arrive at 7 o'clock. Shall walk on *towards* Shirley, and you can meet me with the trap," was rendered, "Shall arrive at 7 o'clock. Shall walk on *to-morrow*. Shirley and you can meet me with the trap."—"Sorry I cannot come. *Tom* will meet Mr. Beverley as arranged," was rendered, "Sorry I cannot come *to-morrow*. Will meet Mr. Beverley as arranged." In these last three cases it will be observed the clerk's mind was so dominated by a sense of time that he could not conceive of any other word in such context beginning "to—" than "to-morrow."—"Please *expect* me on Monday afternoon. I am called away *urgently* in opposite direction," was rendered, "Please *excuse* me on Monday afternoon. I am called away *unexpectedly* in opposite direction."—"The whole of us *except* the babies and nurses start to-day," was rendered, "The whole of us *expect* the babies and nurses, start to-day."—"You will be *excluded* if your contributions are not received by to-night's post:" this, which was apparently sent by some building or benefit society to a lax member, must have rather astonished that individual when he received it in the following terms: "You will be *expected* if your contributions are not received by to-night's post." It was just what he thought he would not be. Another building society telegram read as follows: "You will no doubt remember it was *decided* to meet at the Eagle to-night to discuss rules." This was rendered, "You will no doubt remember it was *declined* to meet at the Eagle to-night to discuss rules."—"I send two hundred pamphlets this post. Please *despatch* forthwith." The last three words were altered into, "Please *destroy* forthwith." We do not know what the pamphlets were, but we should not be surprised if this freak of the telegraph only somewhat

hastened their natural fate. "If haddocks are good, send me one *tun* to-day," was converted into, "If haddocks are good, send me one *turbot* to-day." A telegram began thus: "*Consternation* among the grocers," which was rendered in a way which the clerk no doubt thought much more effective: "*Constantinople* among the grocers." A telegram consisted of but one word, "*Engaged*." It reached its destination as "*England*."—"Send my *boots* by first passenger train," was altered into, "Send my *boxes* by first passenger train."—"Please come at once. Bring *Dot* with you to look after Jim." This was rendered, "Please come at once. Bring *doctor* with you to look after Jim."—"Father leaves here by three-fifteen train; let the *children* be at the station," was rendered, "Father leaves here by three-fifteen train; let the *carriage* be at the station."

As we indicated at the beginning of this article, in addition to the risks of contrariety in the sense, there are also risks of delay or of total failure of the telegram, and from a similar cause—namely, mistakes in the signalling of the address. Names are always a great stumbling-block to the clerks, and addresses are composed of names. Most of us have tricks of writing names in any but a distinct fashion; and although the Post-office persistently reminds us, on the forms given to us to write our telegrams on, that the writing should be plain, this advice, like most other advice, is but too often neglected. Hence many telegrams get altogether astray, sometimes to the not slight discomfiture of those into whose hands they fall, and who, unwitting that any error has been made, forthwith act upon them. It is related that a woman residing in some small street in Manchester once received what appeared to be a summons from her husband to come up to him in London. Very much alarmed, she at once started. On her way she got into conversation with another woman who was in the same carriage, and who she found was also going up to see her husband, who was in London ill. This woman had been expecting to receive a telegram from her husband, and, not hearing, had grown anxious, and had finally set off without the telegram. Further parley

revealed the fact that their names were the same; that their husbands' names were the same; that they both lived in the same quarter in Manchester; and it finally transpired that the telegram which had been delivered to the first woman was the very one which the second had been waiting for—the error in delivery having been caused by some such mistake as "Hamilton Street" for "Henrietta Street,"—a mistake very likely attributable to want of distinctness in the writing. Another curious case of coincidence of which we have heard was that of a telegram addressed, "John Stillingwise, Brookdean, nr. Kirkby Lonsdale," from Robert Stillingwise, his brother, begging him to come at once to him at a hotel which he indicated, in Leeds. The address "Brookdean" was in some way altered, and the telegram was delivered to another John Stillingwise living somewhere in the neighborhood of Kirkby Lonsdale. This unfortunate man, who had not heard anything of his brother Robert for some twenty years, at once started off in stormy, wintry weather, reached Leeds in the evening, and was told by the landlord that he could not see his brother that night, as he was very far from well, and had gone to bed. The next morning he was ushered into Robert Stillingwise's room, expecting to see this long-lost brother, when, to his extreme astonishment and disgust, he found himself confronted by an utter stranger!

These are the drawbacks to telegraphy, which we have dwelt upon here because we think there is not only a humorous but also an instructive side to the picture. The moral of our remarks is, Avoid excessive brevity, and especially obscurity; write every word with the distinctness, not that you would consider sufficient in a letter to a friend, but that you would aim at in writing to an illiterate person. Above all, let there be no doubtfulness about your writing of names. It is true that a strict following of these rules will not insure total immunity—with such a subtle instrument, nothing can; but you may at any rate guard yourself from a good many risks, and that is much.

Moreover, it must in fairness be borne in mind that although these errors, and

many like them, have actually occurred, yet these are picked cases, and must be taken as exceptional and not average instances of the mode in which telegrams are conveyed. If our readers will but remember what we have said as to avoiding certain phrases, and will follow our

advice as to distinctness both in the wording and the writing of their telegrams, we shall not have written in vain. They will find that they have comparatively little to fear from the "Freaks of the Telegraph."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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## THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

### VII.

ON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF MAN,  
CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE  
UNITY OF NATURE (*continued*).

It may be well, before proceeding farther in this branch of our inquiry, to retrace for a little the path we have been following, and to identify the conclusions to which we have been led.

In the first place, we have seen that the sense of obligation considered in itself—that is to say, considered apart from the particular actions to which it is attached—is a simple and elementary conception of the mind, insomuch that in every attempt to analyze it, or to explain its origin and growth, this absurdity can always be detected—that the analysis or explanation universally assumes the previous existence of that very conception for which it professes to account.

In the second place, we have seen that, just as reason, or the logical faculty, begins its work with the direct perception of some simple and elementary truths, of which no other account can be given than that they are intuitively perceived, or, in other words that they are what it called "self-evident," so in like manner the moral sense begins its work with certain elementary perceptions and feelings in respect to conduct, which arise out of the very nature of things, and come instinctively to all men. The earliest of these feelings is the obligation of obedience to that first authority the rightfulness of which over us is not a question but a fact. The next of these feelings is the obligation of acting towards other men as we know we should like them to act towards ourselves. The first of these

feelings of obligation is inseparably associated with the fact that all men are born helpless, absolutely dependent, and subject to parents. The second of these feelings of obligation is similarly founded on our conscious community of nature with other men, and on the consequent universal applicability to them of our own estimates of good and evil.

In the third place, we have seen that this association of the higher powers of man with rudimentary data which are supplied by the facts of nature, is in perfect harmony with that condition of things which prevails throughout creation—the condition, namely, that every creature is provided from the first with just so much of instinct and of impulse as is requisite to propel and guide it in the kind and to the measure of development of which its organism is susceptible, leading it with unflinching regularity to the fulfilment of the law of its own being, and to the successful discharge of the functions assigned to it in the world.

In the fourth place, we have seen that the only really exceptional fact connected with man is—not that he has faculties of a much higher kind than other creatures, nor that these faculties are susceptible of a corresponding kind and measure of development—but that in man alone this development has a persistent tendency to take a wrong direction, leading not towards, but away from the perfecting of his powers.

In the last place, we have seen that as a matter of fact, and as a result of this tendency, a very large portion of mankind, embracing almost all the savage races, and large numbers of men among the most civilized communities, are a prey to habits, practices, and dis-

positions which are monstrous and unnatural—one test of this unnatural character being that nothing analogous is to be found among the lower animals in those spheres of impulse and of action in which they have a common nature with our own; and another test being that these practices, habits, and dispositions are always directly injurious and often even fatal to the race. Forbidden thus and denounced by the highest of all authorities, which is the authority of natural law, these habits and practices stand before us as unquestionable exceptions to the unity of nature, and as conspicuous violations of the general harmony of creation.

When, however, we have come to see that such is really the character of these results, we cannot be satisfied with the mere recognition of their existence as a fact. We seek an explanation and a cause. We seek for this, moreover, in a very different sense from that in which we seek for an explanation and a cause of those facts which have the opposite character of being according to law and in harmony with the analogies of nature.

With facts of this last kind, when we have found the place into which they fit in the order of things, we can and we do rest satisfied as facts which are really ultimate—that is to say, as facts for which no other explanation is required than that they are part of the order of nature, and are due to that one great cause, or to that combination of causes, from which the whole harmony and unity of nature is derived. But when we are dealing with facts which cannot be brought within this category—which cannot be referred to this order, but which are, on the contrary, an evident departure from it—then we must feel that these facts require an explanation and a cause as special and exceptional as the results themselves.

There is, indeed, one theory in respect to those mysterious aberrations of human character, which, although widely prevalent, can only be accepted as an explanation by those who fail to see in what the real difficulty consists. That theory is, that the vicious and destructive habits and tendencies prevailing among men, are not aberrant phenomena at all, but are original conditions

of our nature—that the very worst of them have been primitive and universal, so that the lowest forms of savage life are the nearest representatives of the primordial condition of the race.

Now, assuming for the present that this were true, it would follow that the anomaly and exception which man presents among the unities of nature is much more violent and more profound than on any other supposition. For it would represent the contrast between his instincts and those of the lower animals as greatest and widest at the very moment when he first appeared among the creatures which, in respect to these instincts, are so superior to himself. And it is to be observed that this argument applies equally to every conceivable theory or belief as to the origin of man. It is equally true whether he was a special creation, or an unusual birth, or the result of a long series of unusual births each marked by some new accession to the aggregate of faculties which distinguish him from the lower animals. As regards the anomaly he presents, it matters not which of these theories of his origin be held. If his birth, or his creation, or his development, whatever its methods may have been, took place after the analogy of the lower animals, then, along with his higher powers of mind, there would have been corresponding instincts associated with them to guide and direct those powers in their proper use. It is in this essential condition of all created things that man, especially in his savage state, presents an absolute contrast with the brutes. It is no explanation, but, on the contrary, an insuperable increase of the difficulty, to suppose that this contrast was widest and most absolute when man made his first appearance in the world. It would be to assume that, for a most special and most exceptional result, there was no special or exceptional cause. If man was, indeed, born with an innate propensity to maltreat his women, to murder his children, to kill and eat his fellow, to turn the physical functions of his nature into uses which are destructive to his race, then, indeed, it would be literally true that

"Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music matched with him."



It would be true, because there were no dragons of the prime, even as there are no reptiles of the present age—there is no creature, however terrible or loathsome its aspect may be to us, among all the myriads of created things—which does not pass through all the stages of its development with perfect accuracy to the end, or which, having reached that end, fails to exhibit a corresponding harmony between its propensities and its powers, or between both of these and the functions it has to perform in the economy of creation. So absolute and so perfect is this harmony, that men have dreamed that somehow it is self-caused, the need and the requirement of a given function producing its appropriate organ, and the organ again reacting on the requirement and the need. Whatever may be the confusion of thought involved in this idea, it is at least an emphatic testimony to the fact of an order and an adjustment of the most perfect kind prevailing in the work of what is called evolution, and suggesting some cause which is of necessary and universal operation. The nearer therefore we may suppose the origin of man may have been to the origin of the brutes, the nearer also would his condition have been to the fulfilment of a law which is of universal application among them. Under the fulfilment of that law the higher gifts and powers with which man is endowed would have run smoothly their appointed course, would have unfolded as a bud unfolds to flower—as a flower ripens into fruit—and would have presented results absolutely different from those which are actually presented either by the savage or by what is called the civilized condition of mankind.

And here it may be well to define, as clearly as we can, what we mean by civilization, because the word is very loosely used, and because the conceptions it involves are necessarily complex. Usually it is associated in our minds with all that is highest in the social, moral, and political condition of the Christian nations as represented in our own country and in our own time. Thus, for example, respect for human life, and tenderness towards every form of human suffering, is one of the most marked features of the best modern culture.

But we know that this sentiment, and many others which are related to it, were comparatively feeble in the case of other societies which, nevertheless, we acknowledge to have been very highly civilized. We must, therefore, attach some more definite and restricted meaning to the word, and we must agree to understand by civilization only those characteristic conditions which have been common to all peoples whom we have been accustomed to recognize as among the governing nations of the world. And when we come to consider what these characteristics are, we find that though complex, they are yet capable of being brought within a tolerably clear and simple definition. The Latin word *civis*, from which our word civilization comes, still represents the fundamental conception which is involved. The citizen of an imperial city—the subject of an imperial ruler—the member of a great State—this was the condition which constituted the Roman idea of the rank and status of civilization. No doubt many things are involved in this condition, and many other things have come to be associated with it. But the essential elements of the civilized condition, as thus defined or understood, can readily be separated from others which are not essential. An extended knowledge of the useful arts, and the possession of such a settled system of law and government as enables men to live in great political communities, these are the essential features of what we understand by civilization. Other characteristics may co-exist with these but nothing more is necessarily involved in a proper understanding, or even in the usual application of the word. In particular, we cannot affirm that a civilized condition involves necessarily any of the higher moral elements of character. It is true, indeed, that no great State, nor even any great city, can have been founded and built up without courage and patriotism. Accordingly these were perhaps the most esteemed virtues of antiquity. But these are by no means confined to civilized men, and are, indeed, often conspicuous in the savage and in the barbarian. Courage, in at least its lower forms, is one of the commonest of all qualities; and patriotism, under the like limitation, may almost be

said to be an universal passion. It is in itself simply a natural consequence of the social instinct, common to man and to many of the lower animals—that instinct which leads us to identify our own passions and our own sympathies with any brotherhood to which we may belong—whatever the associating tie of that brotherhood may be—whether it be morally good, bad, or indifferent. Like every other instinct, it rises in its moral character in proportion as it is guided by reason and by conscience, and in proportion as, through these, it becomes identified with duty and with self-devotion. But the idea of civilization is in itself separate from the idea of virtue. Men of great refinement of manners may be, and often are, exceedingly corrupt. And what is true of individuals is true of communities. The highest civilizations of the heathen world were marked by a very low code of morals, and by a practice even lower than their code. But the intellect was thoroughly cultivated. Knowledge of the useful arts, taste in the fine arts, and elaborate systems both of civil polity and of military organization, combined to make, first Greek, and then Roman, civilization, in such matters the basis of our own.

It is, therefore, only necessary to consider for a moment these essential characteristics of what we mean by civilization, to see that it is a conception altogether incognuous with any possible idea we can form of the condition of our first parents, or, indeed, of their offspring for many generations. An extended knowledge of the useful arts is of necessity the result of accumulation. Highly organized systems of polity were both needless and impossible before settled and populous communities had arisen. Government was a simple matter when the "world's gray fathers" exercised over their own children the first and the most indisputable of all authorities.

It is unfortunate that the two words which are habitually used to indicate the condition opposite to that of civilization are words both of which have come to mean a great deal more than mere ignorance of the useful arts, or a merely rudimentary state of law and government. Those two words are barbarism and savagery. Each of these

has come to be associated with the idea of special vices of character and of habit, such as cruelty and ferocity. But "barbarian," in the classical language from which it came to us, had no such meaning. It was applied indiscriminately by the Greeks to all nations, and to all conditions of society other than their own, and did not necessarily imply any fault or failure other than that of not belonging to the race, and not partaking of the culture which was then, in many respects at least, the highest in the world. St. Paul refers to all men who spoke in any tongue unknown to the Christian communities as men who were "to them barbarians." But he did not associate this term with any moral faults, such as violence or ferocity; on the contrary, in his narrative of his shipwreck on the coast of Malta, he calls the natives of that island "barbarous people" in the same sentence in which he tells us of their kindness and hospitality. This simple and purely negative meaning of the word barbarian has been lost to us, and it has become inseparably associated with characteristics which are indeed common among uncivilized nations, but are by no means confined to them. The epithet "savage," of course, still more distinctly means something quite different from rude, or primitive, or uncultivated. The element of cruelty or of ferocity is invariably present to the mind when we speak of savagery, although there are some races—as, for example, the Eskimo—who are totally uncivilized, but who, in this sense, are by no means savage.

And this may well remind us that, as we have found it necessary to define to ourselves the condition which we are to understand by the word civilization, so it is not less essential to define and limit the times to which we are to apply the word primeval. For this word also is habitually used with even greater laxity of meaning. It is often employed as synonymous with primitive, and this again is applied not only to all times which are pre-historic, but to all conditions even in our own age which are rude or savage. There is an assumption that, the farther we go back in time, there was not only less and less extensive knowledge of the useful arts—not only simpler and simpler systems

of life and polity—but also that there were deeper and deeper depths of the special characteristics of the modern savage. We have, however, only to consider what some of these characteristics are, to be convinced that although they may have arisen in early times, they cannot possibly have existed in the times which were the earliest of all. Things may have been done, and habits may have prevailed, when the multiplication and dispersion of mankind had proceeded to a considerable extent, which cannot possibly have been done, and which cannot possibly have prevailed when as yet there was only a single pair of beings “worthy to be called” man and woman, nor even when as yet all the children of that pair knew themselves to be of one family and blood. The word primeval ought, if it is to have any definite meaning at all, to be confined to this earliest time alone. It has already been pointed out, that on the supposition that the condition of primeval man approximated to the condition of the lower animals, that condition could not have been nearer to, but must, on the contrary, have been very much farther removed from, the condition of the modern savage. If, for example, there ever was a time when there existed on one spot of earth, or even on more spots than one, a single pair of human beings, it is impossible that they should have murdered their offspring, or that they should have killed and eaten each other. Accordingly it is admitted that cannibalism and infanticide, two of the commonest practices of savage and of barbarous life, cannot have been primeval. But this is a conclusion of immense significance. It hints to us, if it does no more, that what is true of one savage practice may possibly be true of others. It breaks down the presumption that whatever is most savage is therefore probably the most ancient. And then, when we come to think of it, this idea, from being vague and general, rises into suggestions which are definite and specific. On the great fundamental subject of the relation of the sexes, conclusions not less important than those respecting cannibalism and infanticide are forced upon our conviction. We have seen that the cruel treatment of the female sex is almost universal among

savages, and that it is entirely unknown among the lower animals. It is in the highest degree improbable and unnatural to suppose that this habit can have been primeval. But the same considerations carry us a great deal farther. They raise a presumption in favor of the later origin of other habits and customs which are not confined to the savage state, but have prevailed, and do now prevail, among nations comparatively civilized. There can have been no polygamy when as yet there was only a single pair, or when there were several single pairs widely separated from each other. The presumption, if not the certainty, therefore, is, that primeval man must have been monogamous. It is a presumption supported by the general equality of the sexes in respect to the numbers born, with only just such an excess of the male sex as tends to maintain that equality against the greater risks to life arising out of manly pursuits and duties. Thus the facts of nature point to polygamy as in all probability a departure from the habits of primeval times. Like considerations set aside, as in a still higher degree unnatural and improbable, the primeval rank of other customs of which the historians of human culture tell us, and probably tell us truly, that there are many surviving traces among the existing customs of men. Thus “marriage by capture” cannot have been primeval. It may be very ancient; but it cannot possibly have arisen until the family of man had so multiplied and scattered, that they had become divided into tribes accustomed to act with violence towards each other. And then as regards a custom still more barbarous and savage, namely, that of polyandry, and that which is now euphemistically called “communal marriage,” apart from the strong presumption in favor of primeval monogamy, they are stamped by many separate considerations as corruptions and as departures from primeval habits. In the first place, all such customs are fatally injurious to the propagation of the race. In the second place, they are unknown in the animal world. In the third place, their origin can be assigned, in many cases, if not with certainty at least with the highest probability, to one cause, and that is the previously-ac-

quired habit of female infanticide. But as regards this last habit, besides the certainty that it cannot have been primeval, we know that it has often arisen from customs such as the exorbitant cost of marriage portions, which can only have grown up under long developed and highly artificial conditions of society.

But powerful as all these separate considerations are to raise at least adverse presumptions against the primeval rank of the worst and commonest characteristics of savage life, the force of these considerations is much increased when we find that they are closely connected together, and that they all lead up to the recognition of a principle and a law. That principle is no other than the principle of development; that law is no other than the law of evolution. It is a curious misunderstanding of what that law really is, to suppose that it leads only in one direction. It leads in every direction in which there is at work any one of the "potential energies" of nature. Development is the growth of germs, and according to the nature of the germ so is the nature of the growth. The flowers and fruits which minister to the use of man have each their own seed, and so have the briers and thorns which choke them. Evil has its germs as well as good, and the evolution of them is accompanied by effects to which it is impossible to assign a limit. Movement is the condition of all being, in moral as well as in material things. Just as one thing leads to another in knowledge and in virtue, so does one thing lead to another in ignorance and vice. Those gradual processes of change which arise out of action and reaction between the external condition and the internal nature of man have an energy in them of infinite complexity and power. We stand here on the firm ground of observation and experience. In the shortest space of time, far within the limits even of a single life, we are accustomed to see such processes effectual both to elevate and degrade. The weak become weaker, and the bad become worse. "To him that hath more is given, and from him that hath not is taken even that which he seemeth to have." And this law, in the region of character and of morals, is but the counterpart of the

law which prevails in the physical regions of nature, where also development has its double aspect. It cannot bring one organism to the top, without sinking another organism to the bottom. That vast variety of natural causes which have been grouped and almost personified under the phrase "Natural Selection," are causes which necessarily include both favorable and unfavorable conditions. Natural rejection, therefore, is the inseparable correlative of natural selection. In the battle of life the triumph of one individual, or of one species, is the result of causes which bring about the failure of another. But there is this great distinction between the lower animals and man—that in their case failure involves death and complete extinction, while in his case it is compatible with prolonged survival. So far as mere existence is concerned, the almost infinite plasticity and adaptability of his nature enable him to accommodate himself to the hardest lot, and to the most unfavorable conditions. Man is the only animal whose possible distribution is not limited to narrow, or comparatively narrow, areas, in consequence of exclusive dependence upon particular conditions of climate and of productions. Some such conditions of a highly favorable kind may, and indeed must, have governed the selection of his birthplace and of his infancy. But when once born and fairly launched upon his course, it was in his nature to be able to prevail over all or over most of the limitations which are imposed upon the lower animals. But it is this very power of adaptation to unfavorable circumstances which involves of necessity the possibility of his development taking an equally unfavorable direction. If he can rise to any level, so also can he descend to any depth. It is not merely that faculties, for the exercise of which there is no call and no opportunity, remain dormant, but it is, also, that if such faculties have already been exercised, they may and often do become so stunted that nothing but the rudiments remain.

With such immense possibilities of change inherent in the nature of man, we have to consider the great element of time. Strangely enough, it seems to be very commonly assumed that the es-



establishment of a great antiquity for the human race has some natural, if not some necessary, connection with the theory that primeval man stood on some level far lower even than any existing savage. And no doubt this connection would be a real one if it were true that during some long series of ages development had not only been always working, but had always been working upwards. But if it be capable of working, and if it has been actually working, also in the opposite direction, then the element of time in its bearing upon conditions of modern savagery must have had a very different operation. For here it is to be remembered that the savage of the present day is as far removed in time from the common origin of our race as the man who now exhibits the highest type of moral and intellectual culture. Whether that time is represented by six thousand, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand years, it is the same for both. If therefore the number of years since the origin of man be taken as a multiplier in the processes of elevation, it must be taken equally as a multiplier in the processes of degradation. Not even on the theory which some hold, that the human species has spread from more than one centre of birth or of creation, can this conclusion be affected. For even on this hypothesis of separate origins, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the races which are now generally civilized are of more recent origin than those which are generally savage. Presumably, therefore, all the ages which have been at work in the development of civilization have been at work equally in the development of savagery. It is not possible in the case of savagery, any more than in the case of civilization, that all those ages have been without effect. Nor is it possible that the changes they have wrought have been all in one direction. The conclusion is, that neither savagery nor civilization, as we now see them, can represent the primeval condition of man. Both of them are the work of time. Both of them are the product of evolution.

When, however, this conclusion has been reached, we naturally seek for some understanding—some definite conception—of the circumstances and conditions under which development in

man has taken a wrong direction. No similar explanation is required of the origin of civilization: This is the development of man's powers in the natural direction. Great interest, indeed, attaches to the steps by which knowledge has been increased, and by which invention has been added to invention. But there is no mystery to be encountered here—no dark or distressing problem to be solved. This kind and direction of development is all according to the constitution and course of things. It is in harmony with all the analogies of creation. Very different is the sense of painful wonder with which we seek an explanation of the wretched condition of man in many regions of the globe, and, still more, with which we seek the origin or the cause of all the hideous customs which are everywhere prevalent among savage men, and which often, in their ingenuity of evil, and in the sweep of their destructive force, leave it a wonder that the race survives at all.

There are, however, some considerations, and some facts, on which we may very safely advance at least a few steps towards the explanation we desire. Two great causes of change, two great elements of development or evolution, have been specified above—namely, the external conditions and the internal nature of man. Let us look at them for a little separately, in so far as they can be separated at all.\*

It is certain that external or physical conditions have a very powerful, and sometimes a very rapid, effect both on the body and on the mind of man. The operation of this law has been seen and noted even in the midst of the most highly civilized communities. There are kinds of labor which have been found to exert a rapid influence in degrading the human frame, and in deteriorating the human character. So marked has been this effect, that it has commanded the attention of Parliaments, and the course of legislation has been turned aside to meet the dangers it involved. Moreover, our experience in this matter has been very various. Different kinds of employment, involv-

\* The argument which follows was urged in a former work on "Primeval Man." It has been here re-written and re-considered with reference to various objections and replies.

ing different kinds of unfavorable influence, have each tended to develop its own kind of mischief, and to establish its own type of degradation. The particular conditions which are unfavorable may be infinitely various. The evils which arise out of the abuses of civilized life can never be identical with the evils to which the earlier races of mankind may have been exposed. But the power of external conditions in modifying the form, and in molding the character of men, is stamped as a general law of universal application.

In connection with this law, the first great fact which calls for our attention is the actual distribution of mankind in relation to the physical geography of the globe. That distribution is nearly universal. From the earliest times when civilized men began to explore distant regions, they found everywhere other races of men already established. And this has held true down to the latest acquisitions of discovery. When the New World was discovered by Columbus, he found that it must have been a very old world indeed to the human species. Not only every great continent, but, with rare exceptions, even every habitable island, has been found peopled by the genus *Homo*. The explorers might find, and in many cases did actually find, everything else in nature different from the country of their birth. Not a beast, or bird, or plant—not an insect, or a reptile, or a fish, might be the same as those of which they had any previous knowledge. The whole face of nature might be new and strange—but always with this one solitary exception, that everywhere man was compelled to recognize himself—represented, indeed, often by people of strange aspect and of strange speech, but by people nevertheless exhibiting all the unmistakable characters of the human race.

In ancient times, before the birth of physical science, this fact might not appear so singular and exceptional as it really is. Before man had begun to form any definite conceptions as to his own origin, or as to his place in nature, it was easy to suppose in some vague way that the inhabitants of distant regions were "aborigines," or as the Greeks called them "autochthonoi"—that they were somehow native to the

soil, and had sprung from it. But this conception belongs essentially to that stage and time when tradition has been lost, and before reasoning has begun. Those who refuse to accept the Jewish Scriptures as in any sense authoritative, must at least recognize them as the records of a very ancient and a very sublime cosmogony. That cosmogony rests upon these four leading ideas—first, that the globe has been brought to its present condition through days of change; secondly, that from a state which can only be described as chaos, it came to be divided into sea, and land, and atmosphere; thirdly, that the lower animals were born first—man being the last as he is the highest product of creation; fourthly, that he appeared first at one place only in the world, and that from one pair has all the earth been overspread.

It is remarkable that in this general outline of events, and especially in the unity of man's origin, the progress of discovery, and those later speculations which have outrun discovery, are in strict accordance with the tradition recorded by the Jewish prophets. There are, indeed, some scientific men who think that different races of men represent different species—or, at least, that if man be defined as one species, it is a species which has spread from more than one place of origin. But those who hold to this idea are men who stand outside the general current of scientific thought. The tendency of that thought is more and more to demand unity and simplicity in our conception of the methods of creation, and of the order of events through which the birth of species has been brought about. So strong is this tendency, and so intimately connected is it with the intellectual conceptions on which the modern theory of development has been founded, that Mr. Darwin himself, and Mr. Wallace, who may be said to be joint-author with him of that theory, both lay it down as a fundamental postulate, that each new organic form has originated, and could only originate, at one place. This doctrine is by no means a necessity of thought, nor is it a necessary consequence of the theory of development. It rests mainly on the doctrine of chances, and that doctrine may be

wholly inapplicable to events which are governed not by accident but by law. It is, however, a postulate of the particular form of that theory which Mr. Darwin has adopted. It is not always easy to reconcile this postulate with the existing distribution over the globe of animal forms. But it is not absolutely inconsistent with the facts so far as we know them; and it is interesting to observe how universally and tacitly it is assumed in all the current explanations of the history of creation. On this point, therefore, of the unity of man's origin, those who bow to the authority of the most ancient and the most venerable of traditions, and those who accept the most imposing and the most popular of modern scientific theories, are found standing on common ground, and accepting the same result.

And when we come to consider a very curious subject, namely the configuration of the habitable continents of the globe, we find that this configuration stands in a very intelligible relation to the dispersion of mankind from a single centre. If, indeed, we could suppose that the earliest condition of our race was a condition of advanced knowledge in the useful arts, there would be no difficulty to solve. The great oceans of the world are now the easiest highways of travel and consequently of dispersion. The art and the science of navigation has made them so. But we cannot imagine that this art or this science was known to our forefathers of a very early age. Various means of crossing narrow waters, from the use of solid logs of wood to the use of the same logs when hollowed out, and so to the use of canoes and boats, were in all probability among the very earliest of human inventions. But not the less would it have been impossible with these inventions to cross the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Indian Ocean, or even many of the more limited tracts of sea which now separate so many habitable regions. Some other solution must be found for the problem presented by the fact that the earliest navigators who traversed those seas and oceans have always found the lands on the other side already colonized, and in some cases thickly inhabited by races and nations which had made considerable advances in civiliza-

tion. Yet, this problem presents no serious difficulty in accepting the unity of the human race, when it is regarded in the light of physical geography. The distribution of the larger tracts of land and sea upon our planet is very singular indeed. Attached to the southern pole there is no mass of land which stretches so far north as to enter the latitudes which are even moderately temperate. In the centre of the antarctic circle there is probably a great continent. But it is a continent where volcanic fires burst here and there through surfaces which are bound in perpetual ice. Round that vast circle roll the continuous waves of an ocean vexed by furious storms, and laden with the gigantic wrecks of immeasurable fields and cliffs of ice. In the northern hemisphere, round the arctic circle, on the contrary, everything is different. There land-masses begin, which stretch southward without a break through all the temperate and through all the torrid zones on both sides of the Equator. Then, again, all these great continents of the globe as they extend towards the south, become narrower and narrower, and so tend to become more and more widely separated from each other by vast oceanic spaces. Towards the north, on the contrary, all these continents converge, and at one point, Behring's Straits, they approach so near each other, that only a space of some forty miles of sea intervenes between them. The result is, that in the northern hemisphere, there is either a continued connection by land, or a connection severed only by comparatively narrow channels, between all the great inhabited continents of the world. The consequences of this as bearing on the dispersion of mankind are obvious at a glance. If, for example, man may be supposed to have been born in any part of Western or Central Asia, it is easy to see how his earliest migrations might lead him without serious difficulty into every one of the lands in which his children have been actually found. The Indian peninsula was at his feet. A natural bridge, as it were, would enable him to penetrate the Arabian deserts, and would conduct him by the glorious valley of the Nile into the heart of the continent of Africa. Eastwards he had before him the fertile tracts of China, and

beyond the narrow passage of Behring's Straits lay that vast continent which, when rediscovered from the West, was called the New World. Again, beyond the southern spurs of the great Asiatic continent there lay an archipelago of magnificent islands, with comparatively narrow seas between them, and connected by a continuous chain with the continental islands of Australasia. The seafaring habits which would spring up among an insular population—especially in an archipelago where every volcanic cone and every coral reef rising above the waves was rich in the products of a bounteous vegetation—would soon lead to a rapid development of the arts of navigation. When these were once acquired, there is no difficulty in accounting for the gradual dispersion of the human race among the beautiful islands of the Pacific. Across its comparatively peaceful waters it is not improbable that even rude navigators may have made their way at various times to people the western shores of the continent of America.

It is true indeed that the science of geology teaches us that the distribution of sea and land has been immensely various in different epochs of the unmeasured ages which have been occupied in the formation of our existing world. And it may be urged from this that no argument on the methods of dispersion can be based with safety upon that distribution as it now is. There is not much force, however, in this plea. For it is equally true that the evidence afforded by geology is in favor of the very great antiquity of the principal land-masses, and of the great oceanic hollows which now divide them. The antiquity of these is almost certainly much greater than the antiquity of man. The fauna and the flora of the principal continents indicate them to have been separated since a period in the development, or in the creation of species, long anterior to any probable estimate of the time of man's appearance. Even if that appearance dates from the Miocene epoch in geology—which is an extreme supposition—no great difference in the problem of the dispersion of our species would arise. Since that time indeed it is certain that great subsidences and elevations of land have taken place. But

although these changes have greatly altered the outlines of sea and land along the shores of Europe and of America, there is no reason to believe that they could have materially affected, either injuriously or otherwise, the earlier migrations of mankind.

But although the peculiar physical geography of the globe makes it easy to understand how, from a single centre, it must have been quite possible for a creature with the peculiar powers and faculties of man to distribute himself, as he has actually been found distributed over every habitable region of the world, it is most important to observe the very adverse conditions to which, in the course of this distribution, particular portions of the human family must have been, and to which we do now find them actually exposed.

The "New World"—the American continent—is that which presents the most uninterrupted stretch of habitable land from the highest northern to the lowest southern latitude. No part of it was without human inhabitants when the civilized children of the Old World first came upon it, and when, from its mountain tops, they first "stared on the Pacific." On its extreme north there was the Eskimo or Inuit race, maintaining human life under conditions of extremest hardship, even amid the perpetual ice of the Polar regions. On the extreme south—at the opposite extremity of the great American continent—there were the inhabitants of Cape Horn and of the island off it, both of which project their desolate rocks into another of the most inhospitable climates of the world. Let us take this case first—because it is a typical one, and because it happens that we have from a master-hand a description of these people, and a suggestion of the questions which they raise. The natives of Tierra del Fuego are one of the most degraded among the races of mankind. How could they be otherwise? "Their country," says Mr. Darwin, "is a broken mass of wild rocks, lofty hills, and useless forests; and these are viewed through mists and endless storms. The habitable land is reduced to the stones of the beach. In search of food they are compelled to wander unceasingly from spot to spot; and so steep is the coast that they can



only move about in their wretched canoes." They are habitual cannibals, killing and eating their old women before they kill their dogs, for the sufficient reason, as explained by themselves, "Doggies catch others: old women, no." Of some of these people who came round the *Beagle* in their canoes the same author says: "These were the most wretched and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. They were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbor not far distant, a woman who was suckling a new-born child, came one day alongside the vessel and remained there out of mere curiosity, while the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby. These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world." Such are the facts, or one aspect of the facts, connected with this people. But there are other facts, or another aspect of the same facts, not less important, which we have on the same evidence. Beneath this crust of savagery lay all the perfect attributes of humanity—ready to be developed the moment the unfavorable conditions of Fuegian life were exchanged for conditions which were different. Captain Fitzroy had, in 1830, carried off some of these poor people to England, where they were taught the arts and the habits of civilization. Of one of those who was taken back to his own country in the *Beagle*, Mr. Darwin tells us that "his intellect was good," and of another that he had a "nice disposition."

Let us look now at the questions which the low condition of the Fuegians suggests to Mr. Darwin. "While beholding these savages, one asks whence have they come? What could have tempted, or what change compelled, a tribe of men to leave the fine regions of the North, to travel down the Cordillera or backbone of America, to invent and

build canoes which are not used by the tribes of Chili, Peru, and Brazil, and then to enter one of the most inhospitable countries within the limits of the globe?"

These questions of Mr. Darwin, it will be observed, assume that man is not indigenous in *Tierra del Fuego*. They assume that he has come from elsewhere into that savage country. They assume farther that his access to it has been by land. They assume that the progenitors of the Fuegians who first came there were not skilled navigators like the crew of the *Beagle*, able to traverse the Atlantic or the Pacific in their widest and stormiest expanse. These assumptions are surely safe. But these being accepted, it follows that the ancestors of the Fuegians must have come from the North, and must have passed down the whole length, or a great part of the length, of the American continent. In other words, they must have come from regions which are highly favored into regions of extremest rigor. If external circumstances have any influence upon the condition of man, this great change cannot have been without effect. Accordingly, Mr. Darwin at once, instinctively as it were, connects the utter savagery of the Fuegians with the wretched conditions of their present home. "How little," he says, "can the higher powers of the mind be brought into play! What is there for imagination to picture, for reason to compare, for judgment to decide upon." It is in perfect accordance with this view that on every side of them, and in proportion as we pass northwards from their wretched country, we find that the tribes of South America are less wretched, and better acquainted with the simpler arts. None of the depressing and stupefying conditions which attach to the present home of the Fuegians can be alleged of the regions in which some distant ancestors of the Fuegians must have lived. In Chili, in Peru, in Brazil, in Mexico, there are boundless tracts in which every condition of nature, soil, climate, and productions, are comparatively as favorable to men as they are unfavorable on the desolate shores of Cape Horn and *Tierra del Fuego*. Yet one or other of these many well-favored regions must have been on the line of march by which

the Fuegian shores were reached. One and all of them present attractions which must have induced a long encampment, and must have made them the home of many generations. Why was that march ever resumed in a direction so uninviting and pursued to a destination so desolate and so miserable?

But the moment we come to ask this question in respect to the Fuegians, we find that it is a question which arises equally out of the position and life of many other portions of the human family. The northern extremity of the American continent presents exactly the same problem as the southern. If it is impossible to suppose that man was first created, or born, or developed in *Tierra del Fuego*, it is not less impossible to suppose that he made his first appearance on the frozen shores of *Baffin's Bay*. Watching at the blow-hole of a seal for many hours in a temperature  $75^{\circ}$  below the freezing point, is the constant work of the Inuit hunter. And when at last his prey is struck, it is his greatest luxury to feast upon the raw blood and blubber. To civilized man it is hardly possible to conceive a life so wretched, and in some aspects at least so brutal, as the life led by this race during the continual night of the Arctic winter. Not even the most extravagant theorists as regards the possible plurality of human origins can believe that there was a separate Eskimo Adam. Man, therefore, is as certainly an immigrant into the dreary regions round the pole as he is an immigrant into the desolations of *Cape Horn*. But the whole conditions of his life there are necessarily determined by the rigors of the climate. They are conditions in which civilization, as it has been here defined, is impossible. And the importance of that definition is singularly apparent in the case of the Eskimo. Although essentially uncivilized, he is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a savage. Many of the characteristics usually associated with that word are altogether wanting in the Eskimo. They are a gentle, inoffensive, hospitable, and truthful race. They are therefore a conspicuous example of the fallacy of supposing that there is any necessary connection between a backward condition of knowledge in the useful arts, and violent dispositions, or

ferocious and cruel habits. Men are not necessarily savage because they may use flint hatchets, or because they may point their arrows and their spears with bone. Nevertheless, the condition of the Eskimo, although not savage, is almost the type of the merely uncivilized condition of mankind. It is a condition in which not more than a few families can ever live together, and in which therefore large communities cannot be formed. A few simple and some very curious rules of ownership are all that can represent among them the great law-giving instinct which lives in man. Agriculture cannot be practised, nor even the pasturing of flocks and herds. Without fuel, beyond the oil which feeds their feeble lamps, or a few stray logs of drift timber, the Eskimo can have no access to the metals, which in such a country could not be reduced from their ores, even if these ores were themselves obtainable. The useful arts are, therefore, strictly limited to the devising and making of canoes and of weapons of the chase. There is no domestic animal except the dog, and dogs too, like their masters, must have been brought from elsewhere. These are all conditions which exclude the first elements of what we understand by civilization. But every one of these conditions must have been different with the progenitors of the Eskimo. If they were immigrants into the regions within the Arctic Circle, they must have come from the more temperate regions of the South. They must have been surrounded there by all the natural advantages of which their descendants are now deprived. To what extent these ancestors of the Eskimo may have profited by their very different and more favored position, we cannot know. They may have practised such simple agriculture as was practised by the most ancient races which have left their traces in the Swiss Lake dwellings. They may have been nomads, living on their flocks and herds, as the Laplanders and Siberians actually are who in the Old World live in latitudes only a little farther south. They may have been people who, like the ancient but unknown Mound-builders in the Southern and Western States of America, had developed a comparatively high civilization. But one thing is cer-

tain, that they must have lived a life wholly different from the life of the Eskimo, and that they must have had completely different habits. Whatever arts the father knew, suited to more genial climates, could not fail to be forgotten by the children, in a country where the practice of them was impossible.

The same question, therefore, which Darwin asks in respect to the inhabitants of the extreme south of the American continent, arises in respect to the inhabitants of its extreme north—What can have induced any people to travel along that continent in a direction more and more inhospitable, and at last to settle in a country where nearly one-half the year is night, and where, even during the short summer, both sea and land are mainly occupied by ice and snow?

But, again, we are reminded that there are other cases of a similar kind. The African continent does not extend so far south as to reach a severe southern latitude. In that continent, accordingly, beyond the frequent occurrence of deserts, there is nothing seriously to impede the migrations of man from its northern towards its southern extremity; nor is there anything there to subject them when they had reached it to the worst conditions. Accordingly we do not find that the predominant native races of Southern Africa rank low in the scale of humanity. Those among them, however, which are or were the lowest in that scale, were precisely those who occupied the most unfavorable portion of the country and are known as Bushmen. Of these it is well ascertained that they are not a distinct race, but of kindred origin with the Hottentots, who were by no means so degraded. On the whole, therefore, the question how men could ever have been induced to live where we actually find them, does not press for an answer so much in respect to any part of the continent of Africa, with the exception of a few tribes whose present habitat is exceptionally unfavorable.

There is, however, another case of difficulty in respect to the distribution of mankind, which in some respects is even more remarkable than the case of the Fuegians, or the case of the Eskimo. We have seen that the great Asiatic

continent, though it does not itself extend beyond latitudes which are favorable to human settlement, is practically prolonged through a continuous chain of islands into the regions of Australasia. Every part of those regions was found to be inhabited when they were discovered by civilized man; and it is universally admitted that the natives of Australia, and the natives of Tasmania, are or were (for the Tasmanians are now extinct) among the very lowest of all the families of man. Now the physical conditions of the great islands of Australasia are in many respects the most remarkable on the surface of the globe. Their peculiar fauna and flora prove them to be of great antiquity as islands in the geological history of the earth. That is to say—their beasts, and their birds, and their vegetation are so widely separate from those of all other regions, that during long ages of the total time which has elapsed since they first appeared above the ocean, they must have been as separate as they are now from all other habitable lands. Their beasts are, indeed, related—closely related—to forms which have existed during certain epochs in many other portions of the earth's surface. But those epochs are so distant, that we are carried back in our search for creatures like them to the times of the Secondary Rocks—to the horizon of the Oolite. Speaking of the poverty and of the extremely isolated character of the Australian Mammalia, Mr. Wallace says: "This class affords us the most certain proofs that no part of the country has been united to the Asiatic continent since the latter part of the Mesozoic period of geology."\* Of the vast series of creatures which elsewhere have been created, or born, or developed, since that epoch, including all the higher members of the mammalian class, not one existed in Australasia until they were introduced by Europeans. Among the grasses there were none which by cultivation could be developed into cereals. Among the beasts there was not one which was capable of domestication. There were no apes or monkeys; no oxen, antelopes, or deer; no ele-

\* "Australasia," by Alfred R. Wallace, p. 51.

phants, rhinoceroses, or pigs; no cats, wolves, or bears; none even of the smaller civets or weasels; no hedgehogs or shrews; no hares, squirrels, or porcupines, or dormice.\* There was not even a native dog; and the only approach to, or representative of, that wonderful animal, was a low, marsupial beast, which is a mere biting machine, incapable of affection for a master, and incapable even of recognizing the hand that feeds it. In the whole of Australia, with the exception of a few mice, there was not one single mammal which did not belong to this low marsupial class, while some others belonged to a class still lower in the scale of organization, the class called Monotremata. Strange forms astonished our first explorers, such as the ornithorynchus and the echidna—forms which combined features elsewhere widely separated in the animal kingdom—the bills of birds, the spines of porcupines, the fur of otters, and the feet of moles. Nothing analogous to these relics of an extinct fauna had been known to survive in any other part of the world. Yet in the midst of this strange assemblage of creatures, without any representative of the animals which elsewhere surround him, the familiar form of man appeared, low, indeed, in his condition, but with all the inalienable characteristics of his race. It is true, that everywhere the gap which separates man from the lower animals is enormous. Nothing bridges, or comes near to bridging it. It is a gap which has been well called a gulf. But in Australasia the breadth and depth of this gulf is rendered more conspicuous by the association of man with a series of animals absolutely wanting in those higher members of the mammalian class which elsewhere minister to his wants, and the use of which is among the first elements of a civilized condition. Alone everywhere, and separate from other beings, man is most conspicuously alone in those strange and distant lands where his high organization is in contact with nothing nearer to itself than the low marsupial brain.

To those who connect the origin of man with the theory of development or

evolution, in any shape or in any form, these peculiar circumstances respecting the fauna of Australasia indicate beyond all doubt that man is not there indigenous. They stamp him as an immigrant in those regions—a wanderer from other lands. Nor will this conclusion be less assuredly held by those who believe that in some special sense man has been created. There is something more than an incongruity in supposing that there was a separate Tasmanian Adam. The belief that the creation of man has been a special work is not inconsistent with the belief that in the time, and in the circumstances, and in the method of this work, it had a definite relation to the previous course and history of creation—so that man did not appear until all these lower animals had been born, which were destined to minister to his necessities, and to afford him the means and opportunities for that kind of development which is peculiarly his own. On the contrary, this doctrine of the previous creation of the lower animals, which is, perhaps, more firmly established on the facts of science than any other respecting the origin of man, is a doctrine fitting closely into the fundamental conceptions which inspire the belief that man has been produced by operations as exceptional as their result. And so it is, that when we see men inhabiting lands destitute of all the higher mammalia, which are elsewhere his servants or companions—destitute even of those productions of the vegetable kingdom, which alone repay the cultivation of the soil, we conclude with certainty that he is there a wanderer from some distant lands, where the work of creation had been carried farther, and where the conditions of surrounding nature were such as to afford him the conditions of a home.

We see, then, that the question asked by Mr. Darwin, in respect to the Fuegians, is a question arising equally in respect to all the races who inhabit regions of the globe, which from any cause present conditions highly unfavorable to man. Just as Mr. Darwin asked, what could have induced tribes to travel down the American continent to a climate so rigorous as Cape Horn?—just as we have asked, on the same principle, what could have induced men to

\* "Australasia," by Alfred R. Wallace, p. 51.



travel along the same continent in an opposite direction till they reached and settled within the Arctic Circle?—so now we have to ask, what could have induced men to travel from Asia, or from the rich and splendid islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and to take up their abode in Australasia?

In every one of these cases the change has been greatly for the worse. It has been a change not only involving comparative disadvantages, but positive disabilities—affecting the fundamental elements of civilization, and subjecting those who underwent that change to deteriorating influences of the most powerful kind.

It follows from these considerations as a necessary consequence that the present condition of the Australian, or the recent condition of the Tasmanian, cannot possibly be any trustworthy indication of the condition of their ancestors, when they lived in more favored regions. The same argument applies to them which, as we have seen, applies to the Fuegians and the Eskimo. If all these families of mankind are the descendants of men, who at some former time inhabited countries wholly different in climate, and in productions, and in all the facilities which these afford for the development of the special faculties of the race, it is in the highest degree improbable that a change of habitat so great should have been without a corresponding effect upon those over whom it passed. Nor is it a matter of doubt or mere speculation that this effect must have been in the highest degree unfavorable. The conclusion, therefore, to which we are led is, that such races as those which inhabit Australasia, are indeed the results of development, or of evolution—but of the development of unfavorable conditions, and of the evolution of the natural effects of these. Instead of assuming them to be the nearest living representatives of primeval man we should be more safe in assuming them to represent the widest departure from that earliest condition of our race which, on the theory of development, must of necessity have been associated at first with the most highly favorable conditions of external nature.

Of one thing, at least, we may be tolerably certain respecting the causes

which have led to this extreme dispersion of mankind to inhospitable regions, at a vast distance from any possible centre of their birth. The first Fuegian was not impelled to Cape Horn by the same motives which impelled Mr. Darwin to visit that country in the *Beagle*. The first Eskimo, who wintered on the shores of Baffin's Bay, was not induced to do so for the same reasons which led to the expeditions of Back, of Franklin, or of Rae. The first inhabitants of Australasia did not voyage there under conditions similar to those which attended the voyages of Tasman or of Cook. We cannot suppose that those distant shores were first colonized by men possessed with the genius, and far advanced in the triumphs of modern civilization. Still less can we suppose that they went there under the influence of that last development of man's intellectual nature, which leads him to endure almost any suffering in the cause of purely scientific investigation.

Nor is this the only solution of the difficulty which seems to be absolutely excluded by the circumstances of the case. Within the historical period, and in the dim centuries which lie immediately beyond it, we know that many lands have been occupied by conquering races coming from a distance. Sometimes they came to subdue tribes which had long preceded them in occupation, but which were ruder, as well as weaker, than themselves. Sometimes, as in the case of the northern nations bursting in upon the Roman Empire, they came to overthrow a civilization which had once been, and in many ways still was, much higher than their own, but which the progress of development in a wrong direction had sunk in degradation and decay. Sometimes they came simply to colonize new lands, at least as favored, and generally much more favored, than their own—bringing with them all the resources of which they were possessed—their flocks and herds, their women and children, as well as their warriors with chariots and horses. Such was the case with some of those nations which at various times have held their sway from Central Asia into Eastern and Central Europe. They were nations on the march. But no movement of a like kind has taken place for many centu-

ries. Lastly, we have the emigrations of our own day, when civilized men, carrying with them all the knowledge, all the requirements, and all the materials of an advanced civilization, have landed in countries which by means of these could be made fit for settlement, and could be converted into the seats of agriculture and of commerce.

Not one of these cases can reasonably be supposed to have been the case of the first arrival of man in Australasia. The natural disadvantages of the country, as compared with the richness and abundance of the regions from which he must have come, or which were on his southward line of march, preclude the supposition that men were attracted to it by natural objects of desire. We know by experience that if the first settlers had been in a condition to bring with them the higher animals which abound in Asia, these animals would have flourished in Australia as they now do. And so also, with reference to the cereals—if these had ever been introduced, the modern Australians would not have been wholly without them, and would not have been compelled to live so much on the lowest kinds of animal and vegetable food—on fish, lizards, grubs, snakes, and the roots of ferns.

There is, however, one answer to Mr. Darwin's question, which satisfies all the conditions of the case. There is one explanation, and only one, of the dispersion of the human race to the uttermost extremities of the habitable globe. The secret lies in that great law which Malthus was the first to observe and to establish—the law, namely, that population is always pressing on the limits of subsistence. There is a constant tendency to multiplication beyond those limits. And, among the many consequences of this tendency, the necessity of dispersion stands first and foremost. It is true, indeed, that under some conditions, such as those which have been already indicated, the most energetic races, or the most energetic individuals, have been those who moved. But under many other conditions the advantage has been in favor of those who stayed. Quarrels and wars between tribe and tribe, induced by the mere increase of numbers, and by consequent pressure upon the means of liv-

ing, have been always, ever since man existed, driving the weaker individuals and the weaker families farther and farther from the original settlements of mankind.

Then one great argument remains. In the nature of things the original settlements of man must of necessity have been the most highly favored in the conditions he requires. If, on the commonly received theory of development, those conditions produced him, they must have reached, at the time when, and in the place where he arose, the very highest degree of perfect adaptation. He must have been happy in the circumstances in which he found himself placed, and presumably he must have been contented to remain there. Equally on the theory of man being a special creation, we must suppose that when weakest and most ignorant he must have been placed in what was to him a garden—that is to say, in some region where the fruits of the earth were abundant and easily accessible. Whether this region were wide or narrow, he would not naturally leave it except from necessity. On every possible supposition, therefore, as to the origin of man, those who in the dispersion of the race were first subjected to hard and unfavorable conditions would naturally be those who had least strength to meet them, and upon whom they would have accordingly the most depressing effect. This is a process of natural rejection which is the inseparable correlative of the process of natural selection. It tends to development in a wrong direction by the combined action of two different circumstances which are inherent in the nature of the case. First, it must be always the weaker men who are driven out from comfortable homes; and, secondly, it must be always to comparatively unfavorable regions that they are compelled to fly. Under the operation of causes so combined as these, it would be strange, indeed, if the physical and mental condition of the tribes which have been exposed to them should remain unchanged. It is true, indeed, that adverse conditions, if they be not too severe, may develop energy, and result in the establishment of races of special hardihood. And in many cases this has been the actual result.

But, on the other hand, if physical conditions be as insuperable as those which prevail in Tierra del Fuego or in Baffin's Bay; or if, though less severe than these, they are nevertheless too hard to be overcome by the resources at the disposal of the men who are driven to encounter them, then the battle of life becomes a losing one. Under such circumstances, degradation is unavoidable. As surely as the progress of man is the result of opportunity, that is to say, as surely as it is due to the working of his faculties under stimulating and favoring conditions, so surely must he descend in the scale of intelligence and of culture, when that opportunity is taken from him, and when these faculties are placed under conditions where they have no call to work.

It is, then, easy to see some at least of the external circumstances which, first, in the natural course of things, would bring an adverse influence to bear upon mankind. Here we are on firm ground, because we know the law from which comes the necessity of migrations, and the force which has propelled successive generations of men farther and farther in ever widening circles round the original centre or centres of their birth. Then, as it would be always the feebler tribes which would be driven from the ground which has become overstocked, and as the lands to which they went forth were less and less hospitable in climate and productions, the struggle for life would be always harder. And so it would generally happen, in the natural course of things, that the races which were driven farthest would become the rudest and the most engrossed in the pursuits of mere animal existence.

Accordingly, we find that this key of principle fits into and explains many of those facts in the distribution and condition of mankind, which, in the case of the Fuegians, excited the wonder and curiosity of Darwin. In the light of this explanation, these facts seem to take form and order. It is a fact that the lowest and rudest tribes in the population of the globe have been found, as we have seen, at the farthest extremities of its larger continents—or in the distant islands of its great oceans, or among the hills and forests which in every land

have been the last refuge of the victims of violence and misfortune. Those extreme points of land which in both hemispheres extend into severe latitudes are not the only portions of the globe which are highly unfavorable to man. There are other regions quite as bad, if not, in some respects, even worse. In the dense, uniform, and gloomy forests of the Amazon and Orinoco there are tribes which seem to be among the lowest in the world. It cannot be unconnected with the savagery of the condition to which they have been reduced that we find the remarkable fact that all those regions of tropical America are wholly wanting in the animals which are capable of domestication, and which are inseparable from the earliest traces of human culture. The ox, the horse, and the sheep are all absent—even as regards the genera to which they belong. There are indeed the tapir, the paca, and the curassow turkey, and all these are animals which can be tamed. But none of them will breed in confinement, and the races cannot be established as useful servants of mankind. In contrast with these and with other insuperable disadvantages of men driven into the forests of tropical America, it is instructive to observe that the same races, where free from these disadvantages, were never reduced to the same condition. In Peru the Indian races had the llama, and had also an advanced civilization.\* In India, too, it is always the hill tribes who furnish the least favorable specimens of our race. But in every one of these cases we have the presence of external circumstances and physical conditions which are comparatively unfavorable. It is quite certain that these conditions must have had their own effect. It is equally certain that the races which have been subject to them for a long and indefinite time must have been once under the influence of conditions much more favorable; and the inevitable conclusion follows, that the savagery and degradation of their existing state is to a great extent the result of development in a wrong direction.

There are other arguments all pointing the same way, the force of which

\* "Naturalist on the Amazons," Bates, vol. 1. pp. 191-3.

cannot be fully estimated, except by those who are familiar with some of the fundamental conceptions which seem to rise unbidden in the mind from the facts which geology has revealed touching the history of creation. One of these facts is that each new organic form, or each new variety of birth, seems to have been introduced with a wonderful energy of life. It is needless to repeat that this fact stands in close connection with every possible theory of evolution. If these new forms were the product of favoring conditions, the prevalence of these conditions would start them with force upon their way. The initial energy would be great. Where every condition was favorable—so favorable indeed that the new birth is assumed to have been nothing but their natural result—then the newly-born would be strong and lusty. And such, accordingly, is the act in that record of creation which palæontology affords. The vigor which prevails in the youth of an individual is but the type of the vigor which has always prevailed in new and rising species. All the complex influences which led to their being born, led also to their being fat and flourishing. That which caused them to arise at all must have had the effect of causing them to prevail. The condition of all the lowest races of men is in absolute contrast with everything which this law demands. Everywhere, and in everything, they exhibit all the characteristics of an energy which is spent—of a force which has declined—of a vitality which has been arrested. In numbers they are stationary, or dwindling; in mind they are feeble and uninventive; in habits they are stupid or positively suicidal.

It is another symptom of a wrong development being the real secret of their condition that the lowest of them seem to have lost even the power to rise. Though individually capable of learning what civilized men have taught them, yet as races they have been invariably scorched by the light of civilization, and have withered before it like a plant whose roots have failed. The power of assimilation seems to have departed, as it always does depart from an organism which is worn out. This has not been the result with races which, though very barbarous, have never sunk below

the pastoral or the agricultural stage. It is remarkable that the Indian races of North America are perhaps the highest which have exhibited this fatal and irredeemable incapacity to rise; and it is precisely in their case that we have the most direct evidence of degradation by development in a wrong direction. There are abundant remains of a very ancient American civilization, which was marked by the construction of great public works and by the development of an indigenous agriculture founded on the maize, which is a cereal indigenous to the continent of America. This civilization was subsequently destroyed or lost, and then succeeded a period in which man relapsed into partial barbarism. The spots which had been first forest, then, perhaps, sacred monuments, and thirdly, cultivated ground, relapsed into forest once more.\* So strong is this evidence of degradation having affected the population of a great part of the American continent, that the distinguished author from whom these words are quoted, and who generally represents the savage as the nearest living representative of primeval man, is obliged to ask, "What fatal cause destroyed this earlier civilization? Why were these fortifications forsaken—these cities in ruins? How were the populous nations which once inhabited the rich American valleys reduced to the poor tribes of savages whom the European found there? Did the North and South once before rise up in arms against one another? Did the terrible appellation, the 'Dark and Bloody Land,' applied to Kentucky commemorate these ancient wars?"† Whatever may have been the original cause, the process of degradation has been going on within the historic period. When Europeans first came in contact with the Indian tribes, there was more agriculture among them than there is now. They have long descended to the condition of pure hunters. The most fundamental of all the elements of a civilized and settled life—the love and practice of agriculture—has been lost. Development in the wrong direction had done its work. There is no insoluble mystery

\* Lubbock, "Prehistoric Times," p. 234.

† Ibid., p. 236.



in this result. It is, in all probability, if indeed it be not certainly, attributable, to one cause, that of internecine and devastating wars. And these again are the result of a natural and universal instinct which has its own legitimate fields of operation, but which like all other human instincts is liable to degenerate into a destructive passion. The love of dominion is strong in all men, and it has ever been strongest in the strongest races. But the love of fighting and of conquest very often does sink into a mere lust of blood. The natural rivalry of different communities may become such implacable hatred as to be satisfied with nothing short of the extermination of an enemy. Inspired by this passion, particular races or tribes have sometimes acquired a power and a ferocity in fighting, against which other tribes of a much higher character and of a much more advanced civilization have been unable to contend.

This is no fancy picture. It is a mistake to suppose that the decline of civilization in the American continent has been due to the invasion of it by Europeans since the discovery of Columbus. Just as the older civilization of that continent was an indigenous civilization founded on the cultivation of a cereal peculiar to the American continent, so also does the decay and loss of this civilization seem to have been a purely indigenous decay. Mr. Wilson, in his very interesting work on "Prehistoric Man," gives an account of the process by which barbarism has been actually seen extending among the Red Indian tribes. When the valley of the St. Lawrence first came under the observation of Europeans, some of those tribes were found to be leading a settled life, practising agriculture, and constituting communities in possession of all the elements of a civilization fairly begun, or probably long inherited. The destruction of these communities was effected by the savage hostility of one or two particular tribes, such as the Iriquois and the Mohawks. In these tribes the lust of blood had been developed into an absorbing passion, so that their very name became a terror and a scourge. Wholly given up to war as a pursuit, their path was red with blood, and the more peaceful and civilized branches of

the same stock were driven, a scanty remnant, into forests and marshes, where their condition was necessarily reduced to that of savages, living wholly by the chase. It is a curious and instructive fact that this sequence of events was so vividly and painfully remembered among some of the Red Indian tribes that it had become embodied in a religious myth. It was said that in old times the Indians were increasing so fast that they were threatened with want, and that the Great Spirit then taught them to make war, and thus to thin one another's numbers.\* Although this myth stands in very close connection with the universal tradition of a golden age, or of a past in some measure better than the present, it is remarkable on account of the specific cause which it assigns for deterioration and decay, a cause in respect to which we have historical evidence of its actual effects. When the great French navigator, Cartier, first explored the St. Lawrence in 1534-5, he ascended to that point of its course whence the city of Montreal now looks down upon its vast and splendid prospect of fertile lands and of rushing waters. He found it occupied by the Indian town of Hochelaga—inhabited by a comparatively civilized people, busy not only in fishing or in hunting, but also in a successful husbandry. The town was strongly fortified, and it was surrounded by cultivated ground. Within one hundred and seven years—some time between 1535 and 1642—Hochelaga had utterly disappeared, with all its population, and all its culture. It had been destroyed by wars, and its site had returned to forest or to bush. To this day when men dig the foundations of new houses in Montreal they dig up the flint implements of the Hochelagans, which, although about 350 years old, may now be reckoned by the scientific anthropologist as relics of the "Stone Age,"† and of an ancient universal savagery. The same course of things prevailed over the greater part of Canada. During the first half of the seventeenth century a large part of the valley of the St. Lawrence, and vast tracts of country on both shores of the

\* "Fossil Men," Principal Dawson, p. 47. Montreal, 1880.

† Ibid., pp. 29-42.

great Lakes, are known to have been devastated by exterminating wars. In 1626 a Jesuit missionary penetrated into the settlement of a tribe called the Atti-wenderonks. He found them inhabiting towns and villages, and largely cultivating tobacco, maize, and beans. The country inhabited by the tribe which has left its name in Lake Erie, is stated to have been greatly more extensive, and is everywhere covered with the marks of a similar stage of civilization. Within less than thirty years another missionary found the whole of these regions a silent desert. In like manner the country round Lake Huron was, at the same period of time, seen to be full of populous villages defended by walls, and surrounded by cultivated fields. But the same fate befell them.\* They were extirpated by the Mohawks.

Here then we see in actual operation, within very recent times, a true cause—which is quite capable of producing the effects which, by some means or another, have certainly been produced—and that, too, on the largest scale—upon the American continent. It is a cause arising out of one of the universal instincts of mankind, developed in such excess as to become a destructive mania. Many nations most highly civilized have been extremely warlike—and the ambition they have cherished of subduing other nations has been the means of extending over the world their own knowledge of the arts of government, and their own high attainments in the science of jurisprudence. But when the same passion takes possession of ruder men, and is directed by irrational antipathies between rival families and rival tribes, it may be, and has often been, one of the most desolating scourges of humanity. In itself an abuse and a degradation which none of the lower animals exhibit, it tends always to the evolution of further evils, to the complete destruction of civilized communities, or to the reduction of their scanty remnants to the condition and the habits of savage life.

It results from these facts and considerations, gathered over a wide field of observation and experience, that the processes of evolution and development

as they work in man, lead to consequences wholly different from those to which they lead in other departments of creation. There, they tend always in one of two directions, both of which are directions predetermined and in perfect harmony with the unity of nature. One of these directions is that of perfect success, the other of these directions is that of speedy extinction. Among the lower animals, when a new form appears, it suits exactly its surrounding conditions; and when it ceases to do so it ceases to survive. Or if it does survive it lives by change, by giving birth to something new, and by ceasing to be identical with its former self. So far as we can actually see the past work of development among the beasts, it is a work which has always led either to rapid multiplication or to rapid extinction. There is no alternative. But in man the processes of evolution lead in a great variety of directions—some of them tending more or less directly to the elevation of the creature, but others of them tending very speedily and very powerfully to its degradation. In some men they have led to an intellectual and moral standing, of which we can conceive it to be true that it is only a "little lower than the angels." In others they have ended in a condition of which it is too evidently true that it is a great deal lower than the condition of the beasts.

We can get, however, a great deal nearer towards the understanding of this anomaly than the mere recognition of it as a fact. Hitherto we have been dealing only with one of the two great causes of change—namely, that of unfavorable external or physical conditions. Let us now look at the other—namely, the internal nature and character of man. We can see how it is that, when working under certain conditions, the peculiar powers of man must lead to endless developments in a wrong direction. Foremost among these powers is the gift of reason. I speak here of reason not as the word is often used, to express a great variety of powers, but as applied to the logical faculty alone. In this restricted sense, the gift of reason is nothing more than the gift of seeing the necessity or the natural consequences of things—whether these be things said or

\* "Prehistoric Man," Dan. Wilson, pp. 359, 60.

things done. It is the faculty by which, consciously or unconsciously, we go through the mental process expressed in the word "therefore." It is the faculty which confers on us a true gift of prophecy—the power of foreseeing that which "must shortly come to pass." In its practical application to conduct, and to the affairs of life, it is the gift by which we see the means which will secure for us certain ends, whether these ends be the getting of that which we desire, or the avoiding of that which we dread. But in its root, and in its essence, as well as in its application to the abstract reasoning of mathematics, it is simply the faculty by which we see one proposition as involving, or as following from another. The power of such a faculty obviously must be, as it actually is, immeasurable and inexhaustible, because there is no limit to this kind of following. That is to say, there is no end to the number of things which are the consequence of each other. Whatever happens in the world is the result of causes, moral or material, which have gone before, and this result again becomes the cause of other consequences, moral or material, which must follow in their turn. It is a necessary result of the unity of nature, and of the continuity of things, that the links of consequence are the links of an endless chain. It is the business of reason to see these links as they come one by one gradually into view; and it is in the nature of a reasoning creature to be drawn along by them in the line, whatever it may be, which is the line of their direction. The distance which may be traversed in following that direction even for a short time, and by a single mind, is often very great—so great that a man may be, and often is, a different being from himself, both in opinions and in conduct, at two different epochs of his life. There are, indeed, individuals, and there are times and conditions of society, in which thought is comparatively stagnant, when it travels nowhere, or when its movements are so slow and gradual as to be imperceptible. But, on the other hand, there are times when mind is on the march. And then it travels fast and far. The journey is immense indeed, which may be accomplished by a few successive generations of men following,

one after the other, the links of consequence. At the end of such a journey, the children may be separated from their fathers by more than the breadth of oceans. They may have passed into new regions of thought and of opinion, of habit and of worship. If the movement has been slow, and if the time occupied has been long, it will be all the more difficult to retrace the steps by which the change has been brought about. It will appear more absolute and complete than it really is—the new regions of thought being in truth connected with the old by a well-beaten and continuous track.

But these endless processes of development arising out of the operation of the reasoning faculty, are consistent with any result—good or bad. Whether the great changes they produce have been for the better or for the worse, must depend, not on the length of the journey, but on the original direction in which it was begun. It depends on whether that direction has been right or wrong—on whether the road taken has been the logical development of a truth, or the logical development of a lie. The one has a train of consequences as long and as endless as the other. It is the nature of the reasoning faculty that it works from data. But these data are supplied to it from many different sources. In the processes of reasoning on which the abstract sciences depend, the fundamental data are axioms or self-evident propositions. These may, in a sense, be said to be supplied by the reasoning faculty itself, because the recognition of a truth as self-evident is in itself an exercise of the reasoning faculty. But in all branches of knowledge, other than the abstract sciences, that is to say, in every department of thought which most nearly concerns our conduct and our beliefs, the data on which reason has to work are supplied to it from sources external to itself. In matters of belief, they come, for the most part, from authority, in some one or other of its many forms, or from imagination working according to its own laws upon impressions received from the external world. In matters of conduct, the data supplied to reason come from all the innumerable motives which are founded on the desires. But in all these differ-

ent provinces of thought it is the tendency and the work of reason to follow the proposition, or the belief, or the motive, to all its consequences. Unless, therefore, the proposition is really as true as it seems to be; unless the belief is really according to the fact; unless the motive is really legitimate and good, it is the necessary effect of the logical faculty to carry men farther and farther into the paths of error, until it lands them in depths of degradation and corruption of which unreasoning creatures are incapable. It is astonishing how reasonable—that is to say, how logical—are even the most revolting practices connected, for example, with religious worship or religious customs, provided we accept as true some fundamental conception of which they are the natural result. If it be true that the God we worship is a Being who delights in suffering and takes pleasure, as it were, in the very smell of blood, then it is not irrational to appease Him with hecatombs of human victims. This is an extreme case. There are, however, such cases, as we know, actually existing in the world. But, short of this, the same principle is illustrated in innumerable cases, where cruel and apparently irrational customs are in reality nothing but the logical consequences of some fundamental belief respecting the nature, the character, and the commands of God. In like manner, in the region of morals and of conduct not directly connected with religious beliefs, reason may be nothing but the servant of desire, and in this service may have no other work to do than that of devising means to the most wicked ends. If the doctrine given to reason be the doctrine that pleasure and self-indulgence, at whatever sacrifice to others, are the great aims and ends of life, then reason will be busy in seeking out "many inventions" for the attainment of them, each invention being more advanced than another in its defiance of all obligation and in its abandonment of all sense of duty. Thus the development of selfishness under the guidance of faculties which place at its command the great powers of foresight and contrivance, is a kind of development quite as natural and quite as common as that which constitutes the growth of knowl-

edge and of virtue. It is indeed a development which, under the condition supposed—that is to say, the condition of false or erroneous data supplied to the reasoning faculty—is not an accident or a contingency, but a necessary and inevitable result.

And here there is one very curious circumstance to be observed, which brings us still closer to the real seat of the anomaly which makes man in so many ways the one great exception to the order of nature. That circumstance is the helplessness of mere reason to correct the kind of error which is most powerful in vitiating conduct. In those processes of abstract reason which are the great instruments of work in the exact sciences, the reasoning faculty has the power of very soon detecting any element of error in the data from which it starts. That any given proposition leads to an absurd result is one of the familiar methods of disproof in mathematics. That one of only two alternatives is proved to be absurd is conclusive demonstration that the other must be true. In this way reason corrects her own operations, for the faculty which recognizes one proposition as evidently absurd, is the same faculty which recognizes another proposition as evidently true. It is, indeed, because of its contradicting something evidently true, or something which has been already proved to be true, that the absurd result is seen to be absurd. It is in this way that, in the exact sciences, erroneous data are being perpetually detected, and the sources of error are being perpetually eliminated. But reason seems to have no similar power of detecting errors in the data which are supplied to it from other departments of thought. In the developments, for example, of social habits, and of the moral sentiments on which these principally depend, no results, however extravagant or revolting, are at all certain of being rejected because of their absurdity. No practice however cruel, no custom however destructive, is sure on account of its cruelty or of its destructiveness to be at once detected and rejected as self-evidently wrong. Reason works upon the data supplied to it by superstition, or by selfish passions and desires, apparently without any power of question-



ing the validity of those data, or, at all events, without any power of immediately recognizing even their most extreme results as evidently false. In religion, at least, it would almost seem as if there were no axiomatic truths which are universally, constantly, and instinctively present to the mind—none at least, which are incapable of being obscured—and which, therefore, inevitably compel it to revolt against every course or every belief inconsistent with them. It is through this agency of erroneous belief that the very highest of our faculties, the sense of obligation, may and does become itself the most powerful of all agents in the development of evil. It consecrates what is worst in our own nature, or whatever of bad has come to be sown in the multitudinous elements which that nature contains. The consequence is, that the gift of reason is the very gift by means of which error in belief, and vice in character, are carried from one stage of development to another, until at last they may, and they often do, result in conditions of life and conduct removed by an immeasurable distance from those which are in accordance with the order and with the analogies of nature.

These are the conditions of life, very much lower, as we have seen, than those which prevail among the brutes, which it is now the fashion to assume to be the nearest type of the conditions from which the human race began its course. They are, in reality and on the contrary, conditions which could not possibly have been reached except after a very long journey. They are the goal at which men have arrived after running for many generations in a wrong direction. They are the result of evolution—they are the product of development. But it is the evolution of germs whose growth is noxious. It is the development of passions and desires, some of which man possesses in common with the brutes, others of which are peculiar to himself, but all of which are in him freed from the guiding limitations which in every other department of nature prevail

among the motive forces of the world, and by means of which alone they work to order.

It is in the absence of these limitations that what is called the free will of man consists. It is not a freedom which is absolute and unconditional. It is not a freedom which is without limitations of its own. It is not a freedom which confers on man the power of acting except on some one or other of the motives which it is in his nature to entertain. But that nature is so infinitely complex, so many-sided, is open to so many influences, and is capable of so many movements, that practically their combinations are almost infinite. His freedom is a freedom to choose among these motives, and to choose what he knows to be the worse instead of the better part. This is the freedom without which there could be no action attaining to the rank of virtue, and this also is the freedom in the wrong exercise of which all vice consists. There is no theoretical necessity that along with this freedom there should be a propensity to use it wrongly. It is perfectly conceivable that such freedom should exist, and that all the desires and dispositions of men should be to use it rightly. Not only is this conceivable, but it is a wonder that it should be otherwise. That a being with powers of mind and capacities of enjoyment rising high above those which belong to any other creature, should, alone of all these creatures, have an innate tendency to use his powers, not only to his own detriment, but even to his own self-torture and destruction, is such an exception to all rule, such a departure from all order, and such a violation of all the reasonableness of nature, that we cannot think too much of the mystery it involves. It is possible that some light may be thrown upon this mystery by following the facts connected with it into one of the principal fields of their display—namely, the history of religion. But this must form the subject of another chapter.—*Contemporary Review*.

## HAROUN ALRASHID.

"Sole star of all that place and time,  
I saw him in his golden prime,  
The good Haroun Alraschid."—*Tennyson*.

How many of us when we read Tennyson's lines take the trouble to think whether Haroun Alrashid is anything more than a name? We recognize him, of course, as a friend of our childhood, along with Aladdin and Sinbad and divers fishermen and genii, sultans and viziers: but these we know are people of Fableland, though none the less good fellows for that. Was Haroun also fabulous? He is not quite so worthy of a place in the country of myths as the great heroes of the "Arabian Nights." He mingles in their society in a subordinate character so far as the story goes, and acts the part of listener and general good providence to the principal actors. We all remember the story of the "Three Ladies of Baghdad" and the wonderful séance at which Haroun assisted, in company with the Porter, the Three Calenders or royal mendicants, and Jaafer the vizier and Mesroor the executioner. Haroun nearly came to an untimely end, but he did nothing to merit it, having, indeed, neither said nor done anything remarkable during the whole evening. It is always the same: Haroun has about as much personality as a Greek chorus, only he does not say anything smart or sagacious; he makes a setting to the picture, provides scene and time for the play, but in himself he is "nothing, and less than nothing and vanity." We care for him because of his friends, we are grateful to him for his performance of the good fairy's part to the deserving hero and heroine; but our affection is interested and relative. We do not love him for himself. He is hardly good enough for the Eastern fairyland; let us depose him and see if he has not a place in that ordinary earthly history, to which indeed great people like the Young King of the Black Islands, or Nooreddeen, or even Azeez and Azeezeh, would not condescend to belong, but which will do well enough for Haroun Alrashid.

It is a great thing for Haroun that he has his colleagues in the "Arabian Nights" to introduce him, for otherwise

no one certainly would care to ask who he was, unless perhaps those misguided persons who, in days of consummate culture and the precious poetry of passion, still believe in the Laureate. So much in Oriental history begins and ends in darkness, so little has been lightened up for us by the initiated, that it needs some courage to plunge into the dreary waste and seek for the bright places—of which, indeed, there are not a few, if we were only told where to find them. Of Haroun Alrashid, however, we do know something. We know his name, though the chances are we mispronounce it; and we know something of his habits—his nightly rambles and hare-brained adventures in company with Jaafer the Barmecide, whose name too is not unknown to a few readers of Lord Houghton's "Palm Leaves," and who has, at least, furnished the expression "a Barmecide feast" to our own language. Let us then start from the little we do know, and see what sort of a man Haroun really was. If any one doubts that the good Caliph was a reality, let him go to the British Museum, or look in the window of a curiosity shop in Oxford Street, and he will see plenty of silver coins bearing, not, indeed, the image, but certainly the superscription of the good Haroun Alrashid. It is true that the coins being in Arabic the force of their evidence will not be immediately apparent to the casual observer, but a translation of the inscriptions will inform him that besides bearing the famous Moslem dogma, "There is no god but God: He is One; He has no equal," and the statement that "In the name of God this piece of silver was struck at such and such a town in such and such a year," the coin presents the "prophetic mission,"—"Mohammed is the Apostle of God,"—and underneath it the name of the caliph, Alrashid, and sometimes that of Jaafer the Barmecide as well. Some of these coins, which are as much Haroun's as our shilling of to-day is Queen Victoria's, may have been once in the caliph's own hand, and, who knows, may have passed through the slim henna-dyed fingers of the fair Portress? At all events they

will convince sceptics of Haroun's historical existence, and will make them the more ready to receive the information which Professor E. H. Palmer, who occupies the Lord Almoner's chair of Arabic at Cambridge, but nevertheless knows how to write good nervous English and can tell a story well, has gathered together in the charming little biography of Haroun Alrashid which Messrs. Marcus Ward have included in their "New Plutarch."\*

Haroun Alrashid was the fifth Abbaside caliph. The origin of the Abbaside caliphate is not very hard to explain. The prophet Mohammed we know died intestate, and appointed no successor. The caliphs, or successors and vicegerents of the Prophet, were therefore elected by popular acclamation. As, however, the religion, and consequently the empire, of Islam was founded among a particularly quarrelsome and rebellious people, it was natural various parties and factions, religious, political, and tribal should arise, and it was not easy to elect a caliph so as to please them all. After the four special friends of the prophet—Abu-bekr, Omar, Othman, and Ali—had successively ruled in his stead, the caliphate was seized by the leader of the Syrian tribes, who came of the old Meccan stock, invariably hostile to Mohammed until he became too powerful for opposition; and the Ommyad caliphs, sprung from this leader, held their court at Damascus for ninety years. But the spirit of disunion, which hardly waited for Mohammed's death to display itself, was at work through all these ninety years, and it became apparent that what had happened before might happen again, and the throne, spiritual and temporal, of the kingdoms of Islam might be seized by a strong chief of faction. Among many orders of discontent, one proved itself sufficiently widespread for the purpose; and a general who espoused the cause of the Persian subjects against their Arab conquerors, and added a religious and personal motive to a national antipathy, found himself in a position to dispossess the now enfeebled Ommyades of the power they had seized, and to place in their stead a representative of the family

of an uncle of Mohammed himself, called Abbas. It is from this uncle that the long line of thirty-seven caliphs, who ruled a gradually-diminishing empire for five centuries, from before Charlemagne's day to the time of our Edward I., obtained the name of Abbaside. Of the Abbaside caliphs, then, thus established, Haroun Alrashid was the fifth; and by his descent from Abbas he was first-cousin five times removed of the Arabian prophet Mohammed.

Haroun came to the throne just before the close of the eighth century of our era, at the age of twenty-two, reigned for twenty-two years, and died before old age came on. It may be fairly said that he enjoyed royalty in a sense that has never been exceeded or even equalled. In the first place he ruled an empire to which Charlemagne's was a mere parish. Haroun's authority was obeyed, Haroun's money circulated, Haroun's taxes were collected, from the borders of India to the Pillars of Hercules; from the wild nomads of Tartary to the harmless Ethiopians; Arab, Persian, Turk, Armenian, Kurd and Jew, Copt and Berber, all obeyed the mandates of the Caliph of Baghdad; in Cairo and Cairowan, Damascus and Bussorah, Shiraz and Merv, Samarkand and Bokhara the same solemn prayer was raised each Friday in the mosques of assembly for the life and salvation of the sovereign lord of them all, body and soul, the good Haroun Alrashid. And Haroun was not only master of the vastest empire the world has seen save Chinghiz Khan's, he was alone in his despotic power; there was no parliament to question his acts; he could coerce a province without passing a bill, and if anybody stood in his way he needed no motion of urgency to remove him; he was free to do whatsoever his soul delighted in, without the leave or criticism of anybody. Public opinion in our sense did not exist; the balance of parties was so perfect that none dared assert itself for fear of the rest; the arguments of the sword and sack were in general force, and no one was strong enough even to protest. Haroun's will or whim was law over a good part of two continents. And he was not only powerful by force of arms: he possessed an authority beyond mortal ambition.

\* Republished by Messrs. Putnam, New York.

He was revered with a devout awe, which no European adherent of divine right ever felt, as the representative of God and His Prophet; he was the Lord's Anointed in the least of his actions, and to criticize them was almost to cavil at the Koran and the Creator of the Seven Heavens himself.

Haroun was naturally not averse to maintaining this view of his divine right in the minds of his faithful subjects, but it is probable that he had a certain amount of sincerity in his religion, at least he doubtless wished to keep on the safe side in the matter of damnation. He used to make the pilgrimage to Mecca—one of the best-deserving deeds of the good Moslem—every other year; and the conditions of pilgrimage across the desert made the pious act no mere form. We cannot wonder that the poet Ibrahim ben Adhem, meeting him by chance on his return from the ceremony of the Kaaba, burst into eulogistic verse:

"Religious gems can ne'er adorn  
The flimsy robe by Pleasure worn:  
Its feeble texture soon would tear  
And give those jewels to the air.

"Thrice happy they who seek th' abode  
Of peace and pleasure in their God!  
Who spurn the world, its joys despise,  
And grasp at bliss beyond the skies."\*

At least this is how Dr. Carlyle rendered the ode at the end of the last century; but scholarship and translation have improved since then, and we must believe that the lines just quoted are rather a paraphrase than a true version. In any case, however, they do the pious caliph too much honor; for what we have to say about him hardly accords with the man who "spurns the world and despises its joys," though it is true enough he would "grasp at bliss," or anything else, in this or any other world.

But all the despotic authority of Haroun, all his sacredness as vicegerent of God, did not secure him an untroubled reign. In truth, hardly a year passed without a revolution in one part or another of his widespread dominions. This year it was in Deilem, a religious rising; another year in Syria, a tribal quarrel; the town of Mossoul revolted

for two years; Egypt was ever on the rise; Africa could never be held down; Mesopotamia was seldom tranquil, and Khorassan was the hotbed of sectarian disaffection. It was when journeying to suppress a rebellion there that Haroun met his death. It really is not so very surprising that people did rebel, when we consider the mode of government in vogue at the time. The governors appointed by the caliph held their offices on the same insecure tenure as the pashas of the modern Turkish Empire, and the results were similar. Uncertain how soon he might be dismissed and disgraced, the governor of Haroun set himself resolutely to the task of making all he could out of his province, and laying by the profits for the expected rainy day. If we add to this the fortuitous mode of selecting his governors which Haroun affected, it is not difficult to imagine the condition of the governed, nor to understand the inducements to rebel. Here is an instance of Haroun's indiscriminate appointment of unfit men to the most important posts in the empire. A certain Ismail ben Salih had made a vow not to go out anywhere, and especially not to drink or sing abroad. Haroun, however, overruled his scruples, secured his company at a debauch, made him merry with wine, and finally induced him to sing a stanza: and being highly delighted at the success of his seduction, "called for a lance, and affixing the banner of Egypt to it, handed it then and there to Ismail, by this act appointing him governor of the province. 'I ruled it,' says Ismail, 'for two years, and I loaded it with justice, and came away with 500,000 dinars (£250,000) in my pocket!'" In another instance, the same unhappy province found ill-favor in the caliph's eyes, and to punish it Haroun determined to send the meanest-looking scamp about the palace as governor of Egypt; and though the new ruler was better than most of his kind, it was certainly not thanks to the Caliph's penetration.

The central government of Haroun Alrashid has always, however, been held up to admiration; and the high services and wisdom of the ancient Persian family of the Barmecides have ever been extolled. There can be no

\* Clouston's "Arabian Poetry for English Readers," p. 109.



doubt that Yahya, and his sons Fadl and Jaafar, were just and wise men according to their lights; but their ways were certainly not as our ways, and their prodigious wealth was accumulated on principles which would not pass muster now. The fate of these Barmecides was a melancholy comment on the insecurity of royal patronage. For many years they had held the highest posts of the state; their counsel had alone restrained Haroun in his violent and reckless moods; to them alone was due the fact that the empire continued one, and that the Caliph's authority was respected; the Barmecides were the one reason that the Moslem world was not worse governed and plunged into worse anarchy than it was. Their growing influence and magnificence irritated the Caliph; a natural proceeding of Jaafar's was construed as an insult never to be forgiven; and the trusted counselors, nay, the bosom friends, of Haroun, were condemned to prison and the headsman. No soul was allowed to lament for the fall of the Barmecides on pain of death. The wide kingdom which they had with difficulty held together fell asunder soon after their disgrace. Dynasty after dynasty arose in the distant provinces, and advanced step by step towards the City of Peace, the once famous capital of the Abbaside caliphs; till the degenerate remnant of this mighty stock were penned up within their palace walls, and were hardly their own masters even there. But this was not in Haroun's day; he did not long survive his faithful ministers, but died miserably and almost neglected as he set out to meet a rebellion in Khorassan.

We may ascribe all virtues to the Barmecides, but they could do little more than moderate the Caliph's will. Haroun himself governed his empire, and issued his edicts, rewarded his friends, executed his enemies, and appointed his lieutenants with his own hand. And when we consider what manner of man this was, it is marvellous that even all the prudence of the Barmecides could prevent a revolution.

Mr. Palmer characterizes Haroun Alrashid as "a man of great talents, keen intellect, and strong will." Intellect and accomplishments we can grant him, but "strong will" is too good a

word to apply to a wholly undisciplined character such as his was. His will was strong only inasmuch as there was nothing to expose its weakness. A man who is used always to have his own way acquires a certain unreasoning obstinacy, but it should be rather called the wilfulness of a spoilt child than the "strong will" of him who "suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong." Haroun was simply the most spoilt child history can show us: but unfortunately he possessed all the vices of spoiling with the added intensity of maturity. Every violent and ignoble passion he owned in its most exaggerated form. His pride, vanity, and envy knew no limits; his best friends and most loyal servants were sacrificed to some fancied affront, or some insane jealousy. He was made up of fickleness and insincerity. No courtier was safe for long. The favor of to-day might be followed by the visit of black Mesroor, the headsman, to-morrow. Accustomed to gratify the merest whim, Haroun would carry the passion of the moment into action, and cut off the heads of those who had the ill-fortune to displease him. It was in such a momentary fancy that he resolved to decapitate his favorite poet and boon-fellow, Abou-Nawwās, for no reason whatever, and the story well illustrates both the arbitrary tyranny of the Caliph and his appreciation of wit. Professor Palmer tells it thus:

"The Caliph, who was himself much addicted to drinking and otherwise violating the precepts of the Koran, one day, in a fit of virtuous indignation, ordered Abu-Nawwās to be executed then and there. 'Are you going to kill me,' asked the poet, 'out of mere caprice?' 'No,' said Haroun Alrashid, 'but because you deserve it.' 'But,' pleaded the poor fellow, 'God first calls sinners to account, and then pardons them. How have I deserved death?' 'For that verse of poetry of yours in which you say,

" 'O prithee give me wine to drink, and tell me it is wine:  
Let me have no concealment when plain-dealing may be mine.' "

" 'And do you know, O commander of the Faithful,' asked Abu-Nawwās, 'whether they gave me it and I did drink?' 'I suspect so,' said the Caliph. 'And would you kill me on suspicion, when the Koran says, "Some suspicion is a sin?"' 'You have written other things,' said Haroun, 'which deserve death. That atheistic verse of yours for instance:

" "None has e'er come back to tell  
If he in heaven or hell doth dwell." "

" "And has any one come back to tell us?" asked the poet. "No," said the monarch. "Then surely you would not kill me for telling the truth," said Abu-Nawwās. "But besides all this," continued Haroun, "was it not you who wrote those blasphemous lines:

" "Mohammed, thou to whom we look when  
trouble's storms arise,  
Come on, sir, for we twain could beat the  
monarch of the skies?" "

" "Well," asked Abu-Nawwās meekly, "and did we?" "I don't know what you did," answered the Caliph. "Then surely your Majesty will not kill me for what you don't know." "Cease this nonsense," said Haroun Alrashid, getting impatient, "you have over and over again in your poetry confessed to things for which you deserve death." "God knows all about those things," said Abu-Nawwās, "long before your Majesty did, and he says in the Koran, "Those poets are followed by their familiar demons: asect thou not how they wander in every valley and say things which they never do?" "Let the fellow go," said Haroun, "there is no catching him any way." "

—Palmer, pp. 149 151.

Sometimes it was no mere passing whim that led Haroun into his excesses of cruelty; he would also murder with careful premeditation. His revolting treachery to the rebel Yahya ben Abdallah, after a complete amnesty, belongs to this class of crime; and so does his extirpation of the Barmecides, his murder of his sister Abbasa and her little sons, his basely treacherous conduct to Arzu the informer, and many another shameful slaughter.

Professor Palmer tells a particularly dastardly piece of treachery on our good Caliph's part:

"The Barmecides left behind them many who regretted their sad fate; but it was not often safe to mourn over the victims of the Caliph's wrath. One Ibrahim, who had been a friend of Jaafar, and had received great favors at his hands, was so affected at his death, that he took to drinking, and when in his cups would weep for him and swear to take vengeance upon his murderer. Ibrahim's own son and one of his eunuchs betrayed him to Alrashid, who sent for him, and with a great show of friendship induced him to drink wine until he became intoxicated. Then the Caliph began himself to lament Jaafar's loss, and said that he would rather have lost his kingdom than such a friend, declaring that he had never tasted sleep since the fatal day. At this Ibrahim shed tears, said that his Highness was indeed to blame, and that they should never look on Jaafar's like again. Having thus treacherously wormed his secret out of him, Alrashid rose up with a curse, and in a few moments

the imprudent sympathizer with the Barmecides was himself a corpse."—*Haroun Alrashid*, pp. 105, 6.

But indeed it is idle to attempt to classify Haroun's deeds of violence. He anticipated Señor Thomas de la Fuente's views of the unities of tragedy. Gil Blas' friend indeed loved slaughter on the boards:

"Je me serais baigné dans le sang," he cries; "on aurait toujours vu périr dans mes tragédies, non seulement les principaux personnages, mais les gardes même; j'aurais égorgé jusqu'au souffleur: enfin, je n'aime que l'effroyable, c'est mon goût."

Haroun, too, "aimait l'effroyable, c'était son goût." But the author of "Les Amusements de Muley Bugentuf, Roi de Maroc," satisfied his sanguinary tastes by the execution of thirty Portuguese officers, a hundred slaves, and some women—all of wickerwork; whereas Haroun Alrashid carried out his "goût pour l'effroyable" in real life and in numbers that cannot be reckoned. The title of Butcher assuredly belongs to Haroun as well as to Cumberland and Jeffreys; the good Caliph was the butcher *par excellence*. All that can be said for him is that he cut off heads more gracefully than most, and generally had a *bon mot* for the occasion.

In truth Haroun's wit and literary taste are his only pleasant traits. Sanguinary despot, reckless and irresponsible governor, that he was, he undoubtedly understood what is meant by literary finish. He was himself

"an accomplished scholar and an excellent poet: he was well versed in history, tradition, and poetry, which he could always quote on appropriate occasions. He possessed exquisite taste and unerring discrimination, and his dignified demeanor made him an object of profound respect to high and low. The eloquence and impetuosity of his discourse, as shown in those speeches of his which have been preserved, were remarkable for a time when eloquence was cultivated and regarded as the greatest accomplishment. That these speeches are genuine is proved by the fact that, though related by different persons, the style is identical in them all, and they are of so remarkable a character, that even now they linger in the memory of any one who reads them once in the original; and at the time they were uttered, with the tragic circumstances that for the most part surrounded them, they must have fixed themselves indelibly upon the hearers' minds, and could scarcely have been repeated otherwise than faithfully."—*Haroun Alrashid*, pp. 53, 222.

The only composition of Haroun's that Professor Palmer publishes testifies more to the force than to the elegance of the Caliph's style. It is a letter written by him in reply to an insulting epistle from the Emperor Nicephorus, in which the latter refused to continue the payment of tribute with which his mother, the Empress Irene, had purchased peace. In a fit of fury Haroun answered thus :

"In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. From Haroun, Commander of the Faithful, to Nicephorus, the dog of the Greeks. I have read your letter, you son of a she-infidel, and you shall see the answer before you hear it."

And accordingly the Caliph set out the same day and "conquered, plundered, burned, and ruined," till Nicephorus had to sue for peace and renew the tribute; though he very soon forgot his pledges and reopened the war, only to be again crushed and humiliated. This Greek war is the only occasion in which Haroun Alrashid mixes in European politics—unless some evidence should appear of the probably apocryphal story of his relations with Charlemagne. The letter to Nicephorus is good testimony to the truth of the old historian's statement, that Haroun was "the most easily moved to tears, and the quickest to get in a passion of any man living." His extreme sensibility made him very dear to those poets who liked to see the immediate effects of their recitals, and Haroun himself was never happy without a sweet singer near him. He gathered round him the most brilliant assembly of men of letters that any oriental monarch ever collected. The poets Abou-Nawwás and Abou-Atahiyeh, Ishak El-Mousili the musician, the lawyer Abou-Yousuf, Asmai, the grammarian and author of the famous Bedouin romance of "Antar," and many others, formed a circle of unequalled wit and elegance and subtlety of intelligence. Innumerable stories are told of the relations which subsisted between these court-favorites and their master; and tradition is especially rich in legends about Abou-Nawwás and El-Mousili. These brilliant talkers could generally save themselves from disgrace by a clever answer, as some of Abou-Nawwás's repartees, already quoted

show; and so sensible was the Caliph of the worth of a good saying, that he would forgive almost anything if it were but wittily excused.

The wildest orgies were carried on by Haroun and his literary friends. Afflicted with an incapacity for sleep, the Caliph used to turn night into day with little scruple. Not only would he prow about the streets of Baghdad and mix himself up in the intrigues of his subjects, or float dreamily down stream to the sound of soft music,

"And many a sheeny summer-morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old"—

in the way our "Arabian Nights" have made familiar to us: he would also keep the fun going to unholy hours in his palace, with wine and song and whatever the unregenerate heart of man could desire. The maddest jests pleased him then; and there was nothing he enjoyed more than a practical joke. One day he determined to punish Abou-Nawwás for being late for supper. Each of the guests secured an egg, and hid it under his cushion; as soon as Abou-Nawwás came in, the whole company began clucking like hens, and each gravely produced his egg. When Abou-Nawwás's turn came, he was ordered to do likewise on pain of the bastinado. Every eye was fixed with malicious expectation upon him. He strutted into the middle of the room, and flapped his arms and crowed lustily, to show he was cock of the walk; and the Caliph—

"His deep eye laughter-stirred  
With merriment of kingly pride"—

had to acknowledge himself outwitted. An equerry of Haroun's once suffered torments of hunger from the Caliph's mischievous propensities; but he succeeded in turning the tables effectually on his master.

"One day Haroun Alrashid ordered an equerry of his named El-Hakam to accompany him the following morning on a hunting expedition. El-Hakam went home to his wife and said, 'The Caliph has ordered me to go hunting with him; but I am sure I shall never be able to endure it, for I am, as you know, accustomed to breakfast early, while the Caliph never takes a meal till nearly mid-day. I shall die of hunger! By Allah I won't go!' 'Nay,' said his wife, 'Allah forbid! It is impossible

for you to disobey orders.' 'But what am I to do?' said he. Said his wife, 'You can take a packet of Helawa' (a sweetmeat) 'with you, and put it into your turban to eat in the meantime; and when breakfast-time comes you can make a good meal with the Caliph.' The next morning El-Hakam bought himself a paper packet of Helawa, and placed it in the folds of his turban, and mounting his ass, joined Alrashid's cavalcade. Now it so happened that the Caliph noticed the paper packet showing through the muslin folds of his equerry's turban, and calling Jafer aside, he said, 'Do you see that paper of Helawa in El-Hakam's turban? I will tease him and prevent him from eating it.' As they were going along the road the Caliph made as though he saw some game, and rode ahead; whereupon El-Hakam seized the opportunity to take the sweetmeat from his turban and put a piece of it in his mouth. No sooner had he done so than the Caliph looked sharply round, and cried, 'El-Hakam!' 'Here, your Majesty,' said he, hastily snatching the piece of Helawa out of his mouth and throwing it away. 'This mule,' said Alrashid, 'does not please me to-day. I think there is something the matter with it.' 'Perhaps the groom has overfed it,' suggested El-Hakam. After a short time the Caliph again rode on, and El-Hakam, who was now famishing, again furtively crammed a morsel into his mouth, when the voice of the Commander of the Faithful suddenly shouting his name compelled him to throw it away and answer. 'I cannot think what has happened to this mule to-day,' said Haroun. 'She does not go at all to my liking.' 'To-morrow,' said El-Hakam, 'I will have her seen to by the veterinary doctor.' Then they went on a little, El-Hakam grumbling all the while to himself, and calling down all sorts of imprecations upon the mule, and her master too. He had scarcely found an opportunity of slipping another piece of the Helawa into his mouth, when the Caliph turned round and called him again. 'Ah,' muttered the unfortunate equerry, disposing of his morsel, 'What a black day this is for me! Always Hakam! Hakam! Hakam! What madness has got hold of you?' 'See here,' said Haroun, 'I think this mule has been purposely lamed. Don't you? See how she halts!' 'To-morrow, your Majesty,' was the reply, 'the farrier shall change her shoes, and then she will get all right, if it please Allah.' 'As they were travelling along the road they met a caravan of merchants coming from Persia, one of whom stepping forward, prostrated himself and kissed the ground before the Caliph, at the same time offering him some presents. Among these was a young Persian slave of exquisite beauty with undulating form, full bosom, slender waist, eyes like those of a gazelle, and a mouth like Solomon's ring.'

"Serene with argent-lidded eyes  
Amorous, and lashes like to rays  
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl  
Tressed with redolent ebony,  
In many a dark delicious curl,  
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;  
The sweetest lady of the time."

"Alrashid, ever susceptible to female charms, gave the merchant a princely gift of money, and turning to El-Hakam bade him ride back at once to the city with the damsel and prepare the palace for his reception, and order a suitable banquet to be got ready. El-Hakam did as he was bidden, and the Caliph himself returned shortly afterward; when, dismissing his attendants, he entered the banquetting apartment with the fair Persian, having first commanded El-Hakam to stand sentry at the door, and give him immediate notice in case the Princess Zobeidah (Haroun's chief wife) should appear on the scene. El-Hakam replied, 'I hear and obey Allah and the Commander of the Faithful,' and took his stand outside the door. Scarcely was the repast over, and the wine cups filled, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and Haroun, feeling sure that the Princess had arrived, hastily removed the bottle and glasses, and concealed the damsel in a cupboard. Opening the door, he found El-Hakam standing there, and asked him, 'Has the princess Zobeidah come?' 'No, O Commander of the Faithful,' said El-Hakam; 'but I knew how anxious you were about the mule, so I asked the groom, and I found that he had in fact overfed her; but to-morrow I will have her bled, and I have no doubt that she will soon get better.' 'Never mind the mule,' exclaimed the Caliph angrily; 'hold your tongue and watch by the door; and if you see the Lady Zobeidah coming, let me know at once.' They had just comfortably settled down again, when another knock was heard, and hastily concealing his fair visitor and the wine, Haroun opened the door, and inquired if the Princess Zobeidah was really coming. 'No, O Commander of the Faithful,' said El-Hakam, 'but knowing your anxiety about the mule, I inquired of the veterinary doctor, and he tells me that nothing ails her, but that she is a little restive for want of exercise.' 'May Allah never bless you or the mule either!' shouted Alrashid. 'Did I not tell you not to plague me with such nonsense? Keep at your post, and take care that the Lady Zobeidah does not surprise us: for if she does, I will make this one of the most unlucky days of your life.' 'Upon my head and eyes!' replied the equerry. Presently the Caliph heard a stamping upon the roof of the apartment where El-Hakam had gone to watch, and taking his precautions as before, went out fully expecting this time to meet the Princess herself. He found, however, only El-Hakam, who said, 'I noticed that mule, sire, stamping just as I am stamping now, and I feared it might be suffering from a colic from the overfeeding, and I feel very anxious about it—' 'Begone out of my sight,' said the Caliph, with a torrent of imprecations, 'and never let me see your face again; if I do, I shall have you hanged!' El-Hakam went away crestfallen at the result of his somewhat dangerous jest. His wife, however, waited on the Lady Zobeidah herself to beg for her intercession. The Caliph not knowing how much the Princess might get to know if the matter went further, thought it best to accede to her request, and pardoned El-Hakam."—*Haroun Alrashid*, pp. 172-77.



The purchase of the fair slave is a small instance of Haroun Alrashid's princely manner of life. He was splendid in his entertainments, unstinting in his presents to his courtiers and any one whom he had a momentary fancy to enrich; would pay for poems by the line in gold pieces, and shower jewels and precious stuffs upon those who accomplished the perilous success of pleasing him. It is recorded of his vizier, Yahya the Barmecide, that he used, whenever he went out, to convey with him bags containing nearly a pound's weight of silver coins apiece, to distribute to any poor people he might meet; and the Caliph's lavish munificence was not likely to be inferior to his minister's. Yet Haroun left in his treasury the enormous sum of 900,000,000 dinars, or £400,000,000; whence it appears that fabulous as his expenditure was, his income was even more astounding. A comparatively small part of this, however, was honestly come by. It was this good Caliph's custom whenever he found himself out of pocket, to call his faithful headsman and order him to "go to such and such a person and tell him to send me so many hundred thousand pieces of silver—or else cut off his head." Where he removed a governor, it was Haroun's practice to lay immediate and violent hands upon everything the deposed lieutenant possessed—and the laborious extortions and peculations of years of infamous government passed in a brief morning into, not the pockets of the oppressed taxpayers, but the coffers of the head extortioner of the empire, "the good Haroun Alrashid." He asked no excuse for his high-handed robberies; he wanted the money, and that was enough.

And this is our old friend of the "Arabian Nights?" The agreeable listener to the tales of the One-eyed

Calenders proves to be a robber, a murderer, the slaughterer of his kindred and best friends, a perjured traitor, a drunkard and a debauchee. Indeed to associate with him was to live with the Seven Deadly Sins in person. His only virtue was "culture"—and his intellectual graces only accentuate his want of every noble quality of the heart. He came into an empire such as Alexander might have envied; he governed it infamously, and died in the midst of rebellion and discontent. He was given such counsellors and friends as few Eastern monarchs have ever possessed; he trampled on them, massacred them, tortured them, till no man would trust him, and a slave watched his death-bed. He was a man who might have accomplished anything; but ruined by power, by the monstrous position in which he was placed, and by the boundless opportunities of gratifying an unbridled sensuality, he accomplished nothing. The brilliancy of his court has made him a type and a model in the writings of his countrymen; but the age was not of his making and the glory is not his. He was the pivot upon which the machinery turned; but he was not the motive, nor even the regulating, power. As in the "Arabian Nights," so in actual history, he was not the picture but the frame. He had the good fortune to be Caliph at Baghdad when the golden age of Mohammedan literature was in its first glory, and, like Lorenzo de' Medici, he deserves to be remembered for his share in a great epoch. We are sorry to lose the good Caliph of our childhood, as we read Mr. Palmer's book; but we gain more than we lose, in becoming acquainted with the brilliant circle to which, and not to Haroun, is due the true splendor of the Golden Prime.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### AN APRIL PASTORAL.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

*He.* Whither away, fair Neat-herdess?

*She.* Shepherd, I go to tend my kine.

*He.* Stay thou, and watch this flock of mine.

*She.* With thee? Nay, that were idleness.

*He.* Thy kine will pasture none the less.

*She.* Not so : they wait me and my sign.

*He.* I'll pipe to thee beneath the pine.

*She.* Thy pipe will soothe not their distress.

*He.* Dost thou not hear beside the spring

How the gay birds are carolling ?

*She.* I hear them. But it may not be.

*He.* Farewell then, Sweetheart ! Farewell now.

*She.* Shepherd, farewell— Where goest thou ?

*He.* I go . . . to tend thy kine for thee !

*Belgravia Magazine.*

### THE QUEEN OF THE BLUE-STOCKINGS.

BY H. BARTON BAKER.

THE eighteenth century, which was in France essentially the age of memoirs, was in England pre-eminently the age of letters. In no other epoch did people seem so anxious to tell the world all about themselves, their sayings, doings, follies, likes, dislikes, failings, and virtues. The more lively and *méchant* genius of the French preferred the autobiographical form, or the scandalous chronicle ; the more sedate and reticent English the epistolary, in which just as much was shown of the inner life as pleased the writer. The letter was also peculiarly adapted to the tame, commonplace, artificial intellect of a period which delighted in the flat and insipid in every branch of literature, and preferred the coldly correct to the grand irregularities of genius ; it could maun-der, it could discourse twaddle, it could strain after sprightliness and wit, ridicule its friends, exasperate its enemies by Christian humility, praise itself, depreciate itself, preach, and moralize. And oh, how it did preach and moralize, and ecstatically expatiate upon the delights of friendship ! All male correspondents were Damons and Pythias ; all female, Helenas and Hermias. What a pity it is such desirable people have all died out, especially the female ! How the dear creatures, our great-great-grandmothers, did gush to one another ! Jemima rhapsodized about Julia's loveliness, and Julia returned the compliments—each was an angel of beauty and goodness, an embodiment of all the cardinal virtues, and many more, to each other—in their letters.

It was doubtless Richardson's novels, which are all in the form of letters, which gave the great impetus to this style. Each fine gentleman was desirous of aping Sir Charles Grandison, and every sentimental young lady in her teens aspired to be a Harriet Byron, and by writing reams to some Lucy Selby tried hard to be as prosy, as affected, as finical, as egotistical, and as preachy as that most dreadful of heroines. And, not content with inflicting these portentous lucubrations upon each other, they frequently "gave them to the public," and the public bought them and were delighted with them. But those were days of leisure, of seven-volume novels, of coach-travelling, and of few books and no circulating libraries, when even octavos of dullest sermons could find readers.

Yet, amid masses of rubbish, most of which has perished, this love of correspondence gave us some of the pleasantest books of the last century ; and no historical work, though it combined all the excellences of Livy, Tacitus, and Gibbon, could have mirrored the age so vividly as it is exhibited in the epistles of Walpole, Chesterfield, Lady Montague, Pope, Swift, Gray, and many others that we still read with delight. A few, however, that retained their fame for several generations, that still find a place, though in dusty repose, in all well-selected libraries, and that contain many a sketch of by-gone manners worthy of preservation—buried, it must be confessed, in vast tracts of dreariness—are now, except to

students of the period, little known. Among these are the once celebrated letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu—a name familiar to all readers of *Johnsoniana*—a very famous personage in her time, who broke a lance with Voltaire in defence of Shakespeare, and was the head of that female coterie which obtained the name of the Blue-Stockings.

Née Elizabeth Robinson, she was of ancient family, of the Robinsons of Rokeby, and was born at York in the year 1720; but most of her girlhood was spent at Mount Morris, or Monks Horton, near Hythe, in Kent. A natural inclination toward literature of a more solid kind than is usually affected by very young ladies was fostered by Dr. Middleton, the author of the "Life of Cicero," who was her grandmother's second husband; during the time that she resided with her parents at Cambridge, he was in the habit of making her give an account of the learned conversations that took place between him and his friends, at which, although only a child, she was permitted to be present. Her correspondence commences in 1734, when she was fourteen, with Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, who two years afterward became Duchess of Portland, and who at the time was her senior by about six years. There is nothing of the school-girl, nothing awkward or raw or diffident about even these epistles, which have all the sprightliness and confidence of a very well matured young lady; they abound in classical allusions—according to the fashion of the time—and piquant sketches heightened by touches of satire. Here is a good specimen of one of her earliest letters; she is describing her essays at drawing: "If I drew a group of little figures, I made their countenances so sad and their limbs so distorted, that from a set of laughing cupids they looked like the tormented infants in Herod's cruelty, and smiling Venus like Rachel weeping for her children. Though my happy genius chiefly led me to the drawing tragi-comic countenances, for I drew down the eyes till they looked as if they were weeping, and turned up the ends of the mouth which gave an amiable simper to the lower part of the face; with some vanity I say it, nobody drew a compound pas-

sion such as grief and joy, and pain and pleasure, better than myself. I have heard of some who have been famous landscape painters; but I take myself to be the best hospital painter; for I never drew a figure that was not lame or blind, and they had all something of the horrible in their countenances; and by the arching of their eyebrows, and the opening of their mouths, they looked so frightened, you would have thought they had seen their own faces in the glass."

But, spite of Dr. Middleton's learned conversations and the love of books, she is a healthy, frolicsome girl, full of animal spirits, and so fond of dancing that she fancies she must at some time have been bitten by a tarantula and never got cured of it. "I have in winter gone eight miles to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returned at two o'clock in the morning mightily well pleased that I had been so well entertained." In another letter she writes: "Lady T— bespoke a play at a town eight miles from us, and summoned us to it; and two of my brothers, my sister, and your humble servant went according to her Ladyship's commands, and after the play the gentlemen invited all the women to a supper at the inn, where we stayed till two o'clock in the morning, and then all set out for our respective homes. Here, I suppose, you will think my diversion ended, but I must tell your Grace it did not: for before I had gone two miles I had the pleasure of being overturned, at which I squalled for joy; and to complete my felicity, I was obliged to stand half an hour in the most refreshing rain and the coolest north breeze I ever felt, for the coach-traces breaking were the occasion of our overturn, and there was no moving till they were mended."

These sketches afford us some curious glimpses of the primitive high life of the time. Fancy a party of ladies and gentlemen of the county gentry supping at an inn after the play now-days; why, their trades-people would be shocked at such a suggestion, so far have we advanced in snobbishness. The following anecdote carries us back to the days of Falstaff and Prince Hal.

"Lord Castlemain and Mr. Child took their horses, and went out and

robbed a tailor who had just received a large sum of Lord Tylney; and the tailor returning directly to my Lord Tylney to tell his sad story to the servants, saw my lord Castlemain ride into the yard; and said, not knowing his lordship, that he was the man who robbed him. The servants, who were not privy to the frolic, laughed much at the tailor, who persisted in the story; and Mr. Child, while they were in this dispute, likewise came in, and the tailor said that was the other highwayman, and grew very clamorous. Lord Tylney inquired what noise he heard, which set the young gentlemen laughing so much that he insisted upon their acquainting him with the story; and they, thinking they had carried it on far enough, told him the story, sending, as they intended, the money to the tailor, after having sufficiently frightened him. But the tailor, who recovered his spirits with his money, insisted upon 50*l.* as a recompense for silence upon a subject that did not do much honor to the adventurers."

Here is another glimpse of county gentry life: "Lady Tylney has set an assembly on foot about eight miles from hence, where we all meet at the full moon and dance till twelve o'clock, and then take an agreeable journey home. Our assembly, in full glory, has ten coaches at it, and Lady Tylney, to make up the number, is pleased in her humility to call in all the parsons, apprentices, tradesmen, apothecaries, and farmers, milliners, mantua-makers, haberdashers of small wares, and chamber-maids. It is the oddest mixture you can imagine; here sails a reverend parson, there skips an airy apprentice, here jumps a farmer, and then every one has an eye to their trade; the milliner pulls you by the hand till she tears your glove; the mantua-maker treads upon your petticoat till she unrips the seams; the shoemaker makes you foot it till you wear out your shoes; the mercer dirties your gown; the apothecary opens the window behind you that you may be sick; and the parson calls out for Joan Sanderson."

But the young lady is by no means satisfied with these rural assemblies, and all the time longs for Vauxhall and Ranelagh and the ring in Hyde Park.

"I arrived" (from London), she writes, "at Mount Norris rather more fond of society than solitude. I thought it no very agreeable change of scene from Handel and Gaffarelli, to woodlarks and nightingales." She cannot endure the society of the country squires, who can talk only about calves, pay awkward compliments, and who never read anything but parish law and books of husbandry, or perhaps, for their peculiar entertainment, "Quarles's Emblems," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables," and, to furnish them with a little ready wit, "Joe Miller's Jests." Here is a clever sketch of such a squire and his family: "We have a gentleman in our neighborhood who, not content with his own natural dulness, has purchased two thousand volumes at twopence a volume; but I cannot but imagine my neighbor bought this collection for the instruction of his sons; for, not being young, he can never hope to read half these books, and they are not sumptuous enough in their appearance to give any suspicion of vanity in him. I fear these young men will from their books make a mince-pie. This family are certainly the most extraordinary personages in the country; the father was, till this parliament, a senator, a man of few words, but less meaning, when in the House; on common occasions very pleasing and impertinent; yet he has sold his voice, empty as it is, at such low gains as he could get. His wife, an awkward woman, he has always kept in the country to nurse seven or eight daughters, after his own manner, and the success has answered the design; he has taught them that all finery rests in a pair of red-heeled shoes; and as for diversion (or, as I suppose they call it, fun) there is nothing like blind-man's-buff; thus dressed, and thus accomplished, he brought them to our races, and carried them to the ball, where, poor girls, they expected to be pure merry and to play at puss-in-the-corner and hunt-the-whistle; but seeing there was nothing but footing, which they had never been suffered to do in their shoes, and right-hand-and-left, which their father thought too much for women to know, they fell asleep, as they had often been used to do, without their supper. The sons, for fear they



should die, are not to be taught how to live; they are kept at home, because one boy of theirs died at school."

One more bucolic sketch, and then we move on to different scenes. It is of the vicar of Tunbridge, and might be placed beside Fielding's picture of the clergy of the period. "The good parson made some apology for his undress, which was a true canonical dishabille. He had on a gray striped calamanco night-gown, a wig that once was white, but by the influence of an uncertain climate turned to a pale orange, a brown hat encompassed by a black hat-band, a band somewhat dirty that decently retired under the shadow of his chin, a pair of gray stockings well mended with blue worsted. When we had seen the church, the parson invited us to take some refreshment at his house, but Dr. Young thought we had before enough trespassed on the good man's time, so desired to be excused, else we should no doubt have been welcomed to the house by madam in her muslin pinnners and sarsenet hood, who would have given us some mead and a piece of cake that she had made in the Whitsun holidays to treat her cousins." The parson is invited to dine with the visitors; he excuses himself, but comes afterward "in hopes of smoking a pipe. To say the truth, I saw a large horn tobacco-box, with Queen Ann's head upon it, peeping out of his pocket."

In 1742 Miss Robinson became the wife of Edward Montagu, a grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich. He was an elderly man, very wealthy, and appears to have made an excellent husband to a young lady who had very common sense and practical ideas upon the subject of matrimony. Only one child, a son, was born to them, which died in its infancy. Mr. Montagu was a student who devoted all his leisure to mathematics, and, being a large owner of coal-mines, he was a man of business as well. Free of family cares, and probably little troubled with marital companionship, it would have been but natural for the young wife to fall into the usual fashionable round of the time, of which card-playing was the principal occupation.

The passion for gambling was at this period at its height, and in the great

world—as it is called—people seemed to have no other object in life than to meet every evening to shuffle cards and to win or lose money. Nor was the passion confined to men and dowagers; young women, mere girls, were as deeply infatuated by the vile pursuit as were their elders. No party, ball, or assembly would have been tolerated or attended unless accommodation had been provided for the indulgence of this vice; as an instance, in the Duke of Richmond's house there were always eighteen card-tables set for the amusement of his guests; the only conversation heard was the jargon of the different games, and disputes between partners and opponents as to the correctness or incorrectness of the play; men would gamble away their patrimonies and fall from wealth to poverty in a single night, and a woman would stake her jewels, her husband's fortune, and even her honor upon the cut of a card. Instead, however, of following the fashion, Mrs. Montagu and a few friends, Miss Boscawen and Mrs. Vesey, who, like herself, were untainted by this wolfish passion, resolved to make a stand against the universal tyranny of a custom which absorbed the life and leisure of the rich to the exclusion of all intellectual enjoyment, and, borrowing the idea from the Parisian salons of Madame du Deffand, Madame l'Espinasse, and their rivals and imitators, to found a society in which conversation should supersede cards. This was about the year 1750:

How these assemblies first came to be called "Blue-Stockings" has been variously explained. One anecdote relates how Mrs. Vesey, one of the principal ladies of the movement, having met Mr. Stillingfleet at Bath, invited him to one of these reunions, then just being established. This gentleman, who was noted for the unfashionable carelessness of his dress, objected that he was not in the habit of appearing in proper equipments for evening parties. "Oh, never mind," said the lady; "come as you are, in your blue stockings." To this, as an addendum, we must add a paragraph from Boswell which completes the anecdote. "One of the most eminent members of these societies was a Mr. Stillingfleet (a grandson of the bishop), whose dress was remarkably grave, and

in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, and his absence was felt so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the blue-stockings,' and thus by degrees the title was established." Forbes, in his "Life of Beattie," gives a similar derivation of the title, and further informs us that it was Admiral Boscawen who, from the circumstance above quoted, first used the term Blue-Stocking Society, and that a foreigner of distinction, hearing the expression, translated it literally *Bas-bleu*, by which name these meetings were ever after distinguished. But I think a yet more probable derivation of the term is given in a note to Hayward's "Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Thrale," upon, we are told, the authority of a daughter of Lady Greville, who was one of the *Bas-bleu*. When these assemblies were still in their infancy Madame de Polignac, being in London, was invited to one of the breakfasts; she wore on the occasion a pair of blue silk stockings, which fashion was then all the rage in Paris; and thereupon her English friends, who, with all their learning, were not above such feminine weaknesses, adopted this color for their nether casings. It seems more probable that the name should have arisen from such a peculiarity of feminine costume, rather than from an accident of male eccentricity. John Timbs, in "Clubs and Club Life," traces the *Bas-bleu* back to ancient Greece; he also quotes Mill's "History of Chivalry," to show that there was established in Venice, in the fifteenth century, a literary society that distinguished itself by its stockings, which were sometimes of blended colors and sometimes wholly blue. As the founders of the "Blue-Stockings," however, have left no record of the origin of the term, the reader must take a choice among these several explanations.

Mrs. Montagu's first assemblies were held at her house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, then an unpaved suburban thoroughfare, dangerous to be abroad in after dusk, on account of footpads and highwaymen that infested the neighborhood. Among the earliest frequenters were Lord Lyttleton, Pulteney, Horace Walpole, Miss Boscawen, Mrs. Carter,

Mrs. Vesey, Boswell, Johnson, Burke, Miss Burney, Mason, Garrick; and in time almost every literary celebrity of the period was included among the visitors.

A certain little chatty French lady, named Madame du Bocage, in her "Letters on England, Holland, and Italy," gave some amusing descriptions of Hill Street society. At this period everything was *à la chinoise*. Voltaire wrote a Chinese play, *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, which was translated by Murphy; imaginary Chinese philosophers descanted upon the manners of the Western barbarians, every house was decked out with the monstrosities of China ware, and rooms were furnished after the Pekin pattern; the only wonder is that we did not shave our heads, wear pig-tails, and distort the feet instead of the waists of our female children, and take for the nonce to the worship of Buddha.

Madame du Bocage describes how she breakfasted at Mrs. Montagu's in a room lined with Pekin paper, and furnished with the choicest furniture of the Celestial Empire. "A long table, covered with the finest linen, presented to the view a thousand glittering cups, which contained coffee, chocolate, biscuits, cream, butter, toast, and exquisite tea; you must understand that there is no good tea to be had anywhere but in London. The mistress of the house, who deserves to be served at the table of the gods, poured it out herself. This is the custom, and in order to conform to it, the dress of the English ladies, which suits exactly to their stature, the white apron, and the pretty straw hat, becomes them with the greatest propriety, not only in their own apartments, but at noon in St. James's Park, where they walk with the stately and majestic gait of nymphs." These literary breakfasts were imitated by others, but none approached the magnificence of the original.

Mr. Montagu died in 1775, leaving his widow an estate of 7000*l.* a year; soon afterward she had a mansion erected for herself in Portman Square, then in the process of formation; it is still standing, a detached building at the north-west corner, and is now the town house of Lord Portman; but doubtless it is much altered since the days of the

Bas-bleu assemblies. Hither she removed in 1781. Like all other institutions of the kind, the Blue-Stocking Society in time began to degenerate from its primitive simplicity into eccentricities and undue splendor. The queen now held her court in an extraordinary apartment entirely hung with feathers. This room has been immortalized by Cowper in the little poem "On Mrs. Montagu's Feather Hangings," commencing:

"The birds put off their every hue,  
To dress a room for Montagu;  
The Peacock sends his heavenly dyes,  
His rainbows and his starry eyes;  
The Pheasant, plumes which round unfold  
His mantling neck with downy gold;  
The Cock, his arched tail's azure show;  
And, river-blanch'd, the Swan his snow,"  
etc.

In one of his "Observers," Cumberland has given a somewhat satirical and exaggerated picture of the Montagu house assemblies, but of which the outlines were doubtless tolerably correct. Under the name of Vanessa, he describes the hostess as a lady who had been either a beauty or a wit all her life, but whose vanity was excusable from the pleasing colors it threw upon her character. "It gives the spring to charity, good nature, affability; it makes her splendid, hospitable, carries her into all the circles of fine people, and crowds all the fine people into hers; it starts a thousand whimsical caprices that furnish employment to the arts, and it has the merit of opening her doors and her purse to the sons of science; in short, it administers protection to all descriptions and degrees of genius, from the manufacturer of a toothpick to the author of an epic poem; it is a vanity that is a sure box at an author's first night, and a sure card at a performer's benefit; it pays well for a dedication, and stands for six copies in a subscriber's list." On the occasion of his visit he finds a number of new works upon the table, with bits of paper between the leaves, and here and there a corner turned down; a cynical-looking personage in the room tells him that you may always know what company to expect by the books that are out, as these are delicate ruses to flatter the authors' vanity and make them believe that she is reading their works. While these two are talk-

ing Mr. Observer beholds something approaching which looks like columns, arches, and porticoes in the perspective of a theatrical scene; this is Vanessa, attired in a petticoat upon which are embroidered the ruins of Palmyra in colored silks. The company is diverse; there are an inventor of a diving-bell, of a powder to kill vermin on trees, a young lady novelist (probably "little Burney"), an old woman who models heads in wax, and who informs him that she is the descendant of the witch of Endor, a philosopher (Johnson), and a famous actress (Mrs. Siddons), about whom gather a fashionable mob, who stare at her as though she were some abnormal beast, and question her and cross-question her about every detail of her art; presently a young lady dressed in white and crowned with a wreath of flowers is introduced by Vanessa as "a young novice of the Muses," and addresses the mortified actress in a copy of fulsome verses. There is a confirmation of the last sketch in one of Mrs. Siddons's letters, in which she describes the scene much as it is given in "The Observer." Hannah More, who was a frequent visitor in Portman Square, and who has capitally described the assemblies in her poem of "The Bas-bleu," complains about this time that "the old little parties are not to be had in the usual style of comfort. Everything is great, and vast, and late, and magnificent, and dull."

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his "Historical Memoirs of his Own Time," gives a more sober and reserved picture of Mrs. Montagu in her sixtieth year. He calls her the English Madame du Deffand, and says that her house was the central point of union for all who were already known, or who sought to become known, by their talents and productions. He describes her as thin but well preserved, with a cast of features which was rather satirical and severe than amiable and inviting, with a manner more dictatorial and sententious than conciliating or diffident; he says that there was nothing feminine about her, and that her voice was harsh and unmusical; that she was destitute of taste in dress, but paid more attention to her toilet than was altogether consistent with a philosophic mind. "Even at

fourscore she could not relinquish her diamond necklace and bows, which formed of evenings the perpetual ornament of her emaciated person ;" and he hints that these glittering appendages of opulence sometimes dazzled those whom her arguments and literary acquirements might not have convinced or intimidated. Yet, notwithstanding such weaknesses, he acknowledges that she possessed a cultivated and enlightened understanding, expanded by books and society, and that she was constantly surrounded by all that was distinguished for attainments, male or female, English or foreign. Still, the society at Montagu House had something of the narrowness of a clique when compared with the universality of the French salons, in which neither creed nor no-creed was black-balled, and where every man of talent from a Jesuit priest to an agnostic was equally welcomed. In her youth Mrs. Montagu had not been untainted with the freethinking spirit of the age, but orthodoxy grew with years, and no Voltaire or Diderot would have been welcomed in her Feather Room ; hence among the names of its frequenters we do not find that of Hume or Gibbon.

A great impetus to her celebrity was given by her one literary production, the " Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare," written in answer to Voltaire's despicable attack upon the great poet ; it created a considerable sensation both in France and England, and, together with the fabulous accounts of her wealth that preceded her, made her the lion of Paris during a visit she paid to that capital. Johnson, in his usual envious, irascible fashion, pronounced a contemptuous judgment upon the brochure, but it has at least the merit of being greatly in advance of the time in true appreciation of its subject. Her letters abound in excellent examples of such an appreciative faculty, and the remarks upon contemporary literature—notably upon Richardson's " *Clarissa Harlowe*"—with which they abound may still be read with profit and interest. In one of his gentler moods even the great Doctor was fain to admit that she was a very extraordinary woman, that she had a constant stream of conversation which was always im-

pregnated with meaning. But, although he was a frequent guest at Montagu House, Johnson had seldom a good word for the hostess ; probably the Thrale influence had something to do with this, for the brewer's wife aspired to be a literary queen herself, and she would not have been a woman could she have serenely endured to be cast into the shade by one of her own sex. The tone of somewhat contemptuous patronage in which he reviewed the works of Lord Lyttleton, who was Mrs. Montagu's most cherished friend, in his " *Lives of the Poets*," gave great offence to the lady.

In Portman Square the old sociable and sensible breakfast gave place to the French fashion, then first introduced, of eight-o'clock teas, at which some fifty to a hundred guests would assemble at long tables and small tables, and eat hot buttered rolls and muffins, and make their own tea, and talk learnedly or foolishly, according to their lights. These eight-o'clock teas became as fashionable as our own five-o'clock teas, and we hear of the Duchess of Bedford sending out invitations from her Bloomsbury mansion, in the summer months, for tea and a walk in the fields ; while Lady Clermont, who lived near St. James's Palace, assembled guests for tea and a stroll in the Park. How strange all this sounds to us sojourners in the great unwieldy Babylon of to-day, that, like some monstrous devil-fish, is ever stretching its giant limbs farther and farther among the green fields, and devouring them with insatiable voracity !

As has been already stated, Mrs. Montagu's assemblies found many imitators ; Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, has given an amusingly satirical picture of a certain provincial Blue-Stocking Assembly, presided over by one Mrs. Miller, of Bath. " They have introduced bouts-rimés as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus Fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux and quality of Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase decked with pink ribbons and myrtles receives poetry, which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel



to Mrs. Calliope Miller, and kiss her fair hand, and are crowned with myrtle. The collection is printed, published—yes, on my faith, there are bouts-rimés on a buttered muffin, by Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, receipts to make them by Corydon the Venerable, alias George Pitt, etc.”

Mrs. Montagu survived until the first

year of the present century, being then in her eightieth year; the Blue-Stocking Assemblies died with her, and the literary salon became extinct in England, until it was once more, but only for a brief season, revived by Ladies Morgan, Holland, and Blessington.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

#### RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

BY M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF “SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED,” ETC.

How are the demands of Nihilism to be met; what are the measures to be adopted, if any, to quell the growing spirit of discontent? “What shall I do with Bakunin?” said the Emperor Nicholas, after that revolutionist’s release from the Austrian prison where he had been incarcerated on account of his political agitation; “I cannot hang him.” And so the Tzar of all the Russias sent him into Siberian exile, from which Bakunin, however, escaped after some time, not a wiser, but a wilder man. It was a typical act of autocratic clemency, which has been all along the characteristic of imperial policy toward Nihilist conspirators. It is no less than a confession of impotence on the part of despotism when brought face to face with the hydra of anarchy which it helped in creating but cannot destroy.

It is thus that the Nihilist revolution has taken its course, gaining volume and momentum, sometimes through the encouragement given by judicial leniency and imperial connivance, at other times gaining strength through the resistance and repression of those in power.

The latter method has been recommended by some. There is no danger in a strong policy of repression, says Nicolai Karlowitsch, whose work on the development of Nihilism has been received with general approbation by the Russian press. And for this he relies on the religiously monarchical disposition of the people, the trustworthiness of the army, and the loyalty of the greater portion of the educated people. But it is a notorious fact that, with the growing contempt for an ignorant and corrupt clergy and their superstitious

formalism, the religious sentiment of the people has been considerably weakened, while the ranks of Nihilism have been reinforced by clerics and their families, the so-called clerical proletariat, and also by a large number of persecuted dissentients from the “orthodox church.” Again, as to the army, we are told by Signor Arnaudo, in his able and comprehensive book on Nihilism, that here, too, there are no less than three kinds of malcontents: those who are enrolled by a merciless system of conscription against their will; those who are pressed into the service as a punishment for political offences and misdemeanors; and, finally, those discontented non-commissioned officers who are not permitted to rise from the ranks, but are condemned to pass their lives in subordinate posts while sprigs of the nobility are set over them, whose supercilious air toward veterans grown old in the service adds to the irritation, and makes the army a fruitful field for the seeds of discontent sown sedulously by Nihilist agitators. As for the loyalty of the educated classes, it is well known that the sympathies with the Nihilist propaganda are as strong here as among the enlightened circles of French society before the outbreak of the Revolution. And, it may be added, as the legists of France, the administrators of the *ancien régime*, were among the very first to receive with enthusiasm the subversive Socialist theories of the eighteenth century, so in the ranks of Russian officials there are numerous sympathizers with the Nihilist movement. In fact, it may be said of every educated Russian of the day, that, Nihilist or not,

in social questions and economic theories he is prepared to believe in the least realizable Utopian scheme and to be captivated by the most chimerical theories. Herein lies the chief danger to society. Much of the rebellious spirit of the higher classes is owing to the persistent exclusion of able men of social position and culture from a share in the government of the country, directly or indirectly, while this is carried on nominally by the Tzar, but in reality by a small knot of military and diplomatic favorites who surround his person and enjoy his confidence.

Not until some voice in public matters is given to the educated classes, and promotion is facilitated in the ranks of the army—not until timely land reforms have been adopted to complete the work of emancipation in securing the independent development of the rural communes—in short, not until social and political reforms have been introduced—is there any hope of these three sections of society becoming truly loyal. The ruling classes, the army, and the people will learn to defend existing institutions when they have learned to appreciate their value.

To know approximately the nature of such reforms we have only in brief to consult some of the suggestions in an official report made to the Emperor by one of the Provincial Assemblies. Speaking of the grave causes of discontent which exist in Russian society, and which at this moment foment the Nihilistic movement, in putting the bulk of the people into antagonism toward the government, they suggest, among other things, liberty of speech, freedom of the press, judicial reforms to gain respect for the laws, an improved system of education, and some sort of popular representation. The "Great Empire of Police," in short, is to become a self-governing body, and the system of Knoutocracy (*i.e.*, government by lash abolished by law, but not altogether abandoned in practice) is to be replaced by constitutional government. At present the palace of the Tzars, like a sentinel, stands opposite to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which State prisoners are languishing, and, it is rumored, undergoing secret tortures, incarcerated for life in the damp, dark

cells, saturated with the waters of the Neva flowing by the prison walls. This symbolizes the close connection between despotism and secret plotting, autocracy and conspiracy. Constitutional freedom is, therefore, the first step toward national regeneration and the restoration of social peace. Judicial reforms come next in order. At present, we are told by a competent authority, "a civil suit is, in fact, an auction in which the highest bidder prevails on the judge to select from the code the decree which he requires to put him in the right." Another reliable eye-witness concludes a long indictment against the corruptions of the Russian courts of justice in these remarkable words: "The nature of Russian law may be described in a few lines—in fact, in a few words—*Arbitrariness, legal violence, denial of justice, passive obedience.*" For such abuses immediate remedial measures have to be adopted, if the spirit of lawlessness is not to spread farther than it has done already. Again, a reduction of the war-tax, both in men and money, and a healthy reconstruction of the financial and fiscal system, has become imperative, so as to lessen the burdens which oppress the nation and lame industry, and so prevent a healthy development of the vast resources of the country.

But such material improvements are conditioned by the education of mind and heart in the bulk of the nation, and the formation of character by means of mental, moral, and religious culture. Faulty education, out of all harmony with practical life, and limited education with an intention to nip in the bud the liberal aspirations of the young, have had the effect of producing a rebellious spirit in school and college, so that the enthusiasm of youth has been enlisted in the service of Nihilism. A reformed and less restrictive system of education will have the contrary effect in creating higher ideals as opposed to the existing materialistic views of life, and in stemming the current of cynical scepticism which is undermining Russian society.

Unfreedom has not only enslaved the people hitherto, it has also morally brutalized them. The liquor traffic of the government, farmed out to irresponsible speculators, has produced and

even enforced a fearful amount of intemperance, so that *vodka* (a cheap brandy of bad quality) has become the "opium of peasants," to soothe them into political slumber. Teetotalers were flogged at one time into drinking, clergymen were ordered to preach against them in the pulpits, and publications denouncing the immorality of the liquor trade were confiscated. No wonder the revenue yielded £32,000,000 sterling a year. But at what price?—the moral degradation of the people by drink at the expense of raising one third of the national budget on drink thus consumed.

The power of personal self-restraint must precede the right of self-government, and individual self-improvement the introduction of social reform. But moral self-control depends, in a great measure, on the power of religion over a people, and of what sort it is.

"The Russian clergy," we are told by Iwan Golowin, a witness worthy of all consideration, "has no deep faith; the pope—*i.e.*, the parochial clergyman

—is a *drunkard*, and the cross is made of wood," rhymes in Russian; the sons and daughters of clergymen are pronounced *Nihilists*. Like priests, like people. The demoralized condition of the latter is owing to the degenerate character of the former, and a reformation of Church and State alike is required to preserve the Russian people from national decrepitude.

That there are latent powers and possibilities of such a regeneration we have no doubt, and we can only express the hope that the present dejection of Nihilism, and the appointment of Loris Melikoff, the representative of moderation in government, to restore social order, may be the earnest of better things to come, the beginning of a new era, the reign of law and liberty in the place of an effete system of corruption and coercion, the healthy growth in the material and moral well-being of the people after the remaining impediments to progress have been successfully removed.—*Leisure Hour*.

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## KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A THORNY PATH.

JUDITH closed the door after her, and passed through the large houseplace, full of a ruddy dancing light and a cheering warmth, out at the open door, into the drear October twilight. The lake was rougher now, and its livid surface was covered with flashing specks of foam. The weird whisper from Raydaleside had grown into a long shrill shriek—a prolonged storm-cry. All else was deathly still. Mechanically, as she passed the windows of the old house, she glanced toward them, and saw that ruddy light, that cheering warmth within. Her heart was nigh to bursting. She felt bewildered, battered down by what had taken place. It was all so incredible, so inexplicable—that she had been thrust out, desired never to darken those doors again, called by opprobrious names, there—within those beloved walls, beneath that happy roof! It was

like a mortal blow. Still stunned by this stroke, she passed almost automatically out of the garden, under the old archway, through the farmyard, without returning, or even hearing the greeting of the herd, who said:

"Good-naat, Miss Judath. There's a storm on the rooad."

She was tongue-tied, dumb, powerless to speak. Out in the shady road again, with the dusk fast falling, with that long, "dree," desolate way before her, and with such a result to report to Delphine! She walked mechanically onward, perhaps half a mile, while confusion reigned in her mind. Then the whole affair seemed suddenly to start before her eyes in an almost lurid light. She had descended so low as to ask for money, and she had been spurned and cast out—and that by one whom she had truly loved and honored all her life, despite his rugged nature, which ruggedness she had weakly fancied to be but the outward mask of a great tenderness

common to rugged natures. She had always thought there was sympathy between his nature and hers, for her innate reserve was as great as his own; the effort to overcome it had always been like a physical pang, and in the bitterer and more desponding moments through which she had often passed, she too had felt repeatedly as if she could be rough, could use harsh words, and could gird savagely at those who worried her with their stupidity. She had made a great mistake. The ruggedness concealed no deep wells of tenderness, but a harsh, hard—yes, a brutal nature. It was nothing short of brutality to which he had treated her this afternoon. What trembling hopes she and Delphine had built upon this poor little chance; the possible result of so tremendous an effort! How they had planned a course of work, of economy and saving, and patient waiting! They had come to the solemn conclusion that their present life was wrong and degrading, or at least that it was wrong and degrading to make no effort to escape from it. They did not believe it was what they had been born for. Delphine had been much moved by Judith's account of how, while she was at Irkford, a girl had been pointed out to her, at a picture exhibition, as a young artist of promise, who painted portraits and got forty guineas apiece for them.

"That would be the height of happiness to me," Delphine had said, tears in her eyes. "I could paint portraits to earn money to do greater things. Ah, what a happy girl! I wonder if she knows how happy she is."

Their plan had been for Judith to secure their uncle's assistance, and go to Irkford, and, failing other things, adopt the nursing of which she had spoken to her mother; to look out all the time with a view to finding some employment for Delphine, which, they were both convinced, was to be had, however humble. This was their scheme, and had it succeeded, they would have rejoiced more than if they had suddenly inherited fortunes twice as large as their uncle could leave them, and which their mother was always craving for them.

If it had succeeded! How quickly would that road have been traversed,

and how high would Judith's heart have beaten!

But it had not succeeded. Her thoughts suddenly flew off to what was left—to the prospect before them of a whole lifetime of this pinching and scraping and starving, and saving sixpences, till they grew old, and friends had disappeared, and joys were past, and death longed for. The effort to change these grinding circumstances had failed; that which remained was almost too fearful to think of. It takes a great deal to chill the blood and dismay the heart of two-and-twenty, healthy, resolute, and untroubled by morbid fancies; but Judith Conisbrough felt her blood cold and her heart as wax at the prospect before her. Nothing gained, and *all* the few privileges they had ever had irretrievably lost.

An indescribable weariness palsied her limbs, a despondency which amounted to despair laid its cold hand upon her heart. The storm-wind came whistling over the desolate fells, the lake beneath her looked like a sheet of lead. Where was its shining? Where the glory and the dream which had sustained her on her way to Scar Foot an hour ago?

Straight before her the bleak, cold mass of Addlebrough rose, and looked like a monstrous barrier which she could not pass—looked like the embodiment of her poverty, her circumstances, her doom. In the dusk her foot struck against a large, loose stone. She stumbled, but recovered herself, sat down on a rough log by the roadside, and covered her eyes with her hands, as if trying to shut out all which confronted her—all which had once been so dear and warm, and was now so cold and cruel.

No tears would come. Her eyes burnt; her brain was filled with the remembrance of that irate old man, towering over her, pouring upon her angry rebukes for some crime of whose nature she had not the least idea, uttering words of abuse and condemnation. Thrills, hot thrills of passionate indignation and cold ones of chill dismay shook her one after the other. Now she felt as if she must go back and beard the old man in his anger, and tell him how wicked he was: that he maligned her, and that she defied him; and



again, she felt as if she must remain there where she was for the rest of the night, too out of heart to rise or move another step.

The last consideration had grown up-permost, and had at last forced from her a deep, tearless sob, which gave her no relief, and only seemed to set her heart in wilder agitation. No outside sound roused her, or would have roused her, less than that which she now heard—her own name.

"Miss — Miss C— Conisbrough!" came in accents of surprise.

Judith started violently, crimsoning with shame; the instincts of pride, reticence, reserve, impelling her instantly to subdue and conceal every sign of emotion. But they came too late. Randolph Danesdale had seen her. It was he who reined up his horse close beside her; his face, wondering and shocked, which looked from his elevation down upon her, as she gave a startled glance upward.

He was alone, apparently, save for his dog. Air and exercise had a little flushed his usually pale face; surprise gave it animation, and lent expression to his eyes. He looked, as she could not help seeing, very handsome, very manly, very well. Horse and rider were on the best of terms, and they formed a good-looking pair.

He had spoken her name half inquiringly, as if he doubted the evidence of his own eyes. But when she suddenly uncovered her face, and looked up at him, and he saw that it was indeed she, he backed his horse a step, and bowed. She had risen in an instant, but she could not entirely recover her presence of mind in the same space of time.

"I— Mr. Danesdale!"

"Good-evening; I fear I startled you," he replied, and his presence of mind had not for a moment deserted him. He had waited for her to speak, that he might know what line to take, and he followed it up at once.

"I must have been sitting there without calculating the time, for I don't possess a watch," she said, with a faltering attempt at a laugh. He smiled in answer, and dismounted.

"That is quite evident," he said, holding out his hand. "Are you thinking of walking back to Yoresett?"

"Certainly I am; having no other mode of conveyance, I must either do so or remain where I am."

Judith had recovered her outward self-possession, but her answers were curt, and there was bitterness in her tone, and the mental agony which she was obliged to suppress forced from her certain tones and expressions which were unlike her usual ones.

"Then," said he, "since I have been fortunate enough to overtake you" (with as much gravity as if he had overtaken her walking at the rate of three miles an hour), "allow me to have the honor of escorting you home. I of course have to pass through Yoresett on my way to Danesdale Castle."

"I cannot think of detaining you. Pray ride on," said Judith, who, however, had begun to move onward, while he, slipping the bridle over his arm, paced beside her, and his horse, his friend, followed him.

"I shall enjoy the walk. I rode as far as Hawes, indeed beyond, this morning, to have lunch with the Sparthwaites. Do you know the Sparthwaites?"

"By name, of course. Not personally—at least, I only just know them to speak to."

"But your uncle, Mr. Aglionby—"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby is on terms of friendship with many people whom we don't know at all. When my father was living, he was the vicar of Yoresett, and he and my mother of course visited with all these people. Since his death, my mother has been unable to visit anywhere. She cannot afford it."

"I beg your pardon—" began Randolph.

"Not at all," she answered, in the same quick, spasmodic way, as if she spoke in the intervals of some physical anguish. "I only think it foolish to pretend that there are reasons for not visiting people which are not the real reasons, and concealing the real one, which covers all the others, and is simply—poverty," said Judith distinctly. It was not her wont to speak in this way, to flaunt her poverty, as it were, in the face of one better off than herself. But she was not her usual self at this moment. What she had just gone through seemed to have branded the conscious-

ness of her misfortunes so deeply into her heart, with so burning and indelible a stamp that it would be long before she would be able to give her undivided attention to anything else. A week ago she would have recoiled with horror from the idea of thus hardly and nakedly stating the truth of their position to young Danesdale; she would have felt it an act of disloyalty to the hardships of her mother, an unwomanly self-assertion on her part. Now she scarcely gave a thought to what she said on the subject, or if she did it took the shape of a kind of contempt for her own condition, a sort of "what does it matter? He knows perfectly well that we are half-starved wretches—why should he not hear it, and learn that he had better go away and leave us to our natural obscurity?"

But for one slight circumstance, Judith would almost have supposed that Randolph had really forgotten or not noticed the strange position in which he had found her, "crying in a hedge," as she scornfully said to herself. That circumstance was, that he neither drawled nor stammered in his speech, but spoke with a quick alertness unlike anything she had imagined him capable of assuming. This convinced her that he was turning the case over in his mind, and wondering very much what to think of it. She knew nothing of his character. Of course he was a gentleman by birth and breeding. Was he a gentleman, nay, more, a man, in mind and behavior? Would he be likely to receive a confidence from her as a sacred thing? or would he be capable of treating it lightly and perhaps laughing over it with his friends? She knew nothing about him which could enable her to give even a conjecture on the subject. But the confidence must be made, the favor asked.

"Mr. Danesdale," she said abruptly, after they had walked on for some little time, and saw the village of Bainbeck below them, and the lights of Yoresett gleaming in the distance, and when she felt that the time for speaking was not long.

"Yes, Miss Conisbrough."

"You must have felt surprised when you saw me this afternoon?"

"Must I?"

"Were you not? Pray do not deny it. I am sure you were."

"Since you speak in that way of it, I was more than surprised. I was shocked and pained."

"Poor relations are very troublesome sometimes. I had been troublesome to my uncle this afternoon, and had got well snubbed—more than snubbed—in-sulted, for my pains."

"The old r—rascal!" observed Randolph, and Judith almost smiled at the naïve way in which he revealed how readily he had associated the cause of her trouble with Mr. Aglionby.

"I left his house in indignation. I cannot of course tell you what had happened, nor can you have any concern to know it. I was thinking about it. I shall never be able to tell it to any one but my sister Delphine, for it concerns us alone; so, as you have accidentally seen that something was wrong, would you mind, please—not mentioning—you can understand that I do not wish any one to hear of it."

"It is natural on your part to ask it," said he, "but I assure you it was unnecessary, so far as I am concerned. But I give you my word, as a gentleman, that whoever may hear of the circumstance will not hear of it from me. Pray regard it, so far as I am concerned, as if it had not happened."

He spoke with a grave earnestness which pleased Judith extremely and sent a glow of comfort to her chill heart. The earnestness sat well on the handsome young face. Looking up, as she thanked him for his promise, she thought how young he did look, and happy. She herself felt so old—so incalculably old this afternoon.

"I thank you sincerely," was all she said.

"The s—storm's close at hand," observed he the next moment, displaying once more the full beauty of his drawl and his hesitation, "I shall be in for a drenching, in more ways than one."

"As how?" she asked, in a tone almost like her usual one.

"From the rain before I get to Danesdale Castle, and from my sister's looks when I walk in late for dinner and take my place beside the lady whom I ought to have been in time to hand in."

"Oh, and it will be my fault?"

"It will. That is a fact beyond dispute. But they never wait for me, and I shall have the pleasure of mystifying them and seeing their curiosity run riot. That is what I enjoy. D—don't distress yourself."

They were passing the market cross in Yoresett. Judith was opposite her mother's door. She shook hands with Randolph, thanked him for his escort, and wished him well home before the storm broke.

"Thank you, and if I may presume to offer you a little advice, Miss Conisbrough, don't bother yourself about your wicked uncle."

She smiled faintly, bowed her head; he waved his hand, sprang upon his horse, and they parted.

\* \* \* \* \*

With her heart low again, she knocked at the door. Insensibly to her perceptions—for she had been so absorbed, first in her own emotion, and afterward in her conversation with Mr. Danesdale, that she had noticed nothing else—the storm had increased. The wind was alternately wailing a dirge and booming threats across the fells to the town. There would be floods of rain to-night, and to-morrow Swale and Yore would be thundering in flood through their valleys, fed by a hundred swollen becks from the hillsides. As the door was opened to her, the first cold splash of rain fell upon her face. The storm was from the northwest. It was well that all who had homes to go to should seek them while the tempest lasted.

It was Rhoda who had opened the door.

"Judith!" she exclaimed. "Mamma and I both said you would be kept all night at Scar Foot. It was only that bird of ill omen—that croaker, Delphine, who said you would not. Are you wet?"

"A little, I believe," replied Judith, anxious for an excuse not to go into the parlor immediately. "Oh, there's my candle, I see. I'll go straight up-stairs. I wish you'd tell Del to come and help me a minute."

Mrs. Conisbrough always resented the tendency to "talk secrets." Rhoda had rather a respect for it—besides, when her elders were engaged in that pastime,

their eyes were not so open to her defects. She alertly answered, "Yes, to be sure," and ran back into the parlor, while Judith toiled slowly up the stairs, and along the bare, hollow-sounding passage. She entered her own bedroom, placed the candle upon the dressing-table, and paused. She pulled off her gloves, threw them down, and then stood still, looking lonely and desolate, till a light, flying foot sounded along the passage; even at that gentle rush her face did not lighten. Then Delphine's lovely face and willowy form came floating in, graceful, even in her haste.

"Judith?" There was inquiry, suspense in her tone.

"Oh, Delphine!" Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she fell upon her sister's neck and cried as if her heart would break.

"Was it of no use?" asked the younger girl at last, softly caressing her, as she spoke.

"Worse than no use! He not only refused, he insulted me; he spoke abusively, talked about 'plots' and 'schemes' and things I could not understand. And at last he got into a fury, and he—oh, Delphine, Delphine—he bade me begone. He turned me out—from Scar Foot—from my dear old place that I loved so! Oh, I think my heart will break!"

"He must be *mad*—the horrid old monster!" cried Delphine, distinctly, her figure springing erect, even under the burden of her sister's form, and her tones ringing through the room. "He has not the right to treat you, or any of us, in that way. Let him do without us! Let him try how he likes living alone in his den, and getting more and more ill-tempered every day, till he frightens the whole country-side away from him. I will never go near him again, of my own free will, but if ever I meet him, I will tell him what I think of him; oh, I will! Cheer up, Judith! Keep a good heart. We will not be beaten by a tyrant like him. Depend upon it, it was the idea of our wanting to be free, and wanting him to set us free, of all people, that made him so wild. Don't cry more, now. We must go down to tea. Mother seems a little out of sorts just now, too. We will talk it over to-night. Come, my poor

dear! Let us take off your things. How tired she must be!" she added, caressingly. "After walking alone, all along that dreadful road, and in such weather. It wasn't fit to turn out a dog. Why, it must have been dark before you got to Counterside, Ju! You would wish for old Abel and his fog-horn. How did you grope your way along the road?"

"That reminds me," said Judith suddenly, while a deep blush spread over her face and neck. "I wasn't alone, except for about half a mile from Scar Foot."

"Not alone? Did Toby from the farm bring you with his lantern?"

"I never saw Toby. It was Mr. Danesdale—"

"*Mr. Danesdale!*"

"Yes. And the worst is he found me sitting in a hedge, like a tramp who can walk no farther, groaning, with my face in my hands."

"Oh, Judith! How terrible!"

"He got off his horse and walked with me to Yoresett. He is probably now riding for dear life, to be as nearly in time for dinner as he can."

"Well, we must go down now," said Delphine, very quietly. "You must tell me about that afterward. There's Rhoda calling out that tea is ready."

Arm in arm they went down-stairs into the warm, lighted parlor, which, despite its shabby furniture, looked very comfortable and homelike, with the tea-table spread, and the urn singing, and the old-fashioned crystal glass full of gracefully arranged yellow-berried holly and glossy ivy-leaves.

Mrs. Conisbrough did not inquire anything respecting the reception her eldest daughter had met with from her uncle. She cast a wavering, suspicious glance toward Judith, as the girls came in, which glance presently grew more reassured, but neither cheerful nor inquiring. In her own mind she was thinking, "What has he said to her? How far has he gone?" Judith met her mother's look in her usual manner, and spoke to her with her usual cordiality. Mrs. Conisbrough heaved a sigh of relief, but dared not proceed to questions of any kind.

When the meal was over they all sat still in the same room, some of them

working, some of them reading. Their store of books was small, but they were occasionally able to borrow a few from a certain Mrs. Malleson, their one and only intimate friend, whose husband was rector of the great parish of Stanniforth, which comprised Yoresett and many other places. The doctor of the district, who also lived some distance away, and who was a kindly-natured man, would occasionally remember "those poor Miss Conisbroughs," and would put a volume or two in his great-coat pocket for their benefit. Judith was making a pretence of reading one of these volumes now. Delphine sat at the old piano, and touched a chord now and then, and sang a phrase once and again. Rhoda was embroidering. Mrs. Conisbrough held a book in her hands, which she was not reading any more than Judith was reading hers.

Meantime, without, the storm had increased. Judith had heard the first threatenings of the wind, which was now one continuous roar. The rain, in spasms, lashed the panes furiously. Yoresett House could stand a good deal of that kind of thing. No tempest even shook it, though it might, as it did to-night, make wild work with the nerves of some of those who dwelt there.

Suddenly Rhoda raised her dusky head; her glowing brunette face was all listening; she held up a warning finger to Delphine to pause in her playing.

"Don't you hear wheels?" she said in a low voice, such as befitted the solemnity of the occasion.

They all listened; yes, wheels were distinctly audible, quickly moving, and a horse's hoofs, as it came down the street. Quick as thought Rhoda had bounded to the window, lifted the white linen blind, and pulled it over her head, in a frenzy of aroused curiosity.

Just opposite the house stood the only public illumination possessed by Yoresett—a lantern, which threw out melancholy rays and cast a flickering light upon the objects around. It burned in a wavering, uncanny manner, in the furious gusts to-night, but Rhoda's eyes were keen. Emerging presently from her retirement, she found three pairs of eyes gazing inquiringly at her.

"Would you ever believe it," she cried. "It's old Mr. Whaley's dog-



cart, with the white mare, *and he is in it.*"

"Old Mr. Whaley" was the family lawyer of the Aglionby clan, and had been so for forty years.

"Nonsense, my dear child!" protested her sisters. "It is some belated traveller, and the flickering light has deceived you."

"I tell you it was old Mr. Whaley. Don't I know his mare Lucy as well as I know my own name? He was sitting muffled up and crouching together, and his man was driving. Will you tell me I don't know Peter Metcalfe and his red beard? and they were driving toward the road to Bainbeck."

"It is strange!" said Delphine.

Rhoda, going back toward her place, looked at her mother.

"Mamma's ill!" she cried, springing to her side.

"No, no! It's nothing. I have not felt very well all day. Leave me alone, children, it will pass off. Old Mr. Whaley, on the road to Bainbeck, did you say, Rhoda? Then he must be going to see your uncle."

## CHAPTER XII.

### DANESDALE CASTLE.

RANDULF DANESDALE, after taking leave of Miss Conisbrough, sprang upon his horse again, pulled his collar up about his ears, rammed his cap well on to his head, called to his dog, and rode on in the teeth of the wind, toward his home. Soon the storm burst over him in full fury, and he was properly drenched before arriving at Danesdale Castle. During his ride thither, he constantly gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible!" which might have reference to the weather, he being as yet somewhat inexperienced in the matter of storms as they rage in Yorkshire dales. More probably it was caused by some train of thought. Be that as it may, the exclamation was oft reiterated. At last, after a long, rough ride along country roads uncheered by lamps, he ascended the hill going to Danesdale Castle, and rode into the courtyard where the stables and kennels were, delivered his horse over to his groom, and sauntered toward the house.

"Are they dining, Thompson?" he

inquired of a solemn-looking butler whom he met as he passed through the hall.

"They are dining, sir," was the respectful reply, and Randulf's visage wore an expression of woe and gravity impossible to describe; yet an impartial observer must have come to the conclusion that Thompson and his young master were enjoying an excellent joke together.

"If Sir Gabriel should ask, say I am in, and will join them in five minutes," said Randulf, going up-stairs. During his dressing he again gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible," and this time it may reasonably be supposed to have referred to the extreme celerity with which he made his toilette.

When he had ridden into the courtyard ten minutes ago, he had looked animated, interested, and interesting, as he perfectly sat his perfect horse. There had been vigor and alertness in his movements, and a look of purpose and life in his eyes. That look had been upon his face from the moment in which he had reined up his horse by the roadside, and seen Judith Conisbrough's eyes looking up at him. When he came into the dining-room, and the assembled company turned their eyes upon him with a full stare of surprise, or inspection, or both, and his father pretended to look displeased, and his sister looked so in stern reality, he looked tired, languid, indifferent—more than indifferent, bored to death.

Sir Gabriel looked as if he would have spoken to him, but Randulf's place was at the other end of the table, nearer his sister, Miss Philippa Danesdale. He dropped into the vacant chair left for him by the side of a lady who looked out of temper; a lady with considerable claims to good looks, in the confident, unabashed style of beauty; a lady, finally, whose toilette bore evidence of having cost a great deal of money. She was Miss Anna Dunlop, Miss Danesdale's dearest friend, and Randulf had had to take her in to dinner every day since his return home.

Glancing around, he uttered a kind of general apology, including Miss Dunlop in it with a slight bow, and then he looked wistfully round the table.

"You appear to be looking for some—

thing, Mr. Danesdale," observed Miss Dunlop, her corrugated brow becoming more placid.

"Only for the s—soup. I am absolutely starving," was the reply, in a tone of weariness which hardly rose above a whisper.

"If you will be so late, Randolph," said his sister in the low voice she always used, "you must expect to have to wait, a minute or two at any rate, for your dinner. The servants are not omnipotent."

"I hope not, indeed!" he said. "If they were, where would you be? Where should I be? Where should we all be?"

"You snap up people's remarks in the most unkind manner," expostulated Miss Dunlop on Philippa's behalf. "Your sister only meant to calm your impatience, and you misconstrue her remark, and call up a number of the most dreadful images to one's mind."

"Dreadful images! Isn't there a song? Oh, no, engines; that's it—not images. 'See the dreadful engines of eternal war.' Do you know it?"

"I never heard it. I believe you are making it up," said Miss Dunlop reproachfully.

"Ah; it's old. It used to be sung long before your time—when I was a boy, in fact," he returned, with a gravity so profound as to be almost oppressive.

Miss Dunlop paused a moment, and then decided to laugh, which she did in a somewhat falsetto tone, eliciting no responsive smile from him. A dismal idea that Randolph was a sarcastic young man began to distil its baneful poison through her mind. What did he mean by so pointedly saying, "It used to be sung when I was a boy?"

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randolph?" asked his sister; but he did not hear her, or appeared not to do so. Miss Danesdale was a plump, red-haired woman, no longer young. It was said by some of those friends of her youth whom she, like others, found somewhat inconvenient when that youth had fled, that she was forty. This, however, was supposed by those who knew her to be a slight exaggeration. She sat very upright, always held her shoulders back, and her head elevated,

nor did she stoop it, even in the act of eating and drinking. She always spoke in an exceedingly low voice, which only a great emergency or extreme irritation ever caused her to raise; indeed it is useless to deny the fact, Miss Danesdale, from what cause soever, muttered, with what results, on the tempers of herself and of those who had to interpret her mutters or be asking for a repetition of them, may be more easily imagined than described. Her brother, who had seen little of her until this last final home-coming, considered the habit to be one of the most trying and exasperating weapons in the armory of a trying and exasperating woman. Miss Danesdale had every intention of behaving very well to her brother, and of making him welcome, and being very kind to him; but the manner in which she displayed her goodwill took a didactic, even a dictatorial form, which failed to recommend itself to the young man. If it were not sure to be taken for feminine illwill toward the nobler and larger-minded sex, the present writer would feel obliged to hint that Randolph Danesdale felt spiteful toward his esteemed sister, and that occasionally he acted as he felt. In any case, he appeared on the present occasion not to hear her, and in exactly the same voice and words she repeated her question, looking at him as he gazed wearily at the pattern of his now empty soup-plate.

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randolph?"

He looked up with a vague, dreaming expression.

"A—! Did some one speak to me?"

Extreme irritation now came into play. Miss Danesdale raised her voice, and in a far from pleasant tone, cried:

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late?"

"I have come straight here from the Sparthwaites," he replied, mournfully accepting the fish which was offered to him.

"Whom did you meet there?" she asked.

Any one who could have performed the feat of looking under Randolph's wearily-drooped eyelids into his eyes would have been rewarded with the vision of a most uncanny-looking sprite, which suddenly came floating and whirl-

ing up from some dark well of wickedness deep down in a perverted masculine nature. When he raised his eyelids, the sprite had discreetly drawn a veil between itself and the audience. None the less did it prompt the reply :

" Oh, a l—lot of people. I sat next an awfully good-looking woman, whom I admired. One of those big, black women, like a rocking-horse. C—champed the bit just like a rocking-horse too, and pranced like one. She said—"

There were accents in Randulf's voice which called a smile to the faces of some of the company, who had begun to listen to his tale. Miss Danesdale exclaimed almost vivaciously :

" Why, you must mean Mrs. Pr—"

" Don't tell me before I've finished. I don't know her name. Her husband had been ill it seemed, and she had been nursing him, and they pitied her because of it ; and she said, ' Oh, I have nursed him before now. I held him in my arms when he was a b—baby. "

" Randulf ! "

" I was h—horror-struck ; and I suppose I showed it, for she suddenly gave a wild prance, and champed the bit more than ever, and then she said : ' Of course I don't remember it, but they tell me I did. My dear husband is a year or two younger than I am, but so good. "

Mr. Danesdale sank again into a reflective silence. Sir Gabriel and the elder portion of the company went off into a storm of laughter, which did not in the least mitigate the deep gloom of the heir. Miss Dunlop's high color had increased to an alarmingly feverish hue. Miss Danesdale looked unutterable things. Sir Gabriel, who loved a joke, presently wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, trying to look rebuking :

" My dear boy, if you let that sarcastic tongue of yours run on in that way, you'll be getting into mischief. "

" I sarcastic ! " he ejaculated, with a look of the deepest injury. " My dear sir ! "

" Will you have roast mutton, Randulf ? " asked Miss Danesdale, behind her mittened hand, as if she were putting some very disgraceful question, and dreaded lest the servants should hear it. " Because if—"

" Roast mutton ? oh, joy ! " he exclaimed, with a look of sudden hungry animation, which greatly puzzled some of the company, who saw him that night for the first time, and who said afterward that really that young Danesdale was very odd. He came in so late to dinner, and sat looking as if he were going to faint, and told a very ill-natured story about Mrs. Prancington. (though Mrs. Prancington is a ridiculous woman, you know), and then he suddenly fell upon the roast mutton with an ogreish fury, and could hardly be got to speak another word throughout the meal. They were sure he had astonished poor Anna Dunlop beyond bounds, for she did not speak to him again.

Perhaps Mr. Danesdale had desired this consummation, perhaps not. At least, he did not murmur at it, but attacked the viands before him in such a manner as soon to make up for lost time.

Presently the ladies went to the drawing-room, and the men were left to their wine. All the rooms at Danesdale Castle were agreeable, because they could not help being so. They were quaint and beautiful in themselves, and formed parts of a quaint and beautiful old house ; and of course Miss Danesdale did not wish to have vulgar rooms, and had not, unless a certain frigid stiffness be vulgarity, which, in a " withdrawing-room, " meant to be a centre of sociability and ease, I am inclined to think it is.

Miss Dunlop was staying in the house. The other ladies were neighbors from houses not too far away. All belonged to " the dale. " They were not of a very lively type, being nearly all advanced in middle life, stout, and inclined to discuss the vexed topics of domestics, children, the state of their greenhouses, their schools, and their clergy, all of which subjects they seemed to sweep together into one category, or, as Randulf had been known irreverently to say, " These women lump together infant-schools, bedding out plants, parsons and housemaids in a way that makes it impossible for any ignorant fellow like me to follow the conversation. "

These dowagers, with Miss Dunlop

looking bored and cross (as indeed she felt), and Miss Danesdale looking prim, as she stepped from one to the other of her guests, to mutter a remark and receive an answer—these ladies disposed themselves variously about the well-warmed, comfortable drawing-room, while the one who was the youngest of them, the most simply dressed, the handsomest, and by far the most intelligent-looking, the wife of the vicar of Stanniforth, sat a little apart, and felt amused at the proceedings.

As soon as politeness would allow her, Philippa seated herself beside Miss Dunlop, and, with a frosty little smile of friendship, said, in a mutter intended to be good-natured :

"When the men come in, Anna, and if Randulf comes to you, just ask him something, will you?"

"Ask him what? If he enjoyed the wine and walnuts as much as the roast mutton? or if he thinks me like Mrs. Prancington?"

"Oh no, dear. And if he did, Mrs. Prancington is a very handsome woman. But ask him if he has seen anything of the Miss Conisbroughs to-day."

"The Miss Conisbroughs? Are they friends of yours?"

"No, but they are of his—dear friends. Just ask him how long he stopped at their house on his way home. I must go, dear. There's old Mrs. Marton looking fit to eat me, for not having been civil to her."

She rose, and walked with neat, prim little steps across the room.

Miss Dunlop sat still for a few minutes; her big black eyes fixed upon her big, black-mittened hands, upon her yellow satin and black-lace lap, and upon the black and yellow fan which her fingers held. After frowning at her hands for some time, she arose, and went to the piano, near which sat Mrs. Malleson, the vicar's wife. Miss Dunlop placed herself upon the music-stool, and began to play a drawing-room melody of questionable value as a composition, in a prononcé, bravura style.

By and by the men did come in—Sir Gabriel and the vicar first. A fine old gentleman was Sir Gabriel Danesdale. Abundant curly hair, which had long been snow-white; large yet delicately chiselled features of great strength and

power, and somewhat of the old Roman type, and a complexion of a clear, healthy brown, not turned crimson, either with his outdoor sports or his modest potations. He looked as if he could be stern upon occasion. His face and bearing showed that mingling of patrician pride and kindly bonhomie which made him what he was, and which had secured him the love and goodwill of friends and dependents years ago.

Behind him followed Randulf, as tall as his father, and with shoulders as broad, looking at the moment as if he could hardly summon up energy to move one foot before the other. He was listening with the air of a martyr to a stout country squire with a red face, and other country squires—the husbands of those squires who sat in an amply spreading ring about the room—followed after him, talking—what do country gentlemen talk about, whose souls are in the county hunt and the agricultural interest?

Randulf, "promenading" his eyes around the room, beheld Miss Dunlop at the piano, and the vicar's wife sitting close beside her. To the left, he saw the ring of dowagers, "looking like a peacock's tail magnified," he said to himself, and fled toward the priestess for refuge.

"I suppose you got here before the storm came on, Mrs. Malleson?"

"Yes, we did. We shall have to drive home in it, though."

"I'm afraid you will. What roads they are here too! I know I thought so this afternoon, riding from Hawes . . . Don't let us interrupt your music on any account, Miss Dunlop," he continued blandly, as she stopped.

"Oh, I've finished," she answered, somewhat unceremoniously cutting into the conversation. "Did you ride from Hawes this afternoon?"

"Yes," said he, instantly becoming exhausted again.

"And that is a rough road?"

"Very."

"It comes through Yoresett, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Philippa has been telling me about your friends the Miss Conisbroughs."

"Has she?"

"The Miss Conisbroughs," said Mrs.



Malleson. "Do you know them, Miss Dunlop?"

"Not at all, but I hear Mr. Danesdale does."

"Do you, Mrs. Malleson?" he asked.

"Very well indeed. They are great friends of mine, . . . and of yours too, it seems."

"Of mine? Well, I've known them just as long as I've known you. May I say that Mrs. Malleson and the Misses Conisbrough are great friends of mine?"

"Yes, if you like. If they allow you to become their friend, I congratulate you."

"They are nieces to that aged r—reprobate, Aglionby of Scar Foot, ain't they?"

"They are."

"Won't you tell Miss Dunlop about them?—she wants to know, dreadfully."

"I do, immensely. Are they pretty, Mrs. Malleson?" she asked.

"A great deal more than pretty, I should say," said Mrs. Malleson, in her hearty, outspoken tones—tones which had not yet quite lost their girlish ring. "I call the eldest one splendid, so handsome, and so calmly dignified!"

"Yes," said Randolph, whose eyes were almost closed and his face expressionless, as he recalled the pale, woe-stricken countenance which that "calmly-dignified" Miss Conisbrough had raised to him that afternoon. He felt a tightening at his heart-strings. Mrs. Malleson went on:

"As for Delphine, I think she is exquisite. I never saw any lovelier girl, I don't care where. You know, if that girl were rich, and came out in London—I used to visit a great deal in London before I was married—and I am sure, if she were introduced there, she would make a furore—dressed in a style that suited her, you know. Don't you think she would?"

"I should not be surprised," he returned, apparently on the verge of utter extinction, "one never can tell what there will be a furore about in London—Chinamen, actresses, living skeletons, bilious greens—yes, I dare say she would."

Miss Dunlop laughed a little ill-

naturedly, while Randolph, displaying suddenly more animation, added:

"But the youngest, Mrs. Malleson. That little black-browed one. She is just as handsome as she can be. What a life she would lead any man who was in love with her!"

"She will be a strikingly beautiful woman some day, without doubt; but she is a child as yet."

"Now, Miss Dunlop, you have heard an indisputable verdict on the good looks of the Miss Conisbroughs. All I can say is, that to me Mrs. Malleson's remarks appear full of wisdom and penetration. As for anything else—Father!"

Sir Gabriel was passing. Despite his overpowering languor, Randolph rose, as he called him, and stood beside him, saying:

"Miss Dunlop is inspired with a devouring curiosity about the Miss Conisbroughs. What can you tell us about them and their antecedents?"

"Miss Conisbroughs," said Sir Gabriel, knitting his brows. "Oh, of course. Marion Arkendale's daughters. Parson Conisbrough's girls. Ah! she was a bonny woman, and a nice woman, was Marion Arkendale, when we were all young. I know them a little—yes."

"They are Squire Aglionby's grand-nieces, aren't they?"

"Yes, what of that?"

"Will they be his heiresses? You see I don't know the local gossip yet."

"His heiresses—I expect so. Old John never confided the secrets of his last will and testament to me, but it is the universal expectation that they will, when any one ever thinks anything about it. He disinherited his son, you know, in a fit of passion, one day."

"Lucky for me that you can't," said Randolph mournfully.

"I'm more likely to disinherit you for inordinate yawning than anything else," said Sir Gabriel.

"His son married; did he leave any children?"

"One boy."

"Surely he won't ignore him utterly."

"But he will. I remember him telling me that the mother and her relations had the boy, and were going to look after it, and that he was sure they

hoped by that means to get a pull over him and his money. He added with a great oath that the brat might make the best of them, and they of it, for never a stiver of his should it handle. He is the man to keep his word, especially in such a case as that."

"Will these girls be much of heiresses," asked Randolph, apparently stifling a yawn.

"Very pretty heiresses, if he divides equally. Some fifteen hundred a year apiece, I should say. But why do you want to know?" added Sir Gabriel.

"Has something happened?"

"Nothing, to my knowledge," replied his son; "it was only the extreme interest felt in the young ladies by Miss Dunlop that made me ask."

"Well, that's all I can tell you about it, except a few anecdotes of old John's prowess in the hunting-field, and of his queer temper and off-hand ways."

Sir Gabriel left them. Randolph implored Miss Dunlop to sing, which she did, thereby reducing him to the last stage of woe and dejection.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night the tempest howled out its roughest paroxysms. The following day was wet, and hopelessly so, with gusts of wind, melancholy, if not violent. The inmates of Danesdale Castle were weather-bound, or the ladies at any rate considered themselves so. Sir Gabriel was out all the morning. Randolph was invisible during the greater part of the day, and was reported by his man as having a headache and not wishing for any lunch.

"*Headache!*" cried Sir Gabriel to the ladies, with a mighty laugh, "at his age I had never even dreamed of a headache. I'd bet something he's on his back on a couch, with a pipe and a French novel."

The ladies said nothing. In the afternoon Sir Gabriel was out again, and Miss Danesdale and Miss Dunlop yawned in company until dinner-time, when they and their mankind all met together for the first time that day. They were scarcely seated when Sir Gabriel said:

"It's odd, Randolph, that you should have been asking so many questions last

night about old John Aglionby and those girls. There does seem to be a fatality about these things sometimes."

"As how?" inquired his son.

"Old John is dead. He had an apoplectic fit last night, and died at noon to-day. I met the doctor while I was out this afternoon, and he told me. It gave me a great shock, I must confess. Aglionby of Scar Foot was a name so inseparably connected with this dale, and with every remembrance of my life that has anything to do with the dale, that it is difficult to realize that now he must be a remembrance himself, and nothing more."

"Yes, indeed, it is very strange. And he leaves no one to take his name."

"He is sure to have made a proviso that those girls shall take the name of Aglionby. I cannot grasp it somehow; that there will be Conisbroughs at Scar Foot—and women!"

"Do you visit them, Philippa?" asked Randolph, turning to his sister.

"We exchange calls occasionally, and we always ask them to our parties in winter, but they have never been to one of them. Of course I must go and call upon Mrs. Conisbrough at the proper time."

"I'm not sorry the poor girls will have better times at last," observed Sir Gabriel, on whom the occurrence seemed to have fallen almost as a blow. "And, after all, he was seventy-two and over. When I get to that age, boy, you will be thinking it about time for me to clear out."

Randolph smiled, and drawled out, "Perhaps I may, sir," but his eyes met those of his father. The old man and the young man understood each other well already. Sir Gabriel Danesdale slept that night with the secure consciousness that if he lived to be a hundred, his son would never wish him away.

"Ah, there's a deal in family affection," he reflected. "If Aglionby had only been a little more lenient to that poor lad of his, the winter of his life might have had more sun in it and less frost. . . . How he used to ride! Like a devil sometimes. What runs we have had together; and what fish we have killed! Poor old John!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

## "THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON."

"THE first concert of the season, Bernard, and you mustn't miss it. Really, for the life of me, I can't tell what you hear in those awfully classical concerts. Isn't it 'classical' that they call them? I've been to some of them. I like watching the swells come in, and I dare say it's very amusing for them, who go regularly to the same places, to meet all their friends, and that sort of thing; but there I'm done. Those concerts send me to sleep, or else they make my head ache. It's nothing but a banging, and a squeak-squeaking, without any tune to go by in it. I *can't* tell what you hear in them."

It was Miss Vane who thus addressed her swain on the Wednesday evening after he had told her about his meeting with his grandfather. He held his hat in his hand, and listened to her smilingly, but without any signs of relinquishing his purpose.

"Perhaps you don't, my love. I hear a great deal in them. To-night I shall hear Madame Trebelli sing '*Che farò senza Eurydice?*' which is enough to last any fellow for a week, and make him thrill whenever he thinks of it. Likewise, I shall hear Beethoven's symphony, No. 5, which—"

"Oh, those horrid long symphonies! I know them. I can no more make head or tail of them than I can of your books about ethics or agnostics, or something sticks. But go, go; and I hope you may enjoy it. I like a play or a comic opera, for my part. Promise you'll take me to *Madame Angot* the next time it comes, and I'll be good."

"To *Madame Angot* you shall go if I am here, and able to take you," he rejoined, his eyes smiling darkly beneath the brim of his hat. "You won't be gone to bed when I get back," he said. "It won't be late; and we can have half an hour's chat; just half an hour."

"Well, if you're not too late," said Miss Vane graciously.

Bernard promised and vowed to return very early; and then went off to enjoy his one piece of genuine, unadulterated luxury and extravagance—his shilling's-worth of uncomfortable stand-

ing-room in the "body of the hall," which shilling's-worth, while the great singers sang, and the great orchestral masterpieces were performed in a style almost peculiar to Irkford, of all English towns—represented to him a whole realm of riches and glory, royal in its splendor.

He secured a good place, just behind the last of the reserved seats, which were filled with a brilliant-looking audience. From the moment in which the well-known leader came on and received his rounds of welcome and applause to the last strain of the last composition he was all ear and all delight.

It was certainly a feast that night for those who care for such feasts. There was a delicious "Anacreon" overture, full of Cherubini's quaintest thoughts; and there was the great cantatrice singing in her most superb style. "*Che farò*," though, came in the second part of the performance. Before it was the Fifth Symphony. Bernard, drinking in the sounds, remembered the old tale of how some one asked the composer what he meant by those four portentous and thrilling chords which open the symphony, and how he replied, "Thus fate knocks at the door."

"*Se non è vero è ben trovato*," thought our hero, smiling to himself. "A fate that knocked in that way would be a fate worth opening to, whether good or bad. But one usually hears a more commonplace kind of tap at the door than that."

He listened with heart and soul to the grand scena from "*Orpheus*." The cadence rang in his ears.

"Eurydice! Eurydice!  
Che farò senza Eurydice?"

When it was over, he slipped out, not caring to spoil the effect of it by listening to anything more. As he marched home, his pulses were beating fast. The strains of "*Eurydice*" rang in his ears. But the opening chords of the symphony struggled with them and overcame them. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he repeated to himself many times, and in a low voice hummed the notes. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he muttered, laughing a little to himself, as he inserted his latch-key, and opened the door of No. 13 Crane Street.

He found Lizzie in the parlor, seated

on a stool in the very middle of the hearthrug, and gazing upward at a brown envelope which she had stuck on the mantelpiece, in front of the clock.

"Bernard," she said, "there's a telegram for you." She scarcely turned her delicate fair face toward him as she spoke. "It came almost the minute you'd gone, and I'm fairly dying to know what it can be about."

He was very much surprised to see it himself, but did not say so, taking it as if nothing could have been more natural than for it to come.

"Why, it's addressed to the warehouse," he remarked. "How did it get here?"

"That boy, Robert Stansfield, from the warehouse, brought it. He said it came just as he was leaving, and he thought you might like to have it. I believe that boy would die, or do anything for you, Bernard," she added, watching him as he opened and read the message without a muscle of his face changing.

"James Whaley, solicitor, Yoresett, to Bernard Aglionby, 15 Fence Street, Irkford. Your grandfather died suddenly this morning, and your presence here is indispensable. Come to-morrow by the train leaving Irkford at 2.15, and I will meet you at Hawes, and explain."

"What a long one, Bernard! What is it all about?"

"A stupid thing which will oblige me to set off on a business journey to-morrow," he said, frowning a little, speaking quite calmly, but feeling his heart leaping wildly. Was it fate that knocked at the door? or was it "but a bootless bene"?

Why did he not tell her, or read her the telegram? It was chiefly because of their conversation on Monday night last. It was because he knew what she would say if she heard the news, and because, rough and abrupt though he was, he simply could not endure to hear her comments upon that news, nor to listen to the wild and extravagant hopes which she would build upon it, and which she would not hesitate to express. He would have laughed loud and long, if any one had told him that his sense of delicacy, and of the fitness of things, was finer and more discriminating than

that of Miss Vane, but it was a fact that it was so.

Meantime, wild and rapid speculations and wonders crowded into his own mind. He tried hard to see things in what he called a "sensible" light. He told himself that it was utterly impossible that his grandfather could have done anything to his will which in anyway affected him. There had not been time for it. He would have to go to Hawes, and hear what they wanted him for—possibly to attend the funeral—a ceremony with which he would rather have dispensed. Then, when he knew how much he, with his slender salary, was to be out of pocket by the whole affair, he would come back, and reveal the news to Lizzie, thus forever putting out of her head all hopes or aspirations connected with old Mr. Aglionby and his money. She was quite satisfied with his explanation: though she girded at him and teased him and disagreed with him, he had the power of making her do exactly as he chose *when* he chose, and of making her see things as he desired her to see them. But he could only do it by means of fear—intimidation, and he knew it, and rarely indeed chose to exert that power.

He thrust the telegram into his pocket, and, consulting a little railway guide, found that the train mentioned by Mr. Whaley was the *only* one during the day by which his journey could be accomplished in reasonable time. The earlier ones were slow, and necessitated so many waitings and changings that he would arrive no sooner. In the morning he took his leave of Lizzie, saying he could not give her his address now, as he did not know where he should be that night, but he would write as soon as possible. Lizzie was very sweet and amiable; she hung about him affectionately, and held up her face to be kissed, and he thought what an angel she was, what a guileless, trusting angel, to confide herself to the keeping of a rough-hewn, cross-grained carle like him. Again his heart fluttered as he gave a flying glance toward the possibility that Mr. Whaley of Yoresett might have some solid reason for summoning him thus suddenly to his grandfather's house. If there were any such reason—he kissed Lizzie's sweet face with a strange



passion of regretful love and tenderness.

"Good-by, my own sweetheart!" he said again.

"Good-by, Bernard dear; and be sure you let me know when you're coming home."

On his way to town he stopped at a post-office, to send off a telegram to Mr. Whaley, promising to be at Hawes at the time mentioned. And then he went on to the warehouse, and asked for leave of absence with a cool hardihood

which sorely tried the temper and dignity of Mr. Jenkinson, and at 2.15 set off on his journey with an unknown object—his journey which might be the beginning of a new life, or merely the seal affixed to the relentless obduracy of one train of circumstances for which he was in no way responsible. It was in the bitter, sarcastic nature of the man to contemplate the latter possibility as being the more probable one.—*Temple Bar.*

### WHAT IS A COLD?

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

To enjoy life, one must be in good health; and to remain free from disease is the desire of all. Yet there are some ailments which do not interfere very much with the pleasures of life, and therefore are not dreaded in consequence—nay more, they are frequently treated with neglect, although in many instances they are the precursors of more serious disorders which may in not a few cases have a fatal termination. How often to the usual greetings which one friend exchanges with another is the reply given: "Very well, thank you, except a little cold." A little cold; and yet how significant this may be. In how many cases do we find a "little cold" resemble a little seed which may sooner or later develop into a mighty tree. A little cold neglected may and frequently does prove itself to be a thing not to be trifled with. Let me then pray my readers to remember that small beginnings in not a few instances have big endings, and this especially where disease exists. Let us then consider what is a common cold.

In the first place we must be paradoxical, and affirm that it is not a cold at all. It is rather a heat, if I might so express myself—that is, it is a form of fever, but of course of a very mild type, when it is uncomplicated by other diseases. It is certainly in the majority of instances due to the effects of cold playing upon some portion of the body, and reacting upon the mucous membrane through the intervention of the nervous

apparatus. What is called a cold, then, is in reality a fever; and though in the majority of instances it is of such a trivial nature as to necessitate few precautions being taken during its attack, yet in some cases it runs a most acute course, and may be followed by great prostration. Even when the premonitory symptoms of a cold are developing themselves—when, for example, what a medical man calls a rigor, or as it is popularly designated, a shivering is felt, when we would naturally suppose that the animal temperature is below par, it is at that very moment higher than the normal; thus showing the onset of fever.

Before going at once into the symptoms and nature of the disease under discussion, it will be advisable to dip a little into that most interesting department of medical science—physiology, and indeed, without doing so, it would be quite impossible for the majority of my readers to understand the manner in which cold acts in producing the inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the nose, or as it is called, the Schneiderian membrane—which inflamed condition constitutes a cold in the head. It will be necessary to understand what a mucous membrane is, what its duties are, and how these duties are performed, before entering upon a description of a disease attacking it. To take the mucous membrane of the nose as an example. We find that it is a membrane spread out over a very large area, lining as it does a great many un-

dulations caused by the arrangement of the bones composing the walls of the nostrils, so that a very much greater surface is required to be traversed by the air entering the lungs through the nose—the natural passage—than is required by the actual length of the canal. The object of this is obvious, when we take into account the fact that the temperature of the air is usually either below or above that of the human body, and that it is almost invariably loaded with particles of matter which would irritate the lungs did they find access to them.

The tortuous passage of the nose thus tends in the first place to equalize in some measure the temperature of the atmosphere inhaled, with that of the lungs; and in the second place, the mucus which is secreted by the Schneiderian membrane being of a tenacious nature, tends to attract and ensnare the impurities which the air may contain. We thus see that the nostrils act as a filter to the air taken in by inhalation. If we observe any mucous surface we cannot help remarking its deep-red color, this being due to the close network of blood-vessels ramifying on its surface. In consequence of this accumulation of minute arteries and veins through which warm blood is constantly flowing, a pretty high temperature is constantly maintained in any cavity lined by mucous membrane. There is therefore little difficulty in understanding how important a part the nostrils play in preparing the air for its entrance into the sensitive structure of the lungs. But the nostrils do not only temper the air—they also yield to it an amount of moisture which renders it still more bland and less irritating. We see, then, that the functions of the nostrils as regards the atmosphere inhaled are threefold—(1) in equalizing its temperature, (2) in moistening, and (3) in filtering it. The latter function is materially aided by quite a forest of minute hairs which guard the entrance to the passages.

Having noticed how distended the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane naturally are, it will not be difficult to understand how slight a disturbance of the balance of blood-supply will be necessary to produce congestion or inflammation of the structure, and such is really the case; and it is because of this

that people who have what is called an irritable mucous membrane are so susceptible of cold. They have, in fact, a chronically congested mucous membrane, which, however, is usually associated with and dependent upon a disordered digestion. Yet notwithstanding these facts, a cold is not produced by cold air acting upon the surface which suffers. It is quite true that there are individuals with peculiar idiosyncrasies who take catarrh when they smell certain substances. For instance, many cannot go into a room where powdered ipecac is exposed without immediately catching catarrh in the nasal passages; and there is reported the case of a man who could not smell a rose without being affected in a similar way.

We must now go a step further before we can understand the *modus operandi* by which a cold in the head, or in any other region, is produced. It has been shown that one of the functions of a mucous membrane is to secrete mucus. But what is it that makes the secretion vary in quantity? Well, an irritant applied directly to the surface may produce an excessive flow, and this superabundance of mucus is thrown out by an effort of nature in its endeavor to shield the delicate membrane and remove the irritant; this may happen also when there is an excessive amount of blood in the vessels, which is the case when congestion exists, the distension of the blood-vessels acting as an irritant, and supplying in greater amount the fluid from which the mucus is extracted, thus tending to excite the secreting power to greater effort. Thus we have an explanation of the excessive discharge in catarrh of the nose. But when the direct irritant is removed, the unnaturally abundant discharge ceases. Not so, however, when the superabundance is due to the effects of cold; for in the latter case a diseased condition is set up, which will only disappear when the effects of the exposure upon the nervous system have passed away.

Having demonstrated that cold is not produced by the action of cold air playing upon the part affected, but that, on the contrary, it is an effect of cold acting upon a distant part of the body, it will be necessary to explain how this is brought about. If a person sits in a

draught of cold air, and this draught is directed upon the back of his head, the chances are that a catarrh of the nasal passages will result, and this is produced by what is called reflex action of the nerves. Here it will be necessary to diverge a little and explain what reflex action is. It must be understood, then, that there are numerous nervous centres connected with the spinal cord. These nervous centres send filaments of their nerves to various portions of the body. For example, a nerve centre may be placed alongside the spine in the neck, and from this point nerves may be distributed to the back of the head and the mucous membrane of the nose. One important function of these little bodies is to control the supply of blood to different surfaces and tissues and organs. This is done by a system of minute nerves which are distributed on the arteries, by which the vessels are kept in a state of contraction. Now, if these nerves are severed from the main trunk, the blood-vessels immediately expand to the full extent of their calibre, and congestion is the result; or if these nerves are paralyzed, the same effect is produced. Sometimes a very slight shock produces a temporary paralysis of these minute nerves when a rush of blood takes place into the arteries, of which blushing is a good example; but the nerves soon recover their control over the blood-supply, and the blush passes away. Then again, the shock may produce quite the opposite effect; this may be so severe as to cause such extreme contraction of the blood-vessels, that a deadly pallor pervades the face, as for instance in severe shock from fear. This, however, is caused more by the effect of shock acting upon the nerve centres which supply the heart with motor power.

But let us suppose that one extremity of a nerve arising from a particular nerve centre, is irritated; this is communicated to that centre, which is affected thereby, it may be slightly or more severely. The irritation may be so great as to prostrate for the time being the nerve centre, and in consequence all the nerves arising from it are thrown into a state of inaction. This is called the reflex action of that nerve centre, because the effects of the irritant applied

to one part of the body are thereby reflected to other parts. Instances of reflex action may be seen frequently in every-day life. Take, for example, the action of the eyelid when an object threatens to enter the eye. The retina perceives the object advancing; this is telegraphed to the nervous centre supplying the muscles which open and shut the eyelids, and immediately a message is sent back to the eyelids to shut and exclude the particle of matter that threatens to enter the eye. All this is done so quickly that it is hardly possible to realize that there is time for reflex nervous action being brought into play.

Another instance of reflex action, but this time influencing the secretions, may be cited. Who is not familiar with the effect of a savory smell or the sight of some luxury upon the salivary secretion, so that, to use a common expression, 'the mouth waters.' In the first, the olfactory nerve is the means by which the impression is conveyed to the nerve centre; in the other, it is the optic nerve which is the transmitting agent; but in each case the impression is reflected to that nerve controlling the salivary secretion, with the effect of producing an increased flow of saliva. We thus see that the secretions can be influenced by one nerve conveying its impression to another whose filaments take origin in a common centre.

Now, to come to the subject more directly under consideration in this paper, we must comprehend how cold acting on one part of the body produces catarrh of the nasal mucous membrane. Exposure to the most intense cold for a lengthened period will not produce this effect. Indeed, we find it invariably the case that severe frost in winter is, so far as catarrh is concerned, the healthiest weather we can have. During the prevalence of frost, as a rule, colds are at a minimum. The system here shows its power of accommodating itself to the circumstances surrounding it, and actually benefits by the prevailing low temperature. Let us, however, suppose a person to be sitting in a room the temperature of which is, say, seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and that a current of cold air is rushing in at an open door or window and playing upon the back of his head, or it may be on his legs or

feet, and the probability is that he will "catch cold," and in nine cases out of ten this cold will be a catarrh in the head, and what may appear more remarkable still, only one nostril will at first be affected. Now, if the catarrh was due to the inhalation of cold air, both nostrils would suffer; but it is not so, for as each side of the body is supplied by its distinct set of nerves, so only that side is affected through which the reflex disturbance has been transmitted. The *modus operandi* is the following: The draught of cold air acting, we will suppose, on the back of the head, conveys through the sympathetic nerve, which ramifies on the scalp, a shock to the nervous centre from which these nerve fibres proceed; but we must understand that this nerve centre sends its filaments to other portions of the body, and so the shock which this centre receives by one set of nerves, is reflected by another set to some surface quite remote from that primarily acted upon; and in this way a temporary paralysis of the nerves supplying the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane of the nose is brought about. In consequence these vessels become dilated and engorged, and the shock which has brought about this congestion continuing, disturbs the equilibrium of the blood-supply, and so an inflammatory condition is set up. When this exists, the blood-vessels are enormously distended; consequently an excess of blood passes through the part, the little cells which secrete the mucus being thus excited and working much more rapidly than when in health. In this way the enormous discharge of mucus which accompanies a cold in the head, is accounted for.

Another effect of this irritation of the mucous membrane is sneezing, which is an effort of nature to restore the equilib-

rium of the nervous centre by another kind of reflex action. Sneezing in catarrh is a method nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood-supply to the part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draught of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but when she does not, the shock from which the nervous centre suffers gradually passes away, and the blood-vessels again come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their calibre, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous centre is of such severity that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucus altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified.

So far, we have only glanced at a cold in the head, which passes away in a few hours, but this is not always the happy termination. There is a peculiar tendency which inflammation possesses of not leaving off where it commenced, but of invading the tissues in its immediate neighborhood, and more especially when the tissue is continuous with that primarily attacked, as is the case with the mucous membrane of the air passages. A cold may commence in the head and rapidly spread by what is technically termed continuity of tissue into the chest; and so what at the first promised to be only cold in the head may terminate in an attack of bronchitis, or even inflammation of the lungs.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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#### THE PENNY PRESS.

HALF a century ago, or thereabouts, it was the dream of a number of amiable and philanthropic persons that society could be regenerated by means of the penny press. The working classes were, it was somewhat gratuitously assumed,

panting for knowledge, and nothing stood in the way of their gratification but the various duties levied by the exercise upon the materials of printing and upon paper. It must be owned that there was but little foundation for this



notion, and that it was rather a question of what ought to be than what actually existed. There were, it is true, a certain number of working men anxious for self-improvement, but their number was not large, nor, in view of the peculiar circumstances of their class, is it probable that it ever will be. A man must be very exceptionally constituted if, after nine or ten hours passed at a carpenter's bench, or in an engineer's workshop, he is prepared to sit down to mathematical or general scientific study. Persons of this type are, perhaps more numerous than they were, and with the extension of education their number may be expected still farther to increase. Such working men will, however, always remain exceptions to the general rule, and that fact it will be as well to recognize. Brougham, and the philanthropic founders of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, failed to do so, and to that circumstance must be attributed the comparative failure of the Society, and of the almost innumerable Mechanics' Institutes which at one time dotted the surface of England. Had there been a little more practical common sense, and a little less unworldly theory to guide them, the founders of the Useful Knowledge Society might have accomplished infinitely more than they did. Their mistake lay in supposing that any considerable proportion of the working classes would invest an appreciable proportion of their scanty earnings in the purchase of the interminable numbers of a Penny Cyclopædia, and in believing that they could be induced to read, much less to buy, such literary bran as Brougham's "Dialogues on Instinct," or Harriet Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy." The collapse of the society, and the fact that no attempt has been made to resuscitate it, sufficiently prove the accuracy of this view, while the present condition of the penny press of this country affords an ample confirmation of it, supposing such further confirmation to be necessary.

Leaving newspapers out of the question, the weekly and monthly publications issued at this price may fairly be said to present one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. Their number is enormous, and their circula-

tion almost fabulous. It is probably no exaggeration to say that between five and six millions of penny papers are circulated in London alone every week.

Scarcely any of them are absolutely vicious in character—thanks to the energy which the police as a rule display in carrying out the provisions of Lord Campbell's Act—but there are not a few which trench on the border land of vice; while of the great majority which remain, the principal characteristic is a senile imbecility on the one hand, or an irrational sensationalism on the other, equally destructive to anything like masculine vigor of thought. Reading is, according to the copy-books, an intellectual occupation, but few will be hardy enough to contend that such intellectual fare as that provided by the non-political penny press requires the smallest amount of mental power for its assimilation. Its readers are indeed not those who want to think, but those who wish to escape from thought; and there can be very little doubt in the minds of most people as to the fact that it would be desirable on every account if those who are in this latter case should seek their diversion in avowed recreation rather than in the enfeeblement of their intellects by idle and enervating reading. It is perhaps hopeless to expect that this view of the matter will meet with any general acceptance. Anything in the shape of a book is of consequence in the minds of some people; and thousands more are still under the dominion of those manuals of advice for students and aspiring working men which hold up for emulation the examples of certain of their heroes who in their leisure time occupied themselves, not with such frivolities as chess, or draughts, or backgammon, but invariably sought their amusement among books. Still, an examination of the matter which forms almost the only intellectual food of a vast proportion of the inhabitants of this country, may not be without interest, though the conclusions arrived at may not be precisely those in favor of the admirers of "cheap literature for the people."

In this connection newspapers may fairly be left out of account, though it is a somewhat unpleasant reflection that there are millions of Englishmen who never read anything else, and that among them

the organs which command the largest circulation are those Sunday papers which are chiefly distinguished by the objectionable violence of their tone, by their frequent selection of disgusting law reports, by their attacks upon the reigning family, and by otherwise pandering to the worst instincts of the uneducated classes. Nor is it necessary to speak of those "religious" newspapers which represent the interests of the various sections of the Church of England and other religious bodies. Upon the borderland between these journals and the secular press are, however, a number of penny prints of very large circulation, half magazine and half newspaper, which are worthy of some notice. First on the list comes the *Christian World*, which is published twice a week, and which having a very large circulation is in great favor with advertisers. The news which it gives may be succinctly described as a brief summary of the information and opinions of the *Daily News*, with a strong infusion of sectarian pietism. Religious intelligence, or rather the doings of the dissenting sects, occupies a large share of the space, and a sermon is occasionally given; but the leading feature is the part of the paper which bears the heading, "The Family Circle," and which usually consists of a large instalment of a floridly sensational religious novel, depicting the influence of evangelical theology upon the manners and morals of the upper classes. The intention is undoubtedly excellent, but the effect is slightly ludicrous—much such as that which might be expected to follow the exertions of a lady's maid of humble origin, and of profound reverence for the aristocracy, who had been brought up in the family of a dissenting minister of the lower class. The advertisements are, however, the strongest point of the paper. All the quack medicines of the day—especially those which are owned or used by dissenting ministers, and which form a curiously large proportion of the whole\*—are advertised in these columns at great length, as are also bargains in drapery

and haberdashery, and wonderful offers of articles of jewelry and personal adornment which are to be forwarded in return for twenty-six stamps and a "coupon." The young ladies of a serious turn who want situations behind the counters of drapers' and milliners' shops, and the young gentlemen of the same type who are willing to assist in the shops of drapers, grocers, and buttermen all over the kingdom, also place their wants before the public in the columns of the *Christian World*.

Another paper, much of the same type as to matter, and with a considerable resemblance in the character of its advertisements, is the *Christian*, which, however, is more especially the organ of the Plymouth Brethren, and of the somewhat erratic members of other sects who sympathize with them. It will be remembered that it was in the columns of this paper that Lieutenant Carey gave vent to the pious satisfaction excited in his own bosom by his conduct on the occasion of the murder of the Prince Imperial in South Africa. The *Christian Age*, *Christian Globe*, and *Christian Union*, are papers much of the same description. The first is the organ of Dr. De Witt Talmage, of New York, whose visit to this country may be remembered—though perhaps with somewhat mixed emotions—by the managers of many dissenting "interests" on whose behalf he undertook to lecture for the moderate fee of a hundred guineas and his expenses. His sermons are regularly reprinted in the columns of this paper, as also in the *Christian Globe*, neither of which calls otherwise for special remark. All of them contain specimens of sensational preaching, short religious essays, and pious stories, of greater or less length, while the general advertisements are pretty much of the character of those of the *Christian World*. The *Christian Herald* stands upon a somewhat different footing. It is advertised as "edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, clergyman of the Church of England: circulation over 195,000 a week. This journal (with which is incorporated the *Christian Signal*) contains every week a portrait, a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, U. S., and, by special permission, a sermon or exposition by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; also

\* It is curious to note how long this connection between Dissent and quack medicines has existed. Wesley, very early in his career, found it necessary to forbid his local preachers to sell "pills, potions, or balsams."

always a prophetic article and summary of current events, as well as stories, anecdotes, etc. Also in every issue of its penny monthly supplement there are sermons by the Revs. W. Hay Aitken and W. M. Punshon, LL.D." The principal feature of this paper is, as will probably be guessed by the judicious reader, its prophetic articles. The sermons, and the meek little anecdotes which fill the greater part of its pages, are comparatively insignificant by the side of the amazing predictions of the gentleman who interprets current history by the light of the prophet Daniel and the Book of the Revelation. The number of the *Christian Herald* before us as we write, contains an article on "The New Radical Liberal Parliament," which is described as "a step towards fulfilling five prophetic events and order of coming occurrences." The writer has quite made up his mind on this subject, and reads in the constitution of the present parliament a certain sign of the approaching end of the world. At the risk of appearing tedious it may be worth while to append a specimen or two of the matter which finds a weekly sale of 195,000, and according to the usual proportion between sales and readers, nearly a million of readers. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone's administration, the prophetic writer says:—

"The existence of an unprecedentedly strong Liberal Government, which may promote extreme radical measures or a democratic policy distasteful to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, tends in the direction of occurrences which may lead to her abdication in favor of the Prince of Wales, as has already been rumored in recent times, on the ground of advanced years and impaired health. Consequently, the present conjuncture of affairs points more than ever before toward the fulfilment of *Daniel's* prophecy that *A MAN SHALL BE REIGNING OVER BRITAIN* (whether he be a king or a Republican president) at the time of the final crisis, when the latter-day ten-kingdom confederacy shall come into existence, and when Ireland shall be separated from England."

A little lower down in the same article we find the remarkable statement that as Prince Jerome Napoleon (who is identified with "that eleventh king and future great Antichrist of the last days") will be sixty-seven years old in 1890, the end of the world cannot be deferred much beyond that year. The writer goes on—

"The order of coming occurrences during the decade of 1880 to 1890, which will be the most eventful and momentous decade in the history of our world, will be briefly as follows: Unprecedented wars and revolutions will produce (probably by about 1883) the formation of the whole extent of Cæsar's original Roman empire into an allied confederacy of ten kingdoms—the ten toes and ten horns—viz, Britain separated from Ireland, France extended to the Rhine, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Thrace-with-Bithynia, and Bulgaria, with some enlargements (as explained in the foregoing article). Then there will be parcelled out of one of the four horn kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, Syria, or Thrace, a little horn kingdom—i.e., a small territory—such, for example, as Macedonia or Palestine, etc.—and a Napoleon (probably Prince Jerome Napoleon) will be appointed its ruler, and will thus become Daniel's little horn, or sovereign arising out of one of the four horns, and predicted gradually to 'wax exceeding great,' and to subdue three of the ten kings, and also to make a seven years' covenant with the Jews about seven years before the end of this dispensation (Dan. 9: 27). If the end is to be about 1890 he must make the covenant about 1883, but if he makes it later, the end will of course be proportionately later."

Last on the list of the religious papers comes the *Fountain*, which is described as "Literary, Religious, and Social," and which appears to be the organ of Dr. Joseph Parker, of the Holborn Viaduct. The paper contains but little that is likely to interest any one not attached to the Rev. Doctor's particular form of faith, but it is said to have a large circulation, and judging from the fact that it contains about nine pages of advertisements the facts probably bear out this statement. The principal attraction is to be found in the publication of Dr. Parker's weekly sermons—extempore discourses, which, with the equally extempore prayers before them, are reported from a shorthand writer's notes. Besides these sermons there is a certain amount of fiction together with a few reprints from American religious newspapers and magazines. It is not necessary to criticize the sermons in this place, but there are probably few who read them who will be surprised at the quality of the fiction which Dr. Parker purveys for the use of his congregation. The most remarkable feature about all these prints is, however, not so much their contents as their circulation. It is not very easy to get at accurate statistics on this point, but there is good reason for believing that the eight papers in question enjoy an average circulation

among them of from a million and a quarter to a million and a half copies every week. One of the principal evidences of their great circulation is the immense number of costly advertisements which they contain. The persons who advertise thus largely are usually keen business men, and it may be taken for granted that they would not continue to expend from five to ten pounds per week on advertisements in religious weekly papers unless they found the investment a profitable one. The proprietor of one quack medicine has been shrewd enough to perceive what this implies, and he has accordingly started one of the most unctuous of these papers, in the advertising columns of which his nostrum is regularly and most vehemently announced.

Somewhat akin to these prints, but of a more distinctly philanthropic character, is a small group of papers, the circulation of which, under the most favorable circumstances, could hardly pay the cost of production, while as they have no advertisements—quack medicine or other—to fall back upon, it is probable that they are issued at some pecuniary loss to the proprietors. First on the list is the *British Workman*, an imperial folio sheet, published in the interests of teetotalism and of evangelical Christianity. The illustrations are excellent and the printing is admirable; nothing of the kind could, in fact, be better, but it is to be feared that the paper does not reach the class at which it is aimed. Copies may be seen occasionally in cabmen's shelters and similar places—usually the gift of philanthropic ladies, and in a suspicious state of cleanliness—but there is good reason to doubt if the working classes as a body trouble themselves much about tracts in disguise. If they are put in their way they will read them—perhaps; at all events they will accept them for the sake of the pictures, which they think will please their children. But of all people in the world the working classes are the most suspicious and the most haughty. There is nothing that they resent so much as being lectured and treated like children, and the idea that they are being angled for with baits of pretty pictures and stories of an almost infantile mildness, such as are found in the *Brit-*

*ish Workman*, will probably do more to prejudice them against teetotalism and "Sabbath keeping" than all the mild exhortations of that paper can counterbalance. No one can doubt the excellent intentions of its founders and of those who distribute it among the members of the class which it is intended to influence, but at the same time it is impossible to live among working men and to observe their habits without becoming convinced that nothing is less likely to influence them than tracts and magazines of the tract type. They infinitely prefer *Lloyd's* or *Reynolds's* newspapers as the companion of their after-dinner pipes and pints of modest "four 'arf;" while if they want fiction they patronize a class of literature of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. The same remark applies to *Old Jonathan*, who appears to be a sort of successor of that friend of our youth, *Old Humphrey*. The illustrations are good, but the letterpress is of the type sometimes called "goody goody," and some of the reflections and observations strike the average reader as being remarkably trite and obvious, while matters of fact are given with less attention to accuracy that is quite desirable. Thus, for example, in an account of his summer holiday by an obviously youthful curate, which appears in the number for July last, may be found the following sentence:—"As soon as we had steamed a little farther south of the Admiralty Pier, but before arriving off the Shakespeare Cliff, we passed close to the scene of the wreck of the German ironclad, the Grosser Kurfürst, which foundered off Dover the month before with four hundred souls on board"—a sentence which contains almost as many blunders as lines. After such a specimen of accuracy as this the reader will be quite prepared to light upon a remarkably apocryphal anecdote of George III. as one of the principal points of the number. The *British Workwoman* does not issue, as might be expected, from the office of the *British Workman*, but is published under the auspices of the National Temperance League. Its circulation is stated to be considerable, but it may be doubted whether it is bought by many of the class to which it is addressed. In the first place, as compared with the



secular papers, it is rather dear, and in the second working women, like their husbands, are not greatly given to expending their pence in buying tracts—to which class these well-meaning and rather dull papers must, after all, be relegated. Another paper, which somewhat ostentatiously announces itself as “a journal of pure literature,” is the *Daisy*, which is now in its ninth volume. The editor is Mr. John Lobb, who also conducts the *Christian Age*, already mentioned. Its contents are stories, essays, and social papers, and as the greater part is reprinted from other papers, chiefly of American origin, it does not call for much attention.

Turning now to the purely secular papers, we find ourselves in a very different atmosphere. These last are not very wise perhaps, but they are free from the forced and pietistic air which hangs about the class of prints to which reference has just been made; and as they are very largely bought by the lower middle, and working classes, they afford a fair criterion of their intelligence and intellectual tastes. First on the list by right of seniority, and it ought perhaps to be added, of character also, is the *Family Herald*. This paper is now approaching its 2000th number, having been founded in 1844; and if it does not deserve all the rapturous eulogy once poured out upon it in the *Saturday Review*, and since lavishly used in advertisements, it is an eminently creditable specimen of the penny magazine of the day. It usually contains in each number a complete story, with instalments of two serials; a leading article on some current topic of the day, about three pages of selected reprint, some small quantity of original poetry, and a page of answers to correspondents. Of the fiction it need only be said that it is very good stuff of the second order. A great many three-volume novels are issued every year by fashionable publishers which fall far below the standard of most of these stories. If the heroes and heroines are rather “intense,” and if the scene is somewhat too frequently laid in the highest places, the fault is one which the writers share with authors of much greater pretension. The late Mr. Thackeray had a story, which he was

wont to tell with great enjoyment, of a novelist whose first MS. was sent back by the publisher's reader with a hint that it would be well if he would give every character a step or two in rank. The country squire was to be turned into a wealthy baronet; the city knight into a mushroom peer, ennobled for his wealth; the earl was to become a duke; and the mysterious artist an illegitimate scion of royalty. The scheme was adopted; the novel succeeded, and its author, who has since largely contributed to the revenues of the trunkmaker and the butterman, never afterwards introduced a character into his stories of less rank than a captain in the Guards. Small blame then to the novelists of the *Family Herald* if their tales are usually of the aristocracy. It can do no harm, and the smart housemaids and milliners' apprentices, who are the chief patrons of these prints, are naturally made happy by the discovery that the higher classes are—in novels—as vulgar and as frivolous as themselves. The leading articles of the *Family Herald* are not distinguished by profundity, but they are readable and intelligent. At one time they were usually the work of the author of *The Gentle Life*, whose place as a purveyor of mild moralizings and pleasant platitudes it has not been altogether easy to supply. The great feature of the paper is, however, its answers to correspondents. For many years this department was under the care of a man of letters of considerable ability, who was accustomed to answer many of his correspondents with brief essays of much pith and point. His successors follow his example, evidently with the object of making this page amusing to the general reader as well as to those for whose benefit it is more especially intended. The following is a fair average specimen of the kind of answer to which we refer:—

“G. R. S.—We have it on the highest poetic authority that there is much virtue in ‘if.’ But there are ‘ifs’ and ‘ifs’—possibilities that are solemn and that demand careful pondering, conditions the statement of which is apt to provoke a smile. The author of ‘The World Unmasked’ gives a beautiful illustration of the former. In calling attention to the Christian doctrine of perseverance as affording a stable prop to upright minds, yet lending no wanton cloak to corrupt hearts—as bringing a cordial to revive the faint, and keeping a guard

to check the froward—he says that the guard attending this doctrine is Sergeant If, low in stature, but lofty in significance, a very valiant guard, though only a monosyllable. Kind notice, he adds, has been taken of the sergeant by the Master and His apostles, and much respect is due to him from all the Lord's recruiting-officers and every soldier in His army. Instances of the sergeant's speech are given in John 8 : 31 ; 2 Pet. 1 : 10 ; 1 John 2 : 24, and elsewhere. Here is 'if' in all its telling gravity and immeasurable importance, with eternal results depending on its consideration. But—to take the other class of improbable 'possibles'—if the sun go out of the zodiac, as Sterne asks—what then? It is a terrible thought, yet how many will waste a moment over it? If it rained macaroni, what a fine time it would be for gluttons, says an Italian proverb; but the contemplation of such a contingency would hardly satisfy needy and hungry lovers of this nutritious comestible. Writes G. R. S. 'If all the sons of the Queen of England were to die, and their sons and daughters were to die also, would the Crown Princess of Germany come to the throne, or who else, at the death of the queen?' Here is a question for editorial leisure and editorial wisdom. It has taken away our breath! Dear G. R. S., if a beard were all, the goat would be a winner; more, if we let correspondents put the calf on our shoulders, we fear they would soon clap on the cow! We are willing, as far as we are able, to reply to readers' inquiries; but those that are put we expect to be reasonable.

Within the brain's most secret cells  
A certain Lord Chief-Justice dwells,  
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all  
With common voice we reason call.

Is there reason in the matter upon which you wish to be enlightened?"

Besides answers of this kind, replies are given to questions on a host of other subjects. In the number from which the above paragraph has been cited there are no fewer than ninety-three answers on matters ranging from the price of Norwegian timber houses and the difficulties of a literary career, down to a recipe for cleaning terra cotta, and a little sensible advice to a person afflicted with a too florid complexion.

The *London Journal* was founded about a year and a half after the *Family Herald*, and consequently is now in the thirty-sixth year of its age. It is distinguished from its elder rival by its illustrations and by the more gushing and sensational character of its fiction. In the earlier years of its existence the artistic work was chiefly supplied by the present President of the Society of Painters in Water Colors—Sir John Gilbert, R.A.—whose place was afterwards

held by his brother, Mr. Frederick Gilbert. The drawings are now supplied by two or three artists, and though somewhat rough in execution and conventional in design, they are not much worse than the illustrations to many more pretentious magazines. The designers of these compositions appear in almost all cases to labor under the delusion that the proper height for a man is at the least eight feet, and for a woman six feet and a half. The stories were for many years supplied by a Mr. J. F. Smith, who is entitled to whatever credit may be due to the founder of the "London Journal School" of romance. Within certain limits his work was sufficiently clever. It was exceedingly florid, sensational after a mild fashion, and it had the merit of being almost ostentatiously moral. His successors, among whom were Mr. Charles Reade (with "White Lies"), Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Henry Wood, and the late Pierce Egan the younger, followed pretty closely in the footprints of their great exemplar. Their stories certainly contained plenty of crime and not a little vice, but the criminal always came to grief in the end, and virtue was duly rewarded with wealth and titles and honor. The villains were generally of high birth and repulsive presence; the lowly personages were always of ravishing beauty and unsullied virtue. Innocence and loveliness in a gingham gown were perpetually pursued by vice and debauchery in varnished boots and spotless gloyes. Life was surrounded by mystery; detectives were ever on the watch, and the most astonishing pitfalls and mantraps were concealed in the path of the unwary and of the innocent. Nor were reflection and observation wanting. Maxims of the most tremendous morality, overwhelming aphorisms and descriptive passages of surprising fineness were scattered lavishly over the pages. The result was perhaps a little bewildering to the sober-minded, but it suited the tastes of a certain class, and the *London Journal* became the most popular of the penny weeklies. Such popularity naturally excited no little rivalry, under which the circulation of the *London Journal* has, I believe, somewhat fallen off. It still stands, however, very high in favor with domestic

servants and the "young persons" engaged in shops, for whose delectation the old style of romance is perpetuated. The leading story at present running through its pages is "Nellie Raymond, a Romance of Regent Street," which is just as full of mysterious intrigues, low-born virtue, aristocratic vice, sensational incident and profound reflections as any of its predecessors. Thus, for example, Captain Mallandaine, having kissed the heroine, reflects, or the author reflects for him :—

"Easier to stop Ixion's wheel than the multitudinous fancies of love. Like a man who sees rare and golden fruit ready for his hand to gather, but to grasp which he must needs wade through dark and sodden pools, so the captain resolved to close his eyes and heart against the fatal fascinations of this half-gipsy girl, unlike other gipsies, however, in the fair, Greuze like tints of her complexion."

Of this aristocratic seducer the reader is told that he

"was not unacquainted with splendid ladies of rank and fashion, attired in the latest Pompadour costumes and duchesse hats; women of a very different world and stamp to the *divas* of South Belgravia and St. John's Wood, and yet who were anxious to 'out-Herod' these in eccentricity of dress, luxury, and display. He understood women fairly well, not with the exquisite genius and platonic grace of a Balzac, but with more than the careless analysis of the ordinary man of the world. He could unveil love's hypocrisies, deceits, and falsities; he knew when fair lids drooped from passion or coquetry, and when alabaster necks rose and fell from emotion or design. But he had never met with an intense, all-absorbing devotion."

A foil is provided for Captain Mallandaine in the person of a certain M. Lepelletier, "a true Parisian, a member of the Jockey Club," who opens fire upon the virtuous heroine with the novel compliment, "Ah! welcome as the flowers in May," and who follows up his gallant speech with the remark—

"*Impayable!*" cried the Frenchman. "She's delicious—*l'audace, toujours l'audace (sic)*. I'll make her the fashion by and by."

Two pages of genteel comedy of this kind are followed by the same quantity of comedy of a much lower type, all leading up to a ghastly murder, with which the week's instalment of this improving tale concludes.

Like the *Family Herald*, the *London Journal* makes its correspondence a prominent feature. The answers are less essay-like, but they are not without

interest, inasmuch as fully two-thirds of them are matrimonial advertisements. In the number from which the passages quoted above have been taken, there are no fewer than twenty-seven of these announcements, of which the following are fair specimens :—

"M. A. Y. would like to correspond with and receive the *carte de visite* of a steady young man, about thirty, tall, dark, and good-tempered. She is a domestic, twenty-three, tall, rather fair, and not bad-looking. She will advertise her address in the *Weekly Times* the second Saturday after this appears."

D. C. E. (London), twenty-one, a mechanic, would like to receive the *carte de visite* of a young woman not over twenty; a domestic servant preferred."

"EMMA (Derby) wishes to correspond with and receive the *carte de visite* of a respectable tradesman of gentlemanly appearance. She is twenty-two, passable, and domestic."

"MAUD and MAY, sisters, wish to correspond with two steady officers in the army—friends preferred. Maud is nineteen and of medium height. May is seventeen, tall and fair. Both are domestics, and have nothing but loving hearts to offer."

The *London Reader* is an imitation of the *London Journal*, both in form and in character. Started some seventeen years ago, it has attained a corresponding circulation. The stories are of precisely the same type, but the names of the authors are carefully concealed. All that we know of the authorship of the two now running is that "Fate or Folly; or, An Ill-omened Marriage," is by the writer of those well-known and soul-stirring romances, "Lady Violet's Victories," and "Lord Jasper's Secret," while "Her Husband's Secret" is by the author of "Frank Bertram's Wife," "Strong Temptations," etc., etc. It is hardly necessary to say that both of these stories are of the very gentlest description. Most of the characters introduced are titled, and if the existence of vulgar people is mentioned, it is only that they may act as foils to the more exalted personages. How intimate the acquaintance of the authors with the life they describe really is may be guessed from the following passage. Dudley is described as the cousin of Lord Ivors; Clarice, a refined young lady, resident in the house of a wealthy baronet. They have been caught in a shower, and have taken refuge in the village inn, or, as the author prefers to call it, a "modest hostelry."

"Clarice shivered a good deal as she found herself in the pretty little sitting-room of the inn, alone for the first time with her lover. She did not as yet feel the effects of the shower, for she had thrown a little waterproof cape over her shoulders long ere the storm had spent its fury; and, pale as the white bloom of the narcissus, she now leant thoughtfully against the mantelpiece. Dudley ordered biscuits and wine, and insisted on Clarice drinking some. He swallowed off a couple of glasses of sherry himself, and rose superbly to the situation. For the present wooing should suffice.

"'Won't you take off your hat, Clarice?' he asked, rising and standing by her side. 'I'm sure it must be soaked through with the rain. We shall have to remain here an hour at the least, if we wish to escape it on our return journey.'

"For the first time Clarice recollected those who were waiting for her at home. She started as one roused from a drugged stupor, and drew her hand over her eyes; and with the action her black, wavy hair, loosened from its braid by the ride, and always too heavy for the fetters of comb and hair pins, fell over her shoulders in a damp, rippling mass.

"The flower in Dudley's button-hole was a good deal the worse for the rain, but he drew it from his coat and playfully fastened it in those ebony locks, while he rested one arm round Clarice's waist, and by degrees, and almost without her knowing it, pressed his lips to hers.

"'Have you not promised to be my own darling wife?' he cried, as she struggled to escape his caresses.

"The joy was too exquisite. Clarice knew she must resist, or love would speedily assume a form of intoxication.

"'Yes,' she answered, detecting a faint reproach in his tones.

"He released her at once, almost coldly.

"'If you really loved me, Clarice,' he said, slowly, 'you would not shrink from my embrace—I, who have loved you too well for my peace.'

"Clarice feared he was aggrieved, and that she had wounded him. She laid her hand in his and came nearer. All her calmness, her queenly dignity and grace, had vanished. She fancied she must die if he were harsh or scorned her. And then the tears came. Dudley rather disliked the 'weeping' form of woman, but he now trusted in her natural weakness of character to save him from the deadly snare awaiting him. He must play a desperate game if he would be free.

"'I know it's awfully silly to cry,' sobbed poor Clarice, burying her face in her hands, and leaning over the table, 'but I've been thinking so much of you for days and, never sleeping, I've got quite nervous. And then you seem to doubt me. It—it makes me wish I—I was dead.'

After such exquisitely refined love-making as this it is not surprising that Clarice is easily won to consent to a secret marriage; but it must be confessed

that it is somewhat startling to find that the haughty and aristocratic Dudley is taken by a vulgar detective at the church door and carried off with a promise of fifteen years' penal servitude. The last page of the *London Reader* is given up week by week to correspondence, by far the greater number of the paragraphs being matrimonial advertisements of the kind to be found in the *London Journal*. It would seem that the conductors of both journals act as go-betweens in this peculiar commerce of the sexes, receiving letters, forwarding cartes, and effecting introductions.

*Bow Bells* is a paper which has a somewhat higher aim than either of those last referred to. The stories are not very wise, but they are not quite such unmingled trash as that which is offered to the maidservants and footmen who read the *London Journal* and its rival. The fiction is varied with short articles on subjects of general interest—unfortunately not always very accurate either in point of fact or of grammar. Thus, for example, in an article on Hawarden Castle we are told that that estate "has descended to Mr. Gladstone's eldest son"—a statement which is not quite correct at present. Again:—"There is something of an analogy to be drawn between the first of the family and he (*sic*) who now sways the destinies of Hawarden Castle," from which it would appear that the writer is under the impression that Mr. Gladstone is a descendant of Sir John Glynne. Similiar mistakes may be detected by any one who takes the trouble to look for them, in almost every page. The leading feature of the paper is, however, less its fiction or its essays than its papers on the fashions and on dressmaking generally, which are edited by "Madame Elise." Another characteristic feature is the publication in each number of a piece of music—a song or a trifle for the pianoforte of moderate difficulty. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that a column is devoted to chess, and another to riddles, charades, and puzzles generally. From time to time supplements consisting of patterns for dress and fancy work are issued. On the whole it may be admitted that *Bow Bells* is an exceedingly good specimen of the penny weekly paper. Nothing



appears in its pages which might not be read by the most refined of women, while the needlework and household columns must be valuable to the class for which they are designed. It may be added that, although correspondents are answered, there is a marked absence in the column devoted to them of the objectionable matrimonial advertisements which figure elsewhere. Judging from the published answers, however, the editor would seem to have abundant opportunities afforded to him for gauging the depths of human folly, *e.g.* :

"DOUBTER (Edinburgh), is respectfully advised that after having sent us four folios relative to the flirtations of the young lady, his best course would be to think no more of her ; but as to his final question, 'whether a woman can make a man love her quicker than a man can make a woman love him?'—well, that's a riddle, as Lord Dundreary would say, 'no fellow can answer.'"

Another paper of the same type, which enjoys a tolerably large circulation among young women of the lower class, is the *Family Reader*, now in the tenth year of its existence. This print is of the same size as the *London Journal*, and is usually adorned with three engravings to each number, all of the somewhat exaggerated type to which reference has already been made. The stories, like those of its prototype, are invariably of the most exalted and most fashionable personages, and the sentiments of the intensest kind. Thus in one story, "At the Eleventh Hour," the Lady Fay meets her lover :

"It so happened that morning she was obliged to drive to a great publishing office in the West End ; she had business there which she did not care to entrust to any one else ; and as she stood in the large, beautiful shop, which was like a museum of art, Clive had entered. When she saw him her face burned as though it would never grow cool again ; her eyes flashed their sweetest welcome to him ; her hands trembled. It seemed to her that her whole soul sank with the sweetness of his presence."

She invites him to a  *tête-à-tête*  (*sic*) dinner with terrible results :

It was well, yet ill for her that she did not see the man she loved after she had left him, when the light and joy that her presence caused him had in some measure died away ; great drops of anguish stood on his brow, his strong frame trembled, his strong white hands were tightly clenched, his lips white with strong emotion and pain."

It is the same key always. Thus in another tale of the same number, "Paul and Olivia," the blind hero has proposed marriage to a girl who does not care for him :—

"He never remembered how that day passed, because of the intense fever of love which was upon him ; never before had he known such excitement ; he wandered from place to place, but all alike were haunted by *her* presence ; he sat down to the organ, but when his fingers pressed the keys, it was *her* voice which seemed to ring out upon the stillness. His hands trembled, his heart beat nearly to suffocation, his temples throbbed. Oh, the madness, the sweet madness which had fallen upon him !

"Everything was dreamlike. Esther Emerson came and talked with him, but of what he said in reply he was scarcely conscious. Dinner was served, and he ate thereof, knowing nothing of what he tasted ; evening wore on, Esther played and sang for him ; even that did not disturb that dreaminess which enfolded him ; voice and music came to him as part of a vision.

" 'Is this a dream ?

Then waking would be pain :

Ah ! do not wake me, let me dream again."

"Those were the words which Esther sang—sang with passion and feeling, which thrilled him through and through, because they seemed the cry of his own soul. He was dreaming, and the dreaming was sweet—sweet ! Other words she sang, but those alone made themselves clear to him.

"Was it a dream that he had whispered to Olivia of his love for her—his desire to make her his wife ? If it were, then let him so continue to dream for all time."

Forty-two columns of stories of this kind, and a column or two of miscellaneous cuttings lead up to the inevitable three columns of "Answers to Correspondents," almost the whole of which are addressed to young women. These columns very clearly show to what class the *Family Reader* addresses itself, exactly as in the case of the correspondence of the *London Journal* and the *London Reader*. The correspondents of this paper are obviously milliners' apprentices, and the "young ladies" who serve behind the counters, who seem to consider the editor as their guide, philosopher, and friend in ordinary. Thus in the number before us "Clytie" is informed that "an apprentice in a millinery shop would be expected to carry parcels if the porters were absent." "Mary Russell" learns that as she "writes well and spells correctly, she might be able to undertake the duties of

a clerk or bookkeeper;" "Barmaid" is told to "ask the clergyman the cost of the banns;" "Topsy" is advised to "take no notice of a young man who stares about in church;" and "Bella Donna," and "Scotch Lassie" are instructed in the art of washing the feet!

All these papers issue monthly supplements. Those of the *Family Herald*, *London Journal*, and *London Reader* take the form of novellees, each the size of an ordinary number of the paper, and of the type of those with which their readers are familiar. The *Family Reader* gives a "Fashion Supplement," containing paper patterns of articles of dress, and a plate of the fashions, "designed expressly by a leading French artist," and *Bow Bells* issues every month elaborate supplements of the same kind. In addition to these, a series of stories appears monthly under the title of *Bow Bells Novellees*. These are printed in a large quarto size, in double columns, and with three engravings apiece. It is hardly necessary to say that these stories concern only the most illustrious personages, and equally unnecessary to add that they are of the most astounding silliness. This last quality unfortunately clings to the whole list of "family" and "illustrated" novellees, of which a multitude pour from the press from week to week and from month to month. Thus the specimen of the *Bow Bells Novellee* now before us in No. 75, and bears the title "Firm as Fond; or, Love's Victory." The hero, Lord Bidlington, has picked up a young artist, a Miss Juliana Altingham, whom he maintains in great splendor by the simple device of buying such pictures as she produces at an enormous price, through the intervention of a convenient picture-dealer. The said picture-dealer, Brashford, falls in love with the artist, and asks Lord Bidlington's assistance, whereupon his lordship awakes to the fact that he is in love with her himself. A Mr. Darmontel, the professor who had taught what little she knew to Juliana, enters upon the scene, and becomes the *Deus ex machina* through whose intervention the lovers are united, in spite of the efforts of the villain of the piece—Sir Jocelyn Jerningham—to seduce the lady with his wealth. The story is typical of the class to which it belongs. The

upper classes are in the minds of these writers superhumanly wicked or as superhumanly virtuous; the principal occupation of the former division is the corruption of virtuous girls of lower rank than their own, and the chief delight of the virtuous aristocracy is in raising poor, but honest and beautiful girls to their own level by marrying them. On these lines the tales published in the *Illustrated Family Novelist*, the *Illustrated London Novellee*, the *Family Novellee*, and the *Lady's Own Novelist*, are usually built. Occasionally an author who has obtained some reputation in other ways, such as Miss Annie Thomas, Mr. George Manville Fenn, and Miss Florence Marryatt, may be induced to contribute a story, but as a general rule the tales are written by persons whose principal qualification would seem to be a most astounding ignorance of the life they pretend to depict.\* Thus in "Firm as Fond," the hero—a peer—is spoken of indifferently as Lord Bidlington and Lord Charles Bidlington, while "Lord Delmar's Vow"—the 104th number of the *Illustrated Family Novelist*—turns upon the efforts of Viscount Delmar to induce his nephew, the heir to the title and estates, to "break the entail." This said nephew is a third-class clerk in a government office, and lives in lodgings in the Euston Road. He eventually marries his landlady's daughter, though not until he has signed a deed by which the mysterious operation of "breaking the entail" is effected, and thereby reduced himself to poverty and a brain-fever. Of course in the end all comes right, the high-minded hero buying the mysterious deed from a butler, who had stolen it, and Lord Delmar, dying without a will, Hugh succeeds to the title and estates. The extraordinary ignorance betrayed by such a story as this is only equalled by the innocence with which the writer makes the future peer of the realm marry his landlady's daughter.

The *Weekly Budget* is a journal which belongs to this class, and which, though not so frequently seen in London as

\* That this ignorance is only natural may be inferred from the fact that a friend of the present writer, a senior assistant in the British Museum, has in his service a housemaid whose father writes novels for a Fleet Street publisher from ten to four daily.

some of its rivals, circulates to the extent of about half a million of copies weekly. With certain offshoots it is perhaps one of the most valuable newspaper properties in existence. It owes its origin to a somewhat curious circumstance. When the proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian* determined upon a daily issue of their paper they were naturally anxious to feel sure of their ground. An *employé* of theirs, a Mr. Henderson, was sent accordingly among the towns of North Lancashire and the neighboring counties to establish agencies. He speedily found, however, that in those remote districts there was little, if any, demand for a daily paper. What was wanted was a weekly paper which, while giving a certain amount of news, should contain a considerable proportion of light amusing reading. To a great extent that demand is now met by the weekly supplements published by such papers as the *Manchester Courier* and the *Leeds Mercury*; but long before they assumed their present form the *Weekly Budget* came into existence, and for twenty years it has enjoyed an extensive circulation among the working classes in all parts of the country. About one half of the paper is occupied with news and with comments upon it from the moderate Liberal point of view; the greater part of the remainder consists of serial stories of the *London Journal* type, of which four are usually running at once. Three or four columns are devoted to answers to correspondents, and this part of the paper is evidently most popular. Medical questions are answered and advice is given by a physician; a barrister replies to queries on legal matters, and the editorial staff deal with general topics. It should be added that the recommendations appear to be very simple and very sensible, while the political matter is commendably free from rancor and violence.

*One and All* is the title of a new candidate for public favor. It describes itself as a "journal for everybody," and is edited by Mr. George R. Sims, a young *littérateur* of more than common ability, who has favorably distinguished himself in many ways. His magazine is worthy of his reputation. The tales are bright and readable, free from the affectations and the follies of the romances

of high life of the other weeklies. And in addition to the fiction there is a provision of more solid matter in the shape of well written and intelligent essays contributed by authors of reputation and capacity. It is, perhaps, rather unwise in a paper of this kind to allow so much latitude to the expression of political opinion. Everybody does not admire Mr. Bradlaugh and his political principles quite so much as Mr. Sims.

Literature for boys is a very important feature of the penny press. There are some fourteen or fifteen papers published for their amusement every week, with a total circulation of at least a million and a half. It is somewhat melancholy to have to add that, with few exceptions, these papers are silly and vulgar in the extreme, and that two or three are positively vicious. The best and wholesomest of them all is unquestionably the *Union Jack*, which started on its career some twelve months ago, under the editorial care of the late Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, whose name is wonderfully popular—and deservedly so—with all boys. In the course of a short time Mr. Kingston, in consequence of the pressure of other engagements, retired and his place was taken by Mr. Henty, the well-known special correspondent of the *Standard*. As might be expected, the paper has, under such management, taken a very high place. The stories are excellently written, in a thoroughly manly tone, and the moral inculcated is never obtrusively thrust forward. No boy can be the worse for reading the *Union Jack*, and most boys will be improved. Much the same thing may be said of the *Boy's Own Paper*, which is published by the Religious Tract Society. The tales are very good, though somewhat weaker and slighter than those of the *Union Jack*, but any defect in this way is made up for by excellent articles on natural history, cricket, boat-sailing, bees and bee-keeping, and similar subjects. A paper which numbers among its contributors writers of the standing of the Rev. J. G. Wood, Dr. Grace the cricketer, Jules Verne, W. H. Harris, and Miss Fyvie Mayo cannot but be successful, and it is gratifying to know that the paper enjoys a very large circulation. More recently a *Girl's Own Paper* has been issued by the same society, and being modelled on

the same lines and carried on in the same spirit, it has met with a corresponding amount of success. *Young Folks*, a paper which issues from the office of the *Weekly Budget*, is a paper which occupies ground of its own. The leading feature is always an instalment of one of those fairy stories of giants, monsters, gallant knights, and lovely ladies, which possess perennial attraction for the young. Stories of boys' and girls' life, and occasionally short sketches by young readers of the paper, fill up the remainder of the space, room being found occasionally for criticisms on attempts by the young readers to produce essays, poems, and tales. A large amount of space is also given to riddles and puzzles.

So far the papers for boys are excellent in tone and in execution. Those which remain to be considered come under a different category. *Our Boys' Journal* is as unlike anything that a prudent father would care to place in the hands of a boy as can well be imagined. The principal story is one of schoolboy life, and the instalment in the number before me is mainly composed of a sickening description of a fight in a dormitory. A second story has for title "Wild Tom of Cambridge," and is actually occupied with a description of the doings of a body-snatcher, with an illustration of this delectable subject. "The Scapegrace of London," the third story of this paper, is as silly and as vulgar as the last-mentioned is improper. The *Boys of England*, the *Boys' Standard*, the *Boys' World*, and the *Young Men of Great Britain*, are equally distinguished by sensationalism and silliness; the last mentioned, which boasts that it "has with one exception the Largest Circulation of any Boys' Paper in the world," adding to its literary attractions a lottery for watches, pictures, books, parrots, cricket-bats, fishing-rods, boxes of puzzles, a tame monkey, a donkey, and a bicycle.

These things are bad enough, but there is an even lower depth, and it is an unflattering comment on our boasted civilization that the worst papers have the largest circulation. The *Illustrated Police News* is to be found in every town and village in England. Its chief contents are reports extracted from the daily papers of proceedings at police courts,

trials and inquests; its illustrations minister to the morbid craving of the uneducated for the horrible and the repulsive, and its advertisements call for the intervention of the police. Lord Campbell's Act was certainly intended to meet such cases as this, and why it is not put in force it is difficult to see. The same remark applies to the filthy rags which are thrust under the eyes of passers by in every crowded thoroughfare in London, which, for gross and stupid indecency, have no rivals in the press. Yet they are permitted to continue unchecked in their career, and to circulate—in the case of one publication at all events—to the extent of about 100,000 a week.

Against the existence of these wretched prints must be set the decadence of the old school of "Penny Dreadfuls"—those ill-printed sheets adorned with clumsy and inartistic wood-cuts; which were wont to tell from week to week "The Horrors of the Haunted Cellar; or, Blood and Crime," and similar grisly stories. A few, however, still exist. A "Life of Calcraft the Hangman" is now in course of issue in penny numbers—"number two given away with number one." So also is a catchpenny publication bearing the title, "Charles Peace, the Burglar," which affects to give an account of the adventures of that notorious criminal, but which really is merely a dull and stupid hash up of old stories. It would seem, however, that there is a public for this sort of literature, for this "romance" has been issued from week to week over a period of more than eighteen months. Their length is, indeed, one of the most striking features of these productions. The "Mysteries of London," and the "Mysteries of the Court," which were the representative specimens of this class of publication, extended over several hundreds of numbers. Naturally people who read such romances have ceased to take an interest in them since they found that the penny weeklies gave them three or four times as much matter of the same character for the same price. There are, however, a few survivals: "Joseph Wilmot; or, The Memoirs of a Man Servant," by the late G. W. M. Reynolds; "The Poor Girl," by Pierce Egan, and one or two other romances of the same type, are still in course of reproduction from week



to week, but the circulation is not large. Occasionally, too, announcements may be seen of some new serial story of the Claude Duval type; and one publisher has a rather unenviable notoriety for the publication of tales of gangs of highway-men commanded by "boy captains," to which sundry ingenuous youths are indebted for their knowledge of the interior of the City Prison at Holloway. In spite of all this, and of the periodical objurgations of the sitting alderman when some wretched boy, translating the poetry of Grub Street into prose, picks the lock of his master's till to buy a cheap revolver and fancy himself a "dashing highwayman," there is a great falling off in the trade in "Penny Dreadfuls." Whether the many objectionable boys' papers, to which reference has been made, do not effect quite as much harm may be open to question, while there can be little doubt that the weeklies of the *London Journal* type afford to their readers mental food of nearly as unwholesome a character as that provided by the bygone romance in penny numbers. That there is much vice in any of these papers no one will contend. On the other hand, few will doubt that it is by no means a subject for agreeable reflection that the only reading indulged in by an enormous proportion of the lower middle classes, consists of nothing better than these exceedingly foolish and frivolous stories. Yet it is hard to devise a remedy for such a state of things, and in fact no remedy from without is applicable. It can only be hoped that matters will mend

with the more general diffusion of education. So long, however, as education is allowed almost as a matter of course to exclude culture, we shall find foolish people taking pleasure in foolish things. The demand for these frivolous stories naturally creates the supply. Publishers are much the same as other tradesmen—they sell the goods for which their customers ask. Now and then a firm like that of the brothers Chambers takes a higher view of its calling, and itself creates the demand. It were to be wished that other members of the trade would follow so admirable an example, especially since experience shows that the supply of good literature is by no means unprofitable. The *Leisure Hour*, for example, is, we believe, the most profitable of all the publications of the Religious Tract Society, and has largely increased in circulation since the admission of a more distinctively secular element. If some enterprising publisher would produce as good a magazine, from which the tract-element should be wholly expunged, he would probably find that it would pay him exceedingly well. But to render it successful it must be dealt with purely as a matter of business. No surer way of missing the object in view could be devised than that of putting such a venture into the forcing-house of a philanthropic society. The common sense and the business instincts of publishers must provide the remedy for present evils, and in time there is reason to believe that they will do so.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### THE BOERS AT HOME.

BY J. J. MUSKETT.

"BUT one heart beats from Table Mountain to the banks of the Limpopo." Such were the words of President Burgers when addressing a crowd of sympathizers on his way towards the Transvaal Republic. And they were true; for excepting some English settlements, isolated and relatively small, South Africa is peopled by but one white race, of mingled French and Dutch descent, having in common the same language, habits,

and religion, and being by perpetual intermarriage all brothers, cousins, or near kinsmen—the Boers.

It thus happens that when I describe one South African village in the far interior I describe them all, whether built in the vast Karroo, the Orange Free State, or the Transvaal. There will be differences in the local surroundings of each, according as they lie amid the sands of Namaqualand, the greener

wastes beyond the Vaal River, or the deserts everywhere else; but the people inhabiting them are the same, and the local institutions are alike. At the present time, when the Transvaal Boers are in rebellion against us, it may be interesting to know something more respecting the customs, modes of thought, and ways of living of their race than is to be met with in the guide-books or in the notes of those who have passed a few brief weeks in the show places and the busier centres of our South African colonies. As a contribution towards this knowledge I am about to picture a village—for village it is usually called, although the seat of a magistracy and the capital of a division—which was founded by Boers, is almost entirely inhabited by them, and which has a local self-government of its own. In a population of six hundred there are not a dozen Englishmen, nor a dozen other Europeans of any kind, although the Germans rival the English as to numbers. The place is, therefore, racy of the soil. Scarce thirty years old, grey-headed men among its founders can remember the days when they fought with Bushmen and had adventures with lions. Its annals are brief. Like many of its congeners it had its origin in the spiritual needs of a people who profess but one form of religion—the Presbyterian—and that religion the very leaven of their lives. Similar "Church towns," as they are called, are still established ever and anon. The process is a simple one. Weary of living two days' journey from a place of worship, the farmers of a region large as an English county resolve to build one in their midst. They memorialize their presbytery and raise funds. A farm is bought. Now a farm means a tract of ten thousand acres, often of more, with a spring upon it. This forms the site and commonage of the future town. A suitable spot is surveyed and marked out in streets and squares. Lots are sold on some great auction day, after a series of religious services. The bidding is enthusiastic, and fancy prices are realized. With the sum thus raised, in the present instance something over £20,000, a church, parsonage, and school-house are erected, and the foundation of a good endowment fund is started. Each lot or *erf* is

charged with an annual payment for church purposes; and thus, while European politicians are busy abolishing tithes and endowments, rising communities in South Africa are as busily creating analogous imposts. There is also a rent-charge for water service—an important item in a land so desiccated as the Cape. Some of these lots, intended for building purposes only, are dry and barren, while others have an hour's right to an irrigating stream of water twice weekly, and will soon be fruitful gardens. The purchasers are mostly Boers, who will build town-houses wherein to lodge when they ride in to church, once or twice a month, from their distant farms, with a large posse of servants and children; but some are storekeepers—often German Jews—and some artisans, who buy with a view to future trade. A small army of brickmakers, bricklayers, carpenters, and painters makes its appearance in due time, and retreats again to some more favored spot a few years later, when the first fervor of building has passed away. A minister sufficiently young and sufficiently popular receives a call. After due delay, sometimes after delay deemed very undue and unreasonable, government appoints a resident magistrate, who is also civil commissioner, with a suitable staff, including a clerk, a district surgeon, a jailer, and some Kafir constables; and the town thus established pursues an existence at once useful, uneventful, prosy, and dull.

I have spoken of the place as peopled by Boers; I should rather have said by Boers and their colored retainers, who, as a matter of fact, outnumber their masters, and form a servile class as utterly separate as tradition or social custom can make them; but who are, from the contact of many generations, imbued with the same ideas, and who flatter the superior race by an imitation that is simply perfect. But between the two there is a gulf which is impassable. The whitest half-caste would not presume to seat himself in the presence of the Boer, nor the poorest Boer demean himself by marrying the prettiest half-caste. Neither do they worship together in the same churches; nor are they buried in the same cemeteries. In one case only that I can now recall, that of a Kafir of special and exemplary piety,

did a Boer congregation follow a negro to his grave. This was, however, dug in an open common, and the funeral proceeded from an outhouse.

Of similar ancestry, and often of near kindred to the Boers, but of better education and relatively better birth, are the *Africanders* who hail from Capetown and the western districts, and who form the professional classes, the leading merchants, and the gentry of the colonial born. Some, descendants of the Huguenots, bear the proudest surnames of old France, and some count early governors and half-forgotten judges among their forefathers. Such men will show you ancient seals engraven with their coats of arms, and tell quaint legends of the *Landrost* or physician, the major or the chaplain, who owned it in the days when the colony was young. True, every white man born in civilized South Africa claims to be an *Africander*, but in the more restricted sense of the word it applies especially to the older colonists of the better classes. Some of these are found among the leading spirits of every township, often among leading officials. Dutch is the language spoken in their households and the Boers regard them with an affection and respect which in the very nature of things could scarcely be accorded to the English settler, who comes among them a stranger and a foreigner at best.

Our village lies alone in the wilderness, a long day's journey from its nearest neighbor. A broad fringe of mountains passed, and the whole interior of the colony and the country far beyond its borders forms one great desert of stones and dull red soil, with small hard bushes grey or brown, scattered scantily about it. Here and there rise ugly hills or ugly mountains, black or russet as the case may be. This country is parcelled out into farms larger than English parishes, varying, as they do, from six thousand to twenty thousand acres of land. Each farm has its one spring of water where the homestead lies, and, if the spring be strong enough, a garden and cultivated land which it irrigates. There are rivers so dry that no drop of moisture can be found within their beds, and yet so large that the bridging them is expensive to the point of prohibition; so deep and rapid when it rains that no

living creature can cross them. Along these rivers in the warmer low-lying districts stand thousands of mimosa trees; leafy sometimes, when rain falls and the right season has come; but bare otherwise, and with innumerable thorns as long as bodkins and sharp as skewers. Then, again, you come to patches of ground, an acre in size or more, smooth and bald through lack of vegetation, nothing growing in the saline clay; a soil absolutely waterproof, and used for roofs of houses and leaking dams accordingly. The roads are tracks across the country, made by wheels of passing wagons, but patched and improved by the contractors, good, indifferent, or bad—mostly the latter—employed by the divisional councils. As it seldom rains, these roads are very tolerable after all, save where deep rivers have to be crossed or where picturesque scenery has made the engineering difficult. Following a highway like this, we come, say, in the summer, when the leaves are green, upon the village I would speak of. Tired with neutral tints and the perpetual waste, the eye lights gladly upon a gardened hamlet lying four-square on the barren plain. There are many fruit trees, interspersed with willows and an occasional cypress, which half conceal low, one-storied houses, and a steepled church, white and stiff, of meeting-house Gothic and with iron roof. Beyond this line of herbage is the business quarter; red brick houses mostly, and bare earthy reddish streets. And farther off, with sufficient space for wind between it and the town's nobility, a negro location of beehive huts, backed by a quarry on a hillside and a tomb-like structure which forms the powder magazine. The village is flanked by a white-walled graveyard, and the water-furrow leading from the distant river may be noted by a narrow line of verdure. It is overlooked by a well-marked eminence, whose lichened boulders are a rusty brown, and whose top is dominated by a flagstaff.

We enter this oasis, whose vegetation is due to constant irrigation, and see lines of well-kept streets, bordered with quince hedges bending beneath a wealth of large yellow fruit, and with water courses on either side. The streams are intermittent, for every drop of water is meted out to the gardens, each plot of

ground having its special hour, day and night, alternately; unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. In the dry allotments sold for building purposes reside the half dozen Englishmen and the half-dozen Germans who do the business of the place. There are stores, not much to look at, with ploughs and agricultural machinery standing on the *stoep*, or pavement, outside them, and with everything that Boer humanity can require to be sold within. Great bales of wool are piled up in a shed adjacent, and skins of divers kinds of cattle, salted and stretched, lie drying on the ground. Somewhat ambitiously planned, this portion of the town is but partially built upon, unsightly gaps separate many of the best houses, and some erections stand distant and solitary, dreary sentinels that mark the direction of future improvements. Here is the court-house, one-storied like its neighbors, in whose inner chamber the resident magistrate and his clerk peruse much periodical literature, newspapers included, and dream of higher salaries and less exacting duties. In the audience chamber or court-room, a bare whitewashed basilica indeed, sits, amid piles of newspapers, the chief constable, conjuring up, in his turn, visions of less work and better pay. On the *stoep*, which is a kind of terrace, paved, but very unpretending, before each house, in policeman's clothing, spic and span, reposes a Kafir constable, tall, stalwart, and handsome in his way, but exercised, so far as his easier philosophy will permit, with speculations anent the less tardy accumulation of the wages he delights in hoarding, and the amelioration of hardships generally. Far be it from me to hint that the even tenor of official life is never varied by stormier passages. Sometimes there are taxes to be collected; sometimes thefts or breaches of the peace to be investigated; now and then a murder; and once a month accounts are made up, and all kinds of salaries paid, when the hapless officials groan beneath the extra work, and, greatly worried, reduce to order a chaos of ledgers, abstracts, vouchers, and reports.

The administration of justice under English rule is much the same in South Africa as it is everywhere else. The thief has a bad time of it, the murderer

stands his chance, and the ruffian comes off scot free, or thereabouts. Public business is transacted in the English language, and the sworn translator is a necessary functionary at every sitting of the court. This is one of the events of the week, and, next to services and prayer-meetings, the favorite resort of *dilettante* Boers, who sit patiently through long-winded investigations, and find, in the dull but living scenes enacted in this humble forum, a faint reflection, though they know it not, of excitements yielded by the drama. The resident magistrate, who is often of Afriander and sometimes of Boer descent, is mostly popular and may even share a divided empire with the *Predikant* of the adjoining church. In the majority of cases the district surgeon is a young Cape doctor or a German, and not unfrequently a Jew. The very frequent transfer of property arising from the old Roman-Dutch law of inheritance, which divides estates among the children at the death of either parent, has given rise to a race of inferior lawyers known as "enrolled agents," whose one and sometimes only qualification is the preliminary payment of ten pounds sterling to the Government. Some of these agents are respectable Afrianders of good family and education, but local satirists have made themselves merry at the early struggles and the ultimate success of less eligible pretenders. Conceive our land flooded with quasi solicitors of this description! Still, as a matter of fact, they do get through their work somehow, live like gentlemen, as the saying is, and often end as moneyed men, or consummate an insolvency which is as good almost as a fortune.

I have said but little of the Boers themselves. Let us visit one of the many homesteads in the gardens. The white-walled house, although but one-storied, is well elevated, and its roof is iron. Outside shutters of a pleasant green flank the two windows, and the door between them is green and panelled. There is, indeed, some pretence to architecture, and the whole is well kept and substantial. The *stoep* is high and approached by steps. The watercourse beneath it is masoned out with solid stone and bridged with the same material. Leafy trees of divers sorts shade



the place and the stables and outhouses in its rear. We enter a *voorhuis*, or front room, very lofty and but slightly furnished. Its walls are lined by benches, and a table stands in the middle. There are pictures, it may be, very quaint and old world; scenes in the life of the Prodigal Son, or limnings of the Manger at Bethlehem, or the Cross on Calvary. A new piano may be noted, and a good harmonium, and pious books with Dutch titles lie scattered about. And there are flowers on table and on mantelpiece, photographs and albums, for there are daughters in the house. In some place of honor lies a great old Bible, a massive folio bound in leather and with brass clasps; it is printed in foreign-looking type on ancient-looking paper, and full of the strangest pictures that ever delighted the antiquary or mystified the child. A companionable book upon a dull occasion, but disappointing, inasmuch as its date discovers it to have been printed but the other day. Spittoons stud this chamber's floor, for it is the great reception-room, and visitors sit round it and smoke their pipes at times and seasons of conference and waiting; and many such times there be.

At the back of this *voorhuis* is the dining-room, entered by large and even handsome folding doors. In both apartments the walls are painted light blue, or green, or mauve; in both the ceiling is rafted and wooden, varnished and dark. The great feature of the dining-room, apart from the usual furnishings, is a small table near the window, with a chair on either side. Upon this table stands a coffee urn with chafing-dish beneath it; and the day has scarcely turned before this urn begins to steam and to bubble. On its dexter side is seated the lady of the house, who pours out coffee for all comers, and, with feet well planted on a box-like footstool, rules and manages her household. Children play around her, a colored girl sits watchful at her feet, and at favorable moments her lord and master occupies the corresponding chair, utters familiar maxims and remarks, and his friend, sitting hard by, carries on an intermittent conversation between wary mouthfuls of the scalding beverage. He is a well-built man, not unlike the English farmer of our early days, but more sallow and

less cheery, more puritanical and staid. His ancestors came from France and Holland, but in this wondrous climate of the Cape, perchance for animal life the finest under the sun, their offspring have developed into a race *sui generis*, nobly grown and quite unlike the typical Hollander or Frenchman. We converse in Dutch, the only language he cares to speak, although his children are apt scholars in the English tongue, and by-and-by he takes us into his garden.

A shady place this is, with groves of peach trees, apricots, and almonds, a stray apple-tree here and there, and pears, walnuts, and nectarines, all in excellent bearing. Here a vineyard, there a patch of tall Indian corn rising far over our heads. At our feet a wilderness of gourds and water-melons—a veritable "garden of cucumbers." There are white-hearted cabbages which would fill a bucket, and cauliflowers that would puzzle a boiler to cook them; enormous potatoes and carrots large as our mangold-wurzel. Scarcely a weed to be seen; the ground was a desert before the water came there, and grows only what is planted there by man. Twice weekly the place is carefully flooded, and our friend rises in the middle of the night for one of these hebomadal spells of water leading. The region is hereabouts too cold for oranges, but in many a district from Capetown to the far Transvaal these beautiful and fruitful trees lend a romance and pleasantness of their own to the orchards of the Boers.

The poorer Boer lives in a humbler dwelling, with floors of hardened mud consolidated by frequent washings of liquid cow-dung. His rooms are ceiled with reeds laid cunningly on rough beams of yellow-wood. The attic beneath his comfortable thatch is a very storehouse of vegetable products, dried and housed for winter use. His furniture is ruder and of home construction. His walls are whitewashed, and in shelved recesses stand favorite pieces of crockery, mysterious bottles, and well-thumbed books of devotion. He spends his leisure in making boots of untanned leather, which he sews together with the sinews of animals which he has previously prepared for the purpose; and in mending the bottoms of his chairs and benches

with leather thongs he has also manufactured to that end.

In the Boers we have the remarkable spectacle of a nation holding but one religion, strict conformity to which is essential to respectability of any sort; while the devotee or active professor alone can hope for social leadership among them. In the district of which our village is the only town there are three thousand souls. On the occasion of a revival some years since, a religious paper stated there were but fifty persons of the number who had not been converted. The district was founded in order to support a place of worship, and the village is known technically as a "Church town." A scoffing European suggested it should bear a kirk rampant for its coat of arms. Nine thousand pounds were expended on the church and parsonage. The former much resembles a dissenting chapel, but is dignified by steeple and bell, and by a town clock which strikes the hours. At the cost of £500 and more an organ was added. The purchase was made in Germany. At a cost of £200, again, the building was lighted with hanging lamps. The parsonage—*pastorie* is the local word—large, low, convenient, and handsome, stands in a garden, with lone vine-roofed walkes and peaches of admirable flavor. The Dutch minister or *Predikant*—often a man of good Cape family who has studied at Utrecht or at Leyden—is the spiritual leader and director of his flock, subject only to the mild and hesitating control of his deacons and his elders. No English rector enjoys a higher social status. A bishop of Grahamstown, witnessing the comfort and the unlimited influence of such an one, ejaculated almost unconsciously, "You are little Popes." Not only are the ministers great men, but ecclesiastical discipline reigns supreme. Woe to the unlucky couple who have married too tardily for absolute propriety, to the young man who has been sowing wild oats, or to the jolly old fellow who has taken a glass too much! One and all are hauled up before the Consistory, in full conclave assembled, and publicly censured and punished. An accused person whom the Solicitor-General had refused to prosecute for lack of evidence was summoned before the *Kerkraad*, witnesses were ex-

amined, and the culprit was regularly tried and condemned.

Church and people being thus identical, the first-class undenominational school is really a very denominational institution indeed. The head-master with his £350 a year, the head-mistress with her £200 or more (a young lady from Capetown, who is sure to be persuaded into matrimony by some ardent and eligible bachelor, almost before the year is out), and their subordinates, are managed and chosen to all intents and purposes by the Dutch congregation and its leaders. Nor could it well be otherwise. To the Boer stripling, even to the Boer child, school-going is a passion—a relief, it may be, from the monotony of home. Holidays are deplored, and the end of a vacation is hailed with delight. Dullards there are, of course, but some of the pupils make admirable progress. Some aspire to the ministry, and the University of Capetown is besieged by eager candidates from the haunts of the springbok and the ostrich. Young girls too, some very sweet and lovable, more enthusiastic than their brothers, proceed to local examinations, and pass with *éclat*. Learning is the fashion, and a good one; and the professions begin to teem with scions of Boer houses who have sought pursuits more ambitious and eventful than the watching of harvests or the herding of sheep.

The colored people have a minister and a chapel to themselves, nominally autonomous, but practically managed and mostly paid for by the Boers. Their services are more emotional and often more interesting than those of their pale-faced masters. Their minister is a kind of curate, socially inferior to the *Predikant* of the Boer congregation; nor is he permitted to ascend the pulpit of the white man's church. He, too, has his elders, deacons, and church wardens—Kafirs, Hottentots, or the mixed descendants of Malay slaves. Now these poor negroes have a passion for religious worship and for school. You will see men and women seated among the children, slate in hand; boys and girls give up everything for their lessons. Servants will desert you at the school-hour and neglect their duties to con their spelling-books. The tyranny of some of their teachers is almost worthy of a School

Board, but it is backed by the scholars themselves, and the much-enduring employer of labor has only to grin and bear it as best he can.

Foremost among the local magnates is the wealthy landowner—a Boer, as are all the up-country landowners, but whose intelligence, hospitality, and common-sense would be a credit to any nationality. He owns a first-class house in the town, which he inhabits on Sundays, coming on the Saturday with his entire family and riding off again on the Monday; a house which rivals his country residence in the excellence of its furniture and appointments. All kinds of people call to ask his advice or his assistance, to do business or to evidence their friendship. All drink his coffee, shake hands round the circle of his family, and call him “uncle” or “cousin” as the case may be; and with show of reason too, for the district is peopled by his kindred. The town is filled with such houses, whose closed shutters have a dreary aspect all the rest of the week. Such a rushing and plunging of horsemen, a rumbling of wagons drawn by trains of oxen, a whirling of tented carts, as Saturday comes round; such buying and selling in the stores; such throngs of men and women in the streets, where grass would grow at other times if the growth of grass were possible in such a desert; such crowded services at church; such crowded and hearty prayer-meetings; such pleasant converse at those evening gatherings on the *stoeps*; such thrilling love passages between the young and such cordial greetings among the old; such fuss, noise, sensation, and life as we have long forgotten in these old and jaded communities of Europe.

The local supervision of the township is intrusted to a municipality, founded on European traditions and provided with regulations which have had the previous sanction of the Government. Here again the members, from the Chairman to the Town Clerk, are Boers and Afrianders. The large town lands are admirably managed. No one can quarry stone or dig sand without a license. Each householder is allowed to depature so many sheep, horses, or oxen, and no more. Special laws are enacted respecting ostriches and pigs. Sanitary requirements are not forgotten. But the great

bone of municipal contention, if contention there be in so peaceful and united an assembly, is the control of the water supply. A special contractor keeps in working order the trench or canal which conveys a stream some two miles long from the higher level of the distant river bed; a stream on which depends the very existence of the town. Unpleasant for this functionary it is when the water-course, which winds sometimes along hill-sides and sometimes in deep cuttings, becomes choked with sand, or breaks its banks, or gets too palpably full of frogs and weeds. The public are aggrieved, and it is easier to worry a subordinate than to have it out with a drought or a water flood. Then there is a pound, filled sometimes with stray cattle, and there are rather lively sales when the said cattle remain unclaimed. Gangs, too, of prisoners have to be superintended, who clean and level the streets and construct earthworks and dams. A municipality, slow but honest, of well-to-do middle-class men, untroubled by the warfare of politicians or the hectoring of demagogues.

Such then, is a Boer village from Anguillas to Kuruman, from Capetown to the Portuguese frontier. In some the European population is much larger; in some anti-English feeling is more intense. In the Transvaal Republic the *Landrost* took the place of the Resident Magistrate, Dutch was the language of the Government as well as of the people, and the negroes were more palpably an inferior and subject race; but there the distinction ended. English communities of any size are only to be met with in the coast districts around Algoa Bay, in Natal, and at the Diamond Fields. British rule is fairly tolerated, if we except the older divisions about Capetown and the widespread settlements beyond the Orange River—and there we are hated with a hatred that affects no concealment. The causes of this dislike are not far to seek. We govern an alien race who hunger for the mastery. In their eyes England is represented by the unsympathizing stranger, the drunken navy, or the quasi-aristocrat whose arrogant puppyism has made us a by-word the whole world over. Their Church, with its pulpits filled by pastors trained in the Universities of Holland, or by the

pupils of these men, is a propaganda, passive it may be, of anti-English sentiment. Stern Puritans of the Cromwellian type, and the children of baffled slaveowners, they deem the negro a veritable Canaanite, doomed to the hewing of wood and the drawing of water to the end of time. This dream, so dear to their hearts, we have rudely broken. The savage, raw from his kraal, and the cultured European, hedged about by moral restraints innumerable, are both alike in the eyes of our Government. The colored thief, vagrant; or laggard, smitten aforetime with over many stripes, we now tickle with punishments of farcical mildness; and, legally speaking, the quondam slave is as good a man as his master. It is not difficult to conceive how intolerable such a turning of the tables must have seemed to the Boers, many of whom were ruined by the process. At a date so recent that some of us can well remember it, thousands of them sold their farms for anything they could get, and crossed the Orange and the Vaal, if only to be rid of the hateful stranger. Shirking our responsibilities, we gave them autonomy, and with

statesmanlike elaboration planted angry Republics at our very doors. It was like the creation of another Ireland. To these new governments disaffected colonists have ever turned their eyes. When the Transvaal started into active life under the leadership of an enthusiastic and imaginative President, and made alliances with the Continental powers, Boer and Africander alike looked forward to the day, now dawning upon their vision, when the strong young Commonwealth should wrest the Cape from the wavering grasp of England. The annexation crushed these hopes for a while. To restore the independence of such a Republic would be the renewal of a terrible blunder, postponing to a distant epoch the pacification and the advancing civilization of the whole land. The Cape Dominion we have been endeavoring to construct, when out of its tutelage, and leavened sufficiently with English influences, will form a noble country of the future. But no argument can be adduced for the premature independence of any portion of it that is not equally applicable to all the white communities of Southern Africa.—*Contemporary Review*.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

MADAME DE STAËL: A STUDY OF HER LIFE AND TIMES. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. In Two Volumes. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Bros.

Those who go to Dr. Stevens' work expecting to find a calm and careful study of Madame de Staël's character, a detailed and dispassionate record of her life, or a critical estimate of her literary work, will be disappointed. In spite of the eminence of her position and the number of her friends, the materials for a biography appear to be the reverse of copious; but however abundant and accessible they might have been, only one variety of them would have answered Dr. Stevens's purposes. No one of her contemporaries was inspired by Madame de Staël with a more infatuated and uncritical admiration than that exhibited by Dr. Stevens; and his really praiseworthy industry has been expended chiefly upon the effort to bring together every eulogistic phrase that has been inspired by her person, her conversation, her "wrongs," or her writings. It is scarcely injustice to say that his "study" consists of the passages thus gathered. Anything like independent opinion Dr. Stevens

has not aimed at; and his own contributions to the record are confined for the most part to intensifying the epithets of praise and to palliating or discrediting the faint hints at fault-finding which, in spite of his vigilance, sometimes creep into his quotations. When he cannot either commend or excuse, he maintains that discreet silence which is said to be the finest fruit of affection; and no one would infer from his narrative that "Corinne's" eloquent tributes to "love in marriage" were otherwise exemplified than in her relations to her two husbands, Baron de Staël and M. Rocca. To the grosser fascinations and complaisances which drew some at least among the worshippers at the shrine of this "greatest of literary women," Dr. Stevens makes no faintest reference; and by reason of this, no doubt, his book is free from objections which would have lain against any completer and more unbiassed record.

Due allowance being made, however, for the biographer's partiality, the book is not without value, and in parts, at least, is very readable. The chapters on the Revolution, on Life at Coppet, and on the German travels, are par-



ticularly interesting; and in general the author's skill in the use of his materials is to be commended. The sketches of Madame de Staël's father and mother, M. Necker, the statesman, and Madame Necker, Gibbon's early love, are more satisfactory than the more elaborate study of Madame de Staël herself; and animated pictures are given of the brilliant social circle which gathered around her alike at Paris and at Coppet.

**BUILDING A HOME.** By A. F. Oakey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

**HOW TO FURNISH A HOME.** By Ella Rodman Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

These little books are the initial numbers of "a series of new hand-volumes at low prices, devoted to all subjects pertaining to home and the household," to be known as "Appletons' Home Books." Plain, practical, and serviceable hints—a clear exposition of the elementary principles involved in each case—is what is aimed at, rather than æsthetic disquisition; and there can hardly be a doubt that the series will render valuable aid in guiding and maturing that taste for household art which is one of the most unmistakable evidences of a widening popular culture.

Mr. Oakey treats his subject with the easy confidence of a master, and it is surprising how much really helpful information about the choosing of a site for and the building of a house he has managed to compress into his small and copiously illustrated volume. Some few of his crisp sentences should be memorized and used as maxims by those proposing to establish homes for themselves; and there is scarcely a paragraph in the book without its practical lesson or implication. There is a noteworthy absence, too, of that "cant of culture" which is already producing a reaction among those who prefer a rational to a sentimental view of such matters; and the volume contains nothing which will not be as helpful to the man who proposes to build a cottage as to him who intends to erect "an abode of wealth."

Miss Church's task was more complex if not more difficult. In matters of architecture, the principles of taste are closely involved in honesty of design and construction, and can be formulated in a few general rules that are well nigh universal in their application. In furnishing a house, on the contrary, personal individuality is all-important, and nothing which fails to express this can be really tasteful in the highest sense. This is why general rules in such matters are so hard to construct, and must be so carefully qualified; and the difficulty is not lessened by the infinite variety of the articles and considerations that must enter into the furnishing of a house. The utmost that

can be done, as a general thing, is to make a few suggestions negatively, which may serve as warnings against violations of certain elemental canons of taste; and to supplement these with a few recommendations which may serve as indicators of the direction in which the individual fancies should work. Miss Church's little book does about as much in both respects as discretion would justify, and both her warnings and her suggestions are in most cases judicious and helpful. The illustrations are much superior to what would naturally be expected in books of this character.

**THE ECLECTIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** By M. E. Thalheimer. Cincinnati and New York: Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.

This little book exhibits the characteristic merits of Miss Thalheimer's work—competence of knowledge, clearness of statement, and graphic animation of style. By transferring most of the personal and other details to notes at the end of each chapter, she has managed to secure great compactness of treatment without burdening her text with those arid tracts of bald dates and facts which manuals of this sort are apt to consist of for the most part. Particularly good is her treatment of constitutional questions, and helpful suggestions are given as to the books which should be consulted by those who desire further information on special subjects or periods. Designed primarily for practical use as a text-book in school, the volume is properly equipped with questions, tables, and maps. The latter are of especial excellence, and the numerous illustrations make up in picturesque vigor for what they lack in finish.

**TREATISE AND HANDBOOK OF ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA.** By T. W. Moore, Fruit Cove, Florida.

This compendious treatise, on a subject which is every year attracting wider attention, is recommended by the State Bureau of Immigration, and has every appearance of being written with both candor and knowledge. The author's experience as an orange-grower covers a period of more than ten years, and his range of observation has included not only the whole of Florida, but nearly all the orange-producing regions of Europe and America. His book furnishes the needed corrective to the exaggerated and somewhat fantastic stories that interested parties now and then set afloat through the press; and demonstrates—what every discriminating reader might readily have guessed—that in orange-growing, as in all other occupations, success is the result, not of blind chance, but of patient and well-directed labor. There can be no doubt that many hundreds of would-be orange-culturists have failed because they did not know the conditions and

methods of success. To all such, Mr. Moore's treatise would have been invaluable; and it will greatly aid those who may now (or in future) be contemplating a similar attempt. It contains precise and practical information on location, soils, planting, budding, cultivation, manures, packing, preserving, and the like; and it is noticeably free from mere padding or purposeless writing.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE firm of Le Monnier, of Florence, has just commenced the publication of Andrea Maffei's Italian translation of Schiller's dramas.

To the list of royal, or rather princely, authors must now be added the name of Elizabeth, the Princess of Roumania, who has translated a set of Roumanian poems into German, and has published them through a Leipzig firm under the pseudonym of "Carmen Silva."

IN accordance with one of the last wishes expressed by Thomas Carlyle, a tree has been planted at Haddington on the site of the house in which John Knox was born, and within view of the churchyard where Mrs. Carlyle lies buried. The expense, including that of an enclosure and a suitable inscription, will be defrayed by a niece of Carlyle.

FOLLOWING upon the unfavorable disclosures concerning the management of the Biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele at Rome, the Italian Government has appointed a commission, consisting of six senators, six deputies, and several experts, to inquire into the public libraries and museums throughout the kingdom.

IT has been stated that, by the reception of M. Rousse, who succeeds Jules Favre, the forty chairs at the Académie Française are now all filled for the first time for thirty years. This is true; but at the same time it may be mentioned that M. Emile Ollivier, who was elected so long ago as April, 1870, has never yet been formally admitted, for reasons which are well known.

THE total number of students at the German universities during the winter term of 1880-81 amounts to 21,164. Berlin takes the lead with 4107; Leipzig has 3326; Munich, 1890; Breslau, 1281; Halle, 1211; Tübingen, 1074; Göttingen, 959; Würzburg, 921; Bonn, 887; Königsberg, 788; Strassburg, 745; Marburg, 604; Greifswald, 599; Heidelberg, 543; Erlangen, 473; Freiburg, 443; Jena, 438; Giessen, 391; Kiel, 284; Rostock, 200.

IN explanation of Carlyle's ill-natured remarks in his *Reminiscences* about Charles Lamb, the following story is told. The two were once members of a party who were taken to see a pen of exceptionally fine game-fowls.

Carlyle, in his high moral manner, began to improve the occasion by expatiating upon the lessons to be learned from the birds. At last poor stammering Lamb broke in, "P-p-p-perhaps you're a p-p-p-poulterer?"

WE learn from *Nature* that the French Minister of Public Instruction intends to do a great service to science by publishing monthly a *résumé* of the scientific work being done in France, under the title of *Revue des Sciences*. The review will be under the direction of the venerable M. H. Milne-Edwards, and will consist exclusively of analyses and summaries. It will embrace the work of individuals and of societies all over the country, and each number will contain about one hundred pages.

NEWNHAM has now taken its rightful name of "College," and its girl undergraduates fill both its North and South Halls, for it has had to be doubled since it began. An amusing anecdote is told of the way in which the Premier's daughter has made herself almost a necessity in every part of the college life. How she fills her place in the highest section of it is known to all; but a few months ago the gas in a lecture-room went out, and at once rose the familiar cry, "Where's Miss Gladstone?" She was the one to set everything right.

THE researches of Mr. Walter Rye in the *Record* office, in reference to the identity of the name of Chaucer's grandfather, discloses the fact that John Chaucer—no doubt John, the poet's father—was the son of *Robert* Chaucer, and not of *Richard* Chaucer, who married Robert's widow. Also that this Robert Chaucer had a house in Ipswich, so that, with Chaucers at Norwich, and Gerard le Chaucer at Colchester, of which he was a burgess in 24 Edw. I., A.D. 1296, the poet's family probably belonged to the Eastern counties, and not to Kent.

IN order to make English people better acquainted with the poetry of Mr. Walt Whitman, it is proposed to reprint the essay prefixed by Mr. Whitman to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (1855), which is considered a suitable statement of his aims and ideas from the poet's own pen. Additional interest attaches to it from the fact that, except in Mr. Rossetti's "Selections" (now out of print), the essay has not been republished. It is not contained in the author's edition of "complete" works now in circulation.—*Athenæum*.

MR. TENNYSON has given careful and full readings of his chief dialectal poems to the Nestor of phoneticians, Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, the present President of the Philological Society. Mr. Ellis has carefully corrected his previously prepared phonetic copies of Mr.

Tennyson's texts by the Laureate's own pronunciation, so that his very tones and accent will be reproducible to all time from Mr. Ellis's copies, as music is from notes. These copies will be printed in the fifth part of Mr. Ellis's great work on Early English Pronunciation for the Philological, Early English Text, and New Shakespeare Societies, which will contain the English dialects, and will be published next year.

THE Philological Society having resolved to allow the reformed spelling of which it has approved to be used in its publications by any of its members, Mr. Henry Sweet, one of the society's vice-presidents, who edits the *Monthly Abstract of its Proceedings*, has adopted the reformed spelling, and cut out the useless vowels, etc., which the society has condemned. Members are accordingly informed that "the papers *red wet*" so and so; that "Mr. Sweet *thocht* it probabl that . . . his *crier* views," etc.; that they "*hav onse* been;" that the distinction "*could* not be anything but a *grafic* one," and so on, while the forms "*uzed*, *reazons*, *theze*, *servs*, *sumone*, *becum*," often occur. That the changes proposed are in the main justified by etymology and the history of the language, no one will deny, while the use of *s* for the flat sound of *z* is surely a gain. The unfamiliarity of the new spelling to the eye soon stops. We hope that no mere feeling of conservatism or prejudice will prevent a fair discussion of the new scheme.

WE hear that over a hundred thousand copies have been sold of the six-shilling edition of Mr. Tennyson's Works in one volume. We wish we could persuade Mr. Browning to issue his works in a like one-volume edition, and to add to some of his poems one of those little notes which he sends to correspondents now and then on the circumstances or object of his works. One such on his "Lost Leader" and Wordsworth was published a year or two ago. Another, dated January 23d last, has just appeared in *The Literary World* of Boston on "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Mr. Browning writes: "There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem about 'Good News to Ghent' [Aix]. I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York,' then in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartolio's 'Simboli,' I remember." We would fain see Mr. Browning with twenty or thirty thousand more readers among the thoughtful men of England than he has now, and a cheap edition of his works would give him these at least.—*Academy*.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

**A NEW REPEATING RIFLE.**—The Prussians, who were the first to demonstrate in actual warfare the superiority of breech-loading firearms over those loaded from the muzzle, are again to the fore with a repeating rifle, which is likely to be adopted by the German army. In recent trials of its efficiency, when columns of the enemy were represented by targets six hundred metres distant, no less than ninety-nine per cent of the shots fired reached their destination. With the marksmen dispersed in skirmishing order, and with the targets separated so as to represent individual soldiers, eighty-five per cent of the bullets took effect. Further trials showed that the mechanism was not liable to derangement by contact with earth or other accidents. We trust that it may be a long time before this new weapon is brought to bear upon any but dummy soldiers.

**RABIES IN DOGS.**—M. Pasteur, an eminent Parisian doctor, has been making an interesting series of experiments at the Sainte Eugénie Hospital of Hydrophobia, which tend to show that rabies in dogs partakes of the nature of fever or zymotic disease. Rabbits inoculated with the saliva of a boy who had died of hydrophobia died in thirty six hours; other rabbits inoculated with the blood or saliva of those first inoculated died also, and even more rapidly. M. Pasteur examined the blood of these inoculated rabbits with the microscope, and found therein a small organism, not unlike the "micrope" of chicken cholera, but producing different effects. It was also singular that poultry when inoculated with this saliva or blood were not affected by it, nor were guinea-pigs. Again, dogs inoculated with the boy's saliva died in a few days, but without symptoms of rabies. In fact their rapid death seems to show that the virus with which they were thus inoculated had developed into a quite distinct organism from the germ which produces rabies; for in cases of the latter the disease incubates for weeks (often months) before disclosing itself, as if the germ did not take effect until it had produced a large amount of similar organisms to itself to infuse the blood.

**THE COLDEST KNOWN SPOT.**—Up to the present time Yakutsk, in north-east Siberia, has often been cited as the place on our earth where the winter is coldest, while the minima observed during Arctic expeditions are believed to be the lowest known. A correspondent of *Nature* disputes this, and claims that to Werkhojansk, in north-east Siberia, in longitude 134° east from Greenwich, and latitude 67° north, belongs that honor. The lowest winter recorded at Yakutsk is 77.3 Fahr. below zero, and at Werkhojansk, 81 below zero.

**THE NEAREST STAR.**—In an interesting article on Southern stars reprinted in *Science*, Mr. Pope, of New Zealand, describes Alpha Centauri, the known nearest fixed star to the earth. This magnificent double star, he says, is the finest object of the kind in the heavens. Besides being a binary star of a very short period, every one knows that Alpha Centauri is our next neighbor among the stars, and that it was the first to give up the secret of its parallax under direct Transit Circle observations. The color of this star is straw-yellow, or sometimes golden-yellow, according to the state of the atmosphere. When there is haze of course the smaller star is somewhat more affected by it than the larger. This tends to give it a slight brownish tint when the sky is not clear. Alpha Centauri is a star of the second class. Its spectrum is very like that of the sun. Even the principal dark lines are fine, and they apparently occupy the same relative positions as do the well-known lettered lines in the solar spectrum.

There can be little doubt, in fact, that the physical constitution of this great star is, in most respects, the same as that of the sun. It is probable, however, that Alpha Centauri is less developed than the sun; for, as Mr. Proctor has pointed out, its light is brighter than its mass would lead us to expect it to be, judging from the light of our sun, as compared with his mass. While the mass of the star is to the mass of the sun as 2 : 1, the light of the star is to the light of the sun as 3 : 1. Now, if it be true, as physicists have good grounds for believing, that the sun is, and has been, very slowly but surely losing his heat, just as our earth has most certainly lost an enormous amount of hers, there must have been a time when the sun and his system were less developed, but far hotter and brighter than they are now—when they formed, probably, a white star—that is to say, there was, quite possibly, a time when the light from our sun bore the same relation to his mass as the light from Alpha Centauri bears now to its mass. We may also believe that matters are less advanced in the planets (if there are any) of this neighboring system than they are with us.

**THE AFRICAN PYGMIES IN ITALY.**—The last number of Professor Mantegazza's *Archivio per l'Antropologia* is mainly devoted to two papers, but these, with the Proceedings of the Italian Anthropological Society, occupy nearly 200 pages. The number opens with an elaborate memoir by Dr. Regalia, of Florence, in which he describes several cases of abnormal vertebrae in the human subject, and offers some ingenious suggestions as to the interpretation of the phenomena. While this technical monograph will commend itself to the student

of anatomy, the general anthropologist will rather turn to the next paper, contributed by Professor Giglioli, and entitled "Gli Akka viventi in Italia." It may be remembered that three Akkas, or so-called African pygmies, are at present living in Italy—the two boys who were brought to Europe by Miani being under the protection of Count Miniscalchi at Verona, while the girl is less fortunately placed at Trieste. Thibaut, one of Miani's boys, now measures 1.42 metre (55.9 inches) in height, and it is believed that he has reached his maximum stature; he is probably about nineteen years of age. Chairallah, on the other hand, is still growing, and at present measures 1.41 metre (55.5 inches); it is supposed that he is about fifteen years of age. The form of the skull, judging from external inspection, appears to have increased in dolichocephalism since the boys were last examined. They have preserved the characteristic three-lobed form of nose. Their prognathism is very pronounced; the mouth is large; the lips thick; the teeth stout, well separated, and exceedingly white. Tufts of black woolly hair have appeared upon the cheeks, the chin, and the upper lip of Thibaut. Chairallah, on the contrary, shows no trace of hair upon the face; his visage, however, has become much lengthened with age. They can speak, read, and write Italian, but have forgotten both their native Akka and the Arabic which they learned when young. The girl at Trieste, who is a domestic servant with Signora Gessi, has not had the advantages of education, and can neither read nor write, but she can speak Italian and a little German—languages which she hears daily in the house. It is presumed that she is about fifteen years of age; her present height is 1.34 metre (52.7 inches). All the three Akkas have good health, and are described as being generally well behaved, but exceedingly childish in their tastes. As they are the only representatives of their race in Europe, Professor Giglioli's paper is very welcome to anthropologists.

**HYDROPHOBIA.**—M. Pasteur, of the Sainte Eugénie Hospital, Paris, has recently been carrying on some curious and interesting experiments bearing upon the causes of the terrible malady hydrophobia. He inoculated several rabbits with the saliva of a patient who had died of the disease, with the result that they became paralyzed in a few hours, and eventually died of asphyxia. But they showed no traces of rabies. They thus appeared to be affected with some unknown form of the disease, although M. Pasteur is not inclined, without further inquiry, to assert positively that it is distinct from hydrophobia. The most noteworthy result of his experiments lies in the



discovery of peculiar microscopic organisms in the blood of the inoculated animals. If it be proved that hydrophobia is accompanied by a similar appearance, there will be some ground for hoping that science may find a way to grapple with it.

**DETECTIVE CAMERA.**—A clever little contrivance, called the Detective Camera, was lately brought before the London Photographic Club. Its purpose is to enable a person to take photographic "shots" at any desired subject, without anybody but himself being cognizant of the operation. In outward appearance resembles a square case, and can be disguised as a portmanteau, a shoeblack's box, or even a book. The operator places it upon the ground, or holds it under his arm, the pressure of a pneumatic ball opening or closing the hidden lens at the required moment. Several amusing street scenes have been thus secured, which bear evidence that the models had no idea that their images were being so unceremoniously stolen.

**PHYSIOLOGY OF RECREATION.**—In a lecture by Dr. Romanes, of London, before the National Health Society, the physiology of recreation was briefly described as consisting merely in a rebuilding up, reforming or recreation of organs and tissues that have become partly disintegrated by the exhausting effects of work. It thus appears that the one essential principle of all recreation must be variety—that is, the substitution of one set of activities for another, and consequently the successive affording of rest to bodily structures as they become successively exhausted; and so the undergraduate finds recreation in rowing, because it gives his brain time to recover its exhausted energies, while the historian and the man of science find mutual relief to their respective faculties in each other's labors.

**ARTIFICIAL SNOW.**—A machine for making artificial snow has lately been perfected in England. The question may possibly be asked, Of what use can such a contrivance be, when the supply of the natural commodity is nowadays so far above what we care about? We are apt to forget that in many countries snow is a luxury. In the bazaars of Cabul, for instance, it is sold as such; and mixed with sherbet, it forms a favorite drink. The machine in question is intended for Palermo, where frost is rarely experienced.

**ILLUMINATED BUOYS.**—Pintsch's system of illumination by oil-gas, which has now been adopted by many of the railway companies for lighting their carriages, has recently been applied to a very novel but useful purpose—namely, the illumination of buoys. These floating beacons contain their own supply of

gas. They average eight feet in diameter, and are made of wrought-iron strong enough to resist the pressure of the gas from within, and the buffetings of the waves without. Each buoy will hold sufficient gas to feed a lamp for ten weeks. The authorities at the Trinity House have tested the system with success, and under their auspices it is to be much extended. The gas—distilled from the refuse of shale-oil—will be made on shore, and carried out to the various buoys by means of a tender. The charging operation occupies but a few minutes for each beacon; and the cost of each light is twopence-halfpenny per day of twenty-four hours.

**A GIGANTIC JAPANESE CUTTLEFISH.**—M. Hilgendorf describes (*Sitzungsber. Gesellsch. Naturf. Freunde zu Berlin*, 1880) a gigantic cuttlefish, which was captured in the Japanese sea in 1873, and exhibited in Yedo for money as a curiosity. It did not attain the size of the specimens obtained some years ago off the coast of Newfoundland, some of which were estimated to exceed 50 feet in total length, including the long tentacular arms, while indisputable measurements of one specimen give the length of the body as  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and that of the long arms at 30 feet, making nearly 40 feet in all. The Japanese cuttlefish was, however, a sufficiently formidable animal; the length of its body (the head estimated) was about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and that of the longest arm preserved,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The long tentacles had been cut off, but M. Hilgendorf estimates that when they were perfect, the total length of the animal must have been at least 20 feet. He was at first inclined to refer this cuttlefish to the genus *Onmatrophenes*, but, on further consideration, makes it the type of a new genus, and names it *Megatenthis Martensii*. The generic name is already preoccupied by Mr. Savill Kent's *Megalotenthis*, proposed for one of the Newfoundland specimens, and it is a question whether the characters indicated by M. Hilgendorf are sufficient to separate the Japanese species generically from *Architenthis*, Steenstr. Nevertheless the record of the occurrence of a gigantic squid in the Japanese seas is of interest.

**PNEUMATIC CLOCKS.**—We find in a French journal an account of the new principle of time-keeping, which some think will supplant ordinary clockwork, and supersede the use of electricity for keeping uniform time. Pneumatic clocks prevent all causes of irregularity, of which the principal has been hitherto the impossibility of finding a force equable and constantly the same. In these clocks there is a single movement and a unique force, which causes the large hands of the immense public dial, as well as the delicate needles of the private *salon*, to proceed uniformly. Though there may be hundreds of dials, and some

thousands of private timepieces, the pneumatic force, augmented at times in a fixed proportion, will never be otherwise than uniform, and the movement one. The invention, however, is not new. The public might have seen the pneumatic clocks working at the Exhibition of 1878, and during the last three years they have been used in Austria with the greatest success. A company has been formed in Paris, and in several of the *arrondissements* is already at work successfully. The principle simply is to compress air by powerful air-pumps, and store it in immense reservoirs of sheet-iron, and thence distribute by pipes. Every minute there will be distributed from the supply-reservoir into the pipes fitted up for the public clocks, as well as the timepieces of apartments, a volume of compressed air of a cubic metre and a half, capable of exercising a pressure sufficient to make advance for a minute the hands of all the clocks. This operation, repeated ever so many times, and even for years, will always be alike. The hands of the clocks will always advance at the same time, and without there being any remounting, regulating, or cleaning. A simple pipe, grafted on the principal branches of air distribution, will set all the clocks of your house, if you wish it, in immediate contact with the central reservoir. Without removal, without the expense of fitting up, in return for a few centimes of payment per day, you will have at home, during some years, the exact and invariable time. A day will soon come when it will be sufficient to turn a tap in order that every citizen, on the first or sixth story, may have at his house the town-time. The company will furnish the domestic timepieces as they furnish the dials of the public streets, that is to say, gratuitously. Thus the public will have for a few francs not only their gas and water, but also the hour of the day by means of a tap. The plan is ingenious. It will not be easy to secure either this uniformity of pressure or freedom from accidents, which are of little consequence in one house, but would be mischievous if overtaking a whole parish.

**SMOKE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.**—Herr Bodaszewsky, of Lemberg, has lately observed various kinds of smoke with a microscope magnifying 100 times. The smoke having been brought into a preparation glass for microscopic study of liquids, and illuminated with sun or electric light concentrated with a lens, one sees the particles dancing about, or clinging momentarily to the glass; they are spherical, appear bright gray on a dark ground, by reflected light, and, owing to irradiation, much larger than when illuminated by a mirror from below (*i.e.*, by transmitted light), when they appear as extremely small dark specks. The diameter is supposed to be approximately

0.0002 to 0.0003 mm. Vapors of nitric acid, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, sulphur, etc., produced under the microscope with a glowing platinum wire, showed like moving particles. With water vapor, the author saw only a weak mobile shimmer.

**THE STINGING NETTLE.**—We may find a fair starting-point for our researches into the movements and internal activities of living beings in a simple study of the actions which the microscope reveals to us as occurring within the tissues of well-known plants. For instance, there is no structure which makes a more pronounced appeal to us in the way of painful practical botany than the stinging hair of a nettle. A nettle hair is an appendage of the nettle leaf, but, unlike the ordinary hairs which we see coating the surface of the many leaves, it possesses at its base a kind of gland or secreting structure, which manufactures the irritating fluid that is practically the nettle's poison. The point of this hair is extremely delicate. The slightest touch breaks the point, and the poison fluid with which the hair is charged at once flows into the skin, and produces there the characteristic pain and after-effects. Thus a nettle stings as a serpent stings; both possess an apparatus consisting of a poison-gland and a fang—the latter being the "hair" in the nettle, and a hollow tooth in the snake. But the living nettle hair has a more curious aspect and history than those included in the recital of its offensive powers. When placed under a sufficiently high power of the microscope, the nettle hair, which, like the nettle itself, might be regarded as an inert structure exhibiting no sign of life or activity, is seen to be a perfect centre of curious and interesting movements. The contents of the hollow nettle hair—or, more strictly speaking, its lining—are seen to exist in a state of continual motion. There are waves of contraction which roll like the billows of the ocean along the whole length of the hair; and there are minor streams of granules which hurry here and there with varying speed through the substance of its interior. Main currents may be traced around the margin of the structure, and that there are many minor currents hidden from the highest powers of our best microscopes no one may doubt. Thus the nettle hair is a very centre of active movements and of an incessant circulation of its particles and fluid, such as we could not dream existed within the apparently stable and inert plant-form.—*Science for All.*

**THE CAUSES OF MYOPIA.**—There may be, and doubtless is, some modicum of truth in the opinion recently given by an ophthalmic surgeon respecting the boys at Wellington College, that the public schools are manufacturing a

race of myopes, but it is not true to anything like the same extent as that matrimony is doing so. Myopia, and the tendency to myopia, are usually inherited, and it is not an uncommon thing to find a large family of children all inheriting myopia from one parent; but few persons would on this account alone recommend universal and perpetual celibacy. Myopia may, no doubt, be developed, and the tendency to myopia may be aggravated by neglect of the known physiological conditions of healthy vision, and it is therefore incumbent upon all persons concerned in the construction of school buildings, and upon those who have charge of the education of children and youths, to take care that these conditions are strictly observed. As regards our public schools and universities, however, it should not be forgotten that shortsightedness is a fashionable complaint. Myopia has been said to be an affection of those who read much and think little; it fairly belongs, therefore, to the present age. —*Lancet*.

THE MOON PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARTHLIGHT.—It is well known that when the moon is new on a fine night, the markings of its surface may be distinguished by a low-power telescope, being illuminated by the sunlight reflected from the earth. This earthlight is, of course, many times brighter than moonlight, from the greater size of the earth. M. Janssen has succeeded in taking a photograph of the moon under these conditions, when only three days old. There was a narrow rim of brightness, the rest of the disc being in shadow, but still faintly visible. The photograph, which was taken on a gelatine plate, exhibits the general marking of the surface with considerable distinctness. Perhaps our electrically lighted cities may soon be visible from the moon at night, and act as the signal to any possible inhabitants of the moon, which it was suggested should be attempted by the construction of some gigantic geometric figure.

#### MISCELLANY.

CARLYLE'S WILL.—Carlyle's will has been published, and turns out to be a document in some sense characteristic of him, though characteristic, we think, rather of Carlyle's weaker than of his stronger side—of the deep interest which he very naturally felt in his own genius, than of his own teaching as to the silences and reserves of life. It is a document full of self-consciousness and of little picturesque egotisms. In giving the books used in writing "Cromwell" and "Frederick" to Harvard University in the United States, "after due consultation as to the feasibilities and excuseabilities of it," Carlyle states that he gives them in

token "how much of friendliness, of actually credible human love, I have had from that country, and what immensities of worth and capability I believe, and partly know to be lodged, especially in the silent classes there." He oddly speaks of his library as a "very poor and, indeed, almost pathetic collection of books." In leaving the letters of his wife and the autobiographic fragments lately published to Mr. Froude, he says: "The manuscript is by no means ready for publication; nay, the questions how, when (after what delay, seven—ten years?), it, or any portion of it, should be published, are still dark to me; but on all such points, James Anthony Froude's practical summing-up, is to be taken as mine." Whether this applies chiefly to the letters still unpublished, or chiefly to the "Reminiscences," it proves clearly enough that Carlyle had the greatest doubts on the point of what ought to be withheld altogether and what long delayed; and that he contemplated the publication of no portion at all immediately after his death. The whole will is a very curious illustration both of the self-consciousness and of the deep Romanticism of Carlyle's character. —*The Spectator*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMELLING.—The sense of smell occupies itself with gases; for these alone can gain access to the organ, or cause the sensation of smell. Lest the reader should suppose this statement opposed to the testimony of his experience, from the well-known fact that solids, such as cedar-wood, camphor, and musk excite the sensation of smell, while ordinary scents are preserved and carried about in a liquid form, it must be explained that these substances contain volatile essential principles, which, on free exposure to the air, are slowly given off in a state of vapor. Some solids give off particles of their substance in a state of vapor without first becoming liquid, as is ordinarily the case. Thus snow, which coats the earth in winter, will diminish daily even though the air is frosty, and there is no melting process going on. In other cases, as in cedar-wood, oils naturally volatile seem to be long entangled in the solid matter and but slowly rendered to the air; but their odoriferous power is so great that very small portions of them produce strong perfumes. This is sometimes truly wonderful. Dr. Carpenter states that a grain of musk may be freely exposed to the air for ten years, during which time it perfumes the whole surrounding air; yet when weighed, there is no perceptible loss observed. Matters which exhale odorous emanations are detected at a great distance, from the tendency of gases to pass through and diffuse themselves equally throughout all other gases. Thus, though there be but a very small escape of coal-

gas in one part of the room, it soon announces itself to the nose in every corner of the apartment. This is a faculty peculiar to gases, and produces many interesting results.—*Cassell's Popular Educator*.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS.—E. C. Granville Murray has lately contributed to the *Swiss Times* some entirely personal reminiscences of the Czar Nicholas. Of his mental habits and temperament he says: "He was a man of hasty temper, but very full of generous impulses. Having on some occasion used harsh language toward one of his colonels, and learning that the officer had taken his rebuke to heart, the Czar ordered a review, and publicly embraced him at the head of his regiment. A kind man, too, who could unbend at times. One 1st of April, a lady, who told me the story herself, was surprised by her servant abruptly announcing the Czar. It was so early in the morning that she thought it was some joke of her sisters in connection with the day, so she replied laughingly, 'Tell the Czar to wait,' and went on sipping her tea. Presently she looked up again, however, and saw the servant standing aghast near the door, which was still wide open, and behind it, casque and plume, was the stately figure of the Emperor. He had come to bring her good news of her son, who was abroad, and had been ill. He was not tolerant, however, of intentional disrespect, and had but a modified appreciation of a joke. A general who was police-master at St. Petersburg for a short time, found this out to his cost. The general was considered a very stupid man, and was the Czar's favorite butt, so his Majesty was pleased one night at a court ball to send him off in search of a thief who had stolen a colossal statue of Peter the Great. The police-master, finding this statue in its usual place, as any one else would have expected, felt mortified at the laugh raised against him, and determined to be revenged in his own way. Shortly afterward, therefore, he announced to his Imperial master while at the theatre that the Winter Palace was on fire. The Czar rose hastily to witness the conflagration, and on finding that the police-master had presumed to retaliate on his august self, sent him to reflect on his indiscretion in Siberia. Finally he was not a faithful husband, but he was fond of his wife and very jealous. Her Majesty was quite aware of this, and, unfortunately, very mischievous. Whenever, therefore, she wished to get rid of an officer who displeased her, she commanded him to dance with her, and so sure as she did so he was sent to the Caucasus. The Czar's personal habits were soldierly and simple. He ate and drank with extreme moderation, and he slept in his uniform on a tent bed in his study, with only a

military cloak to cover him. He allowed his son, the late Emperor, £40,000. a month while travelling abroad; the Empress spent money so lavishly that her expenses for one night that she halted at Hanover exceeded £1600. He gave, too, largely, but his personal wants must have cost little indeed.

THE FRANKLIN MANUSCRIPTS.—There is rather a curious history attaching to the Franklin manuscripts which were offered to the American Congress the other day for the sum of \$25,000. The manuscripts were originally left to Benjamin Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, and contain the secret history of the war, private negotiations, and many political anecdotes of the time, which would now of course of great value, but which at the period of Franklin's death it was considered unwise to make public. The manuscripts were taken to England by William Temple Franklin, who, however, suppressed most of them, in consideration, it is said, of a sum paid to him by the British Government, and only published a portion of that part which consisted of the autobiography of his grandfather, and even this he greatly mutilated before making it public. The documents now offered to Congress are said to be the whole of the suppressed manuscripts which belonged to William Temple Franklin. If they have been preserved in their entirety, they are of course most valuable pieces of history, and should undoubtedly be in possession of the American Government. But there is some doubt as to whether they really are in perfect condition. The man who did not hesitate to mutilate the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin would scarcely be inclined to regard the remaining manuscripts with any great reverence, and it is quite possible that he may have taken liberties with them which greatly deteriorate, if they do not destroy, their historical value.—*London Daily News*.

#### BEFORE THE SPRING.

THE wind has blown the last year's leaves  
From off the primrose head;  
The lilac-shoot its prison cleaves,  
The elm-tree tips are red.  
And all about, though trees are bare,  
And covert none to sing,  
The blackbird heralds everywhere  
The coming of the spring.  
Sing on, sweet bird, for you have faith  
To trust all darkness is not death!

•The spring has signs to show her sigh,  
And bid the world prepare;  
Has Joy no herald, or must I  
Look for no future fair?  
My heart seems barren as a world  
Where Spring comes nevermore;  
No leaf shows from its sheath uncured;  
No birds their raptures pour.  
Yet, faithless heart, believing be—  
The Spring must come again for thee!

R. I. O.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

1881.

THE present number of THE ECLECTIC begins the thirty-third volume of the new series, and the thirty-seventh year of its publication. With this volume we shall so increase our size as to give our readers some two hundred more pages of reading matter than in former volumes, and this increase will enable us, during the year, to furnish many valuable articles which want of space hitherto has prevented us from giving.

THE ECLECTIC does not claim to be a distinctly popular magazine—this field is already filled; but we do claim to furnish articles that are of the highest value and instruction to that class of readers who wish something more than mere amusement in what they read.

It will be our aim in the coming year, as in the past, to make THE ECLECTIC valuable to all intelligent readers.

**FIRES IN COAL MINES.**—A vein near Coal Castle, Schuylkill County, has been burning for forty-five years. A huge fire was kept in a grate at the mouth of this mine to prevent the water in the gutters from freezing. One night in 1835 the timbers of the drift caught fire, and when discovered the flames were beyond control, and the mine was abandoned. Many efforts have been made since to work the mine, as the coal was of remarkably good quality; but although it has been flooded many times, the fire continues to rage, and the intense heat makes it impossible for miners to labor even in slopes which were opened some distance from the burning vein. No vegetation grows on the surface above this pit of fire, and it is dangerous to walk across it, as many places have caved in, and there seems to be but a thin shell of earth over it. Near Mauch Chunk there is Summit Hill Mine, which has been burning for about twenty-five years, and vast sums of money have been expended in fruitless efforts to extinguish the flames.

**HOW DIAMOND MINES ARE WORKED.**—The system of working the diamond mines is described by an operator as follows: The ground being picked loose by natives and broken up,

is hauled out of the mines in tubs running on inclined wires; from these tubs it is transferred to a sifting cylinder, which removes the coarser stones, the remaining soil being mixed with water and slowly stirred in a flat pan of circular form, by means of arms fitted with teeth, this pan varying from six to fifteen feet in diameter, according to the amount of work to be done. The effect of this is to leave the diamonds which are heaviest at the bottom, the lighter soil escaping over the edge of the pan, to be taken up by a dredger and trucked away. At the end of a day's work the contents of the circular pan are cleaned out and washed up in hand-sieves, when in turning over the sieve on the table the diamonds can be at once seen from their brilliance, some being of most perfect octahedron shape and as clear as crystal. The rough diamonds are almost invariably below ten carats in weight, the average being about the size of a pea; indeed, in the Bultfontein mine, a ten-carat stone is looked upon as a curiosity, though specimens exceeding one hundred carats in weight have on rare occasions been secured. The value of a stone depends entirely on its color, shape, and freedom from spots or flaws, those of faultless shape and perfect whiteness taking the precedence of all others. The diamonds exceeding twenty carats in weight are mostly of various shades of yellow, a large white diamond being a comparative rarity.

**THE MAGNETO - OPTIC PROPERTIES OF GASES.**—These are being investigated by M. Henri Becquerel. He has recently examined oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic dioxide, nitrous oxide, and olefiant gas. Except in the case of oxygen, the magnetic rotation of the plane of polarization due to a field of given intensity varies inversely as the square of the wavelength of the ray, as is the case in solids and liquids. This implies that violet rays are more rotated than red, or that there is a positive dispersion. In the case of oxygen, it is found that the red rays are rotated more than the green. This is the more remarkable, as oxygen gives a positive rotation as if it were a diamagnetic body. He remarks that oxygen behaves as if it were a mixture of a magnetic and a diamagnetic body, the magnetic having small negative rotation and a great negative dispersion, the diamagnetic having great rotation and small positive dispersion.

**FINE ENGRAVINGS.**—We have received from George Stinson & Co., art publishers, Portland, Maine, a proof copy of the large and beautiful steel engraving "Ready," after the celebrated painting by S. P. Cockerell. The fame of William Tell is world-wide, and the nerve, courage, and powerful character exhibited by both father and son in the shooting at the apple on the boy's head, at the mandate of the tyrant, has fired the hearts of millions. "Ready!"—every nerve is strained and fixed—a moment of terrible suspense—the arrow has sped straight to its mark. We have also received a proof copy of a large, fine work of art, representing, in a charming manner, a domestic scene; it is entitled "The Welcome Step," and is after a painting by the well-known artist, G. G. Kilburne.

**SALARIES OF CLERGYMEN AND ACTORS.**—Those who believe that our leading clergymen are overpaid will do well to inspect the following figures: Mr. Beecher gets \$20,000 a year; Dr. Hall, of Fifth Avenue, and Dr. Dix, of Trinity, \$15,000 each; Mr. Talmage, \$12,000; Dr. Storrs, Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, Dr. Tiffany, and Dr. Chapin, \$10,000 each. Of our leading actors, Booth earns \$100,000 a year; Sothorn, \$150,000; John E. Owens—in 30 weeks—\$90,000; Joe Jefferson—40 weeks—\$120,000; Maggie Mitchell, from \$30,000 to \$50,000; Dion Boucicault, \$3000 every week he plays; and Fanny Davenport, \$1000.

**LONG BRIDGE.**—A long bridge over the Volga, in Russia, has recently been completed. The width of the river is nearly a mile, and as it is liable to heavy spring floods, the piers, of which there are fourteen, had to be built 100 feet above mean water level, the depth of the river being more than fifty feet. The girders, 364 feet long and twenty wide, were riveted together on the right bank of the river, and then floated to their position.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

**Endymion.** A Novel. By the Right Honorable BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, pp. 477. Price in cloth, \$1.50; in paper, 75 cents.

**Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings.** The Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS Illustrated. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 231. Price, \$1.75.

**From Death into Life: or, Twenty Years of My Ministry.** By Rev. W. HASLAM. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 318. Price, \$1.50.

**Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. Poverina.** An Italian Story. Translated from the French of Mme. LA PRINCESSE O. CANTACUZENE-ALTIERI. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 18mo, paper, pp. 205. Price, 30 cents.

**Memoir of Governor Andrew, with Personal Reminiscences.** By PELEG W. CHANDLER. To which are added two hitherto unpublished Literary Discourses, and the Valedictory Address. With Portrait. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 296. Price, \$1.25.

**Certain Men of Mark: Studies of Living Celebrities.** By GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 242. Price, \$1.

**A Dreamer.** By KATHERINE WYLDE. *Leisure-Hour Series.* New York: *Henry Holt & Co.* 16mo, cloth. Price, \$1.

**Echos et Reflets. Poésies.** PAR E. AUBERT. Paris: *L. Boulanger.* New York: *F. W. Christern.* 16mo, paper, pp. 332.

**My Winter on the Nile.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. New edition, revised. Boston: *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 496. Price, \$2.

**Is Consumption Contagious? And Can it be Transmitted by Means of Food?** By HERBERT C. CLAPP, A.M., M.D. Boston and Providence: *Otis Clapp & Son.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 178. Price, \$1.25.

**Merry Nursery.** A Collection of Pictures, Stories, and Poems. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* Small folio, cloth, gilt. Illuminated cover. Price, \$2.

**The Boys' and Girls' First Story-Book.** With Numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* Small 4to, cloth, silver and gold. Price, \$1.50.

**Feet and Wings: or, Hours with Beasts and Birds.** By UNCLE HERBERT. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* 4to, illuminated boards. Price, \$1.25.

**The Youngster.** By COUSIN DAISY. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* 4to, boards. Price, 75 cents.

**Story of a Dog; or, The Adventures of Pixie.** Handsomely Illustrated. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* 4to. Price, \$1.

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### A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.

Lewis H. O'Connor, Esq., whose office is at 93 Washington street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune: I have been suffering, said Mr. O'Connor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, applied it at night before retiring, and to-day I feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief, and now feel no pain whatever. I must express my thankfulness for the invention and manufacture of such a splendid medicine, and shall esteem it a duty, privilege and pleasure to recommend it in the future for similar ailments.—*Chicago (Ill.) Journal*.

### A BUILDER'S TESTIMONY.

Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., Builder, No. 9 Boylston street and 106 Harrison avenue, Boston, thus speaks: The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express, can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance, I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

### AN EDITOR IN LUCK.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism; of this I am convinced. For two years I suffered with Rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attending to my duties, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. A few weeks ago a severe attack of this trouble struck me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil. I must acknowledge, with but little confidence in its merits. I freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been of no avail. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with Rheumatism and kindred complaints.

G. A. HEILMAN,  
Editor *Republican*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Amos James, Esq., proprietor of the Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., writes as follows: I suffered so badly with Rheumatism that I was unable to raise my arm for three months. Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely.

[Chicago Western Catholic.

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Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy, did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

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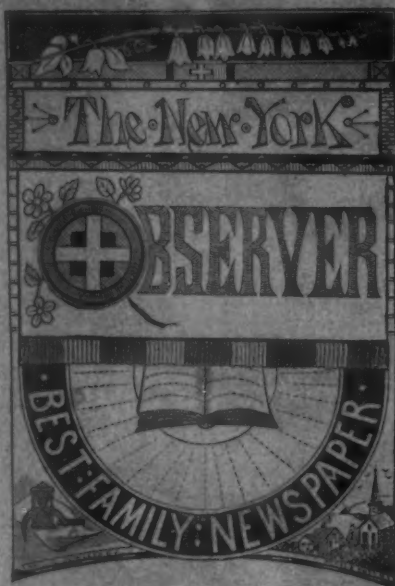
I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy I am cured. This statement is uncollected by any one in its interest.

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### WEATHER WISDOM.

Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the U. S. Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on 21st December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 55; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three hours, I thought,—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains,—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was instantaneous. In one hour, I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment in a neighboring town, had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.





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### REMARKABLE RAILROAD BUILDING.

THE *Railway Age* presents a summary showing the mileage of track actually laid down in the United States during the year 1880. The footings are astonishing, showing as they do that not less than 7027 miles of new track were laid during the past twelve months on at least 234 different lines. These figures are greater than for any year since 1871, and the mileage is greater by 54 per cent than that of 1879. The *Age* anticipates that the final figures will increase the grand total to 7500 miles—a mileage greater than has been constructed in the United States or any other country in any previous year. The only State in which no work has been done is Mississippi, and the only Territories are Idaho, Wyoming, and Indian, from which railroads are kept, although eager to enter, and Alaska. Another year will see large additions in these Territories. Dakota leads the country with 680 miles of new track. Texas comes next with 659, then Ohio 525, New Mexico 519, Iowa 445, Colorado 401, Nebraska 385, Illinois and Kansas 340 each. The total mileage in the United States is 93,704 against 60,283 in 1871, and 74,096 in 1875.

ANCIENT LIKENESSES OF CHRIST.—An English work entitled "The Likeness of Christ," written by the late Thomas Heaphy, and edited by Wyke Bayliss, is one of the most valuable archaeological publications of recent times. The full-page illustrations, which are executed in colors, fac-simile, are twelve in number. Three of these are of the deepest interest by far, for they give what hitherto the English public has never yet had set before them, representations of (1) the picture preserved in the sacristy of St. Peter's, at Rome, (2) that in the Church of St. Silvestro, in the same city, and (3) that in the Church of St. Bartholomeo, at Genoa. The first of these, roughly painted with transparent, rude pigments on unprepared cloth, is never shown to visitors at Rome, being seen only by the Pope and two of the sacred conclave after they have just received the Holy Communion. The wonder, therefore, is how Mr. Heaphy, presumably a Protestant, obtained permission to copy it. This copy seems all but perfect, so

nobly and touchingly does it render the divine face of Him who was fairer than the children of men, and yet, above all his human brethren, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The authenticated history of this picture reaches back to the second century, while the concentrated thought and feeling which it displays "almost force on us the conviction that he that produced it must have seen that which he depicted."

### KITCHEN ECONOMY.

INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.

*From the New York Tribune.*

DR. EDWARD G. LOVE, the present analytical chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking-powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

"The prices at which baking-powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually 50 cents per pound. I have, therefore, calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded on a basis of 50 cents cost per pound."

Name of the Baking-Powders.	Available gas, cubic inches per each ounce powder.	Comparative worth per lb., cents.
"Royal" (cream-tartar powder).....	187.4	50
"Patapoco" (alum powder).....	125.2	49
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5	48
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....	121.7	47
"Hanford's None Such".....	121.6	47½
"Redhead's".....	117.0	46
"Charm" (alum powder).....	116.9	46
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9	44
"Cleveland's" (short weight, ¾ ounce).....	110.8	43
"Czar".....	106.8	42
"Price's Cream".....	102.6	40
"Lewis' Condensed".....	98.2	38½
"Andrews' Pearl".....	93.2	36½
"Hecker's Perfect".....	92.5	36
Bulk Powder.....	80.5	30
Bulk Aerated Powder.....	75.0	29

NOTE.—"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

LORD BEACONSFIELD is in such favor with the queen that, in spite of the palace tradition which limits visits at Windsor Castle to a single night, he has lately made a much longer stay there, alarming all the Liberals lest he have undue influence over his royal mistress. He lately presented her majesty with the first copy of "Endymion," richly bound, and having an autograph inscription. He has taken a lease of one of the best houses in Curzon Street, and will entertain largely next year.

BARON CHARLES DE ROTHSCHILD, of Frankfurt, has just given \$160,000 for a silver-gilt cup of marvellous workmanship, made by the celebrated Jammintzer. This is said to be the largest price ever paid in modern times for a single object of art. The work is the centre-piece of a table service. It formed part of the estate of a Nuremberg banker, and for several years has been in the museum at that place. Baron Rothschild has long had his eye on it, and finally, after as much diplomatic negotiation as commonly attends the settlement of a great treaty, he has obtained possession of the prize.

TRAFFIC THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.—The total tonnage that has gone through the Suez Canal, in the decennial period 1870-79, is, according to the *Bulletin de Statistique*, about 23,000,000 tons, giving an annual average of 2,300,000 tons. In 1879 it was 3,236,800 tons, and it had previously reached a maximum of 3,418,900 tons in 1877, which is about eight times the initial figure, viz., 438,900 tons. The number of vessels that have passed through increased from 485 in 1870, to 1477 in 1879. This is a less rapid increase than that of the tonnage, indicating that larger kinds of ships have come to pass through. The English flag covers more than three fourths of the tonnage (exactly 76 per cent). France, which comes next, has only a twelfth, while at first she had a fifth. The Dutch and Italian flags, which at first appeared little in the canal, have together obtained equal importance with the French since 1875. The gross receipts from the canal rose from some 9,000,000 francs in 1870 to 34,000,000 in 1877, and they were 31,000,000 last year. The maintenance of the canal proves easy; it requires, on an average, a dredging of 950,000 cubic metres, which is effected with economical and powerful engines. The average time occupied by British troop-ships in the canal in 1878 was about 40 hours (17 hours' actual passage), calculated from 49 voyages.

ANNUAL PRODUCT OF KEROSENE.—The annual production of kerosene is now about 15,000,000 barrels. The first oil-well was sunk nearly twenty-one years ago.

POSTAL CARDS USED IN 1878 AND 1879.—In the year 1878 the number of postal cards used in Europe was 342,000,000. During the year 1879 the number of cards posted in the United States was 246,000,000.

LIBRARIES IN JAPAN.—Within the past six years several free circulating libraries have been established in Japan. The largest of these, which is in the Confucian temple at Tokio, contains 63,840 volumes of Chinese and Japanese works, 5162 of English, and between eight and nine thousand volumes in other European languages.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Young Ireland. A Fragment of Irish History, 1840-1850.* By SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth. Price \$3.

*Scotch Sermons.* 1880. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 345. Price \$1.50.

*Modern Society.* By JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Roberts Bros. 18mo, cloth, pp. 88. Price 50 cents.

*The Trumpet-Major.* A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. *Leisure Hour Series.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 366. Price \$1.

*Sanskrit and its Kindred Literature.* Studies in Comparative Mythology. By LAURA ELIZABETH POOR. Boston: Roberts Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 468. Price, \$2.

*A Village Commune. A Story.* By "Ouida." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 324. Price, \$1.25.

*An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament, from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time.* With Notices of Eminent Parliamentary Men, and Examples of their Oratory. Compiled from Authentic Sources by GEORGE HENRY JENNINGS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 530. Price, \$2.50.

*May Marston.* A Novel. By GEORGE MACDONALD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 467. Price, \$1.50.

*Health Primers. The Heart and its Function.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Square 16mo, cloth, pp. 95. Price, 40 cents.

*Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. All Alone.* By ANDRE THEURIET. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 156. Price, 25 cents.



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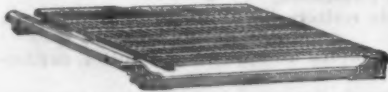
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Seated in a luxurious palace car whirling us with lightning speed toward the Pacific coast, we were fast relapsing into that dreamy condition of mind which the monotony of continuous travel induces. Nearly all our fellow passengers were similarly influenced, except a small group who were assiduous in their attention to a seemingly healthy and robust young man. The young man attracted our attention by what seemed either his indifference or helplessness, and we were resolved to "see the whole thing through." By this time we were drawing near to an express and refreshment station, and our indifferent young friend gave some sign which caused a gentleman attendant to leave the car and procure for him some fruit. On his way back toward the invalid we allowed our curiosity full liberty, and inquired concerning his charge. With rare politeness he explained that the young man was the victim of an agonizing type of rheumatism, which was always worse in the Spring and Fall, and that they were removing the patient to the Pacific coast for the benefit of climatic influence, as medicine had ceased to affect his case at all. We thanked him and fell into an easy conversation with a new-comer who had boarded the train at the station, and was for a time our *compagnon de voyage*. This companion of the trip, we reasoned, must be either a very good or very wicked man, as our eyes for the first time fell upon his heavy *porte-manteau*, bearing the mystical name "St. Jacobs." We inquired diplomatically about his destination, etc., etc., and soon we learned that the affable stranger was a public benefactor in the role of representative of the St. JACOBS OIL. Interest. At the next station our invalid traveler and the St. JACOBS OIL representative were transferred to a compartment of the car for an interchange of views and experiences; and we think something cheering must have been heard and felt by our invalid, for before we reached our destination—San Francisco—this same invalid was as pleasant and cheerful as any one aboard the train, free from pain and as voluble concerning the merits of that wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, St. JACOBS OIL, as a school-girl on commencement day.—*Western Exchange*.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to present the following statements relative to the efficacy of the Old German Remedy:

### SAVED FROM THE POORHOUSE.

"For many years David Allingsworth suffered with Rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed, on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the Directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already much better, and when four bottles had been used upon him, he could again walk about without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be vouched for by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) Correspondent.

Amos James, Esq., proprietor Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., writes: I suffered with Rheumatism so badly that I was unable to use my arm for three months. Nothing gave relief, and I was in despair, when some one recommended St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and, to my astonishment, found relief. Continuing its use, five bottles cured me entirely. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with Rheumatism.

One of the great manufacturing interests of Boston is the Emerson Piano Company, whose pianos are used with high appreciation and satisfaction throughout the world. In a recent conversation with Mr. Jos. Gramer, one of the proprietors, that gentleman remarked: I have used that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in my family, and found it to be so beneficial that I will never be without it. It has cured me of a severe case of Rheumatism after other remedies had failed.

Rev. A. A. Allen, who is well known in Michigan, and more particularly in Oakland county where he is familiarly addressed or spoken of as "Father Allen," thus speaks: My wife, who has not rested well, and who has been troubled with chronic Rheumatism for the past six years, hearing of the wonderful cures made by St. Jacobs Oil, bought a bottle at Carroll's Drug Store, one day last month, and with one application, rested well for the night, free from all pain, the first time in six years. She used one bottle, and was entirely cured of all Rheumatism and pains. We always keep it at our home. My neighbors, hearing of the permanent cure, also provided themselves with St. Jacobs Oil.

Mr. Gilbert Henfield, 1035 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, Ill., says: This is to certify, that, after suffering the most excruciating pain for two years from chronic Rheumatism, and using immense quantities of liniments, oils and physicians' recipes, I used St. Jacobs Oil (recommended to me by a friend) for a few weeks, and have not suffered with Rheumatism from that time to the present—nearly six months. I now consider myself entirely cured, thanks to St. Jacobs Oil.

### A REMINISCENCE of the GREAT FIRE.

At the residence of Mr. John O'Donnell, No. 106 Sigel street, Chicago, our reporter found Mrs. O'Donnell, who said that eight years ago, just after the fire, she contracted Rheumatism in the feet, and that after trying all kinds of remedies—some of which cost as much as two dollars a bottle—she had recently heard of St. Jacobs Oil, and had given it a trial, the result being that a few applications changed her from a bed-ridden cripple to a strong woman, able to dance about the floor as in her youthful days.—*Chicago Tribune*.

J. Jackson Smith, Esq., Councilman, Cleveland, Ohio, recently recommended St. Jacobs Oil to a prominent politician in that city, who was a martyr to rheumatic aches and pains. His shoulder was so badly afflicted that it was impossible for him to use a pen. He assured me, Mr. Smith said, that he was materially benefited after the first rubbing, and that by constant use since, he has succeeded in entirely ridding himself of the complaint. I have introduced the Oil into my family, believing that it is an exceedingly good thing to have within reach. My son has used it for headache with good success. The truth is, by the amount of talk one hears daily about St. Jacobs Oil, it seems as though it was destined to occupy a most important position in every household.

Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine, says Stacey Hill, Esq., of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway, Cincinnati. I was limping about, hardly able to move, with Rheumatism in the hip, or Sciatica. Hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I procured a bottle of it, and with the third application was able to go about with perfect ease and comfort.

The La Fayette (Ind.) Daily Courier lately remarked: We cheerfully give our readers the benefit of the following, imparted to us by Mr. John Wendling of this city: I had been confined to bed for five weeks with Rheumatism, during which time my left leg was powerless. I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after using it for five or six days, I was on my feet again and perfectly cured. We congratulate our friend on his recovery, and the public on the fact that a reliable cure for one of the most painful ailments has at last been found.

Mr. J. Dawson, of the firm of J. Dawson & Son, Druggists, Rochester, Ind., was attacked with Sciatic Rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding February 10th could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing. The run which St. Jacobs Oil is having in these gentlemen say, unprecedented, and the article is rapidly displacing all other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known.

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## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received from our subscribers quite a number of inquiries as to whether the February *ECLECTIC* contained the steel engraving which has always hitherto appeared in each number. In response to these inquiries, we would say that by reference to our prospectus for 1881, in the December *ECLECTIC*, they will see that, in place of an engraving in each number, we have added to our reading matter nearly two hundred pages for the present year over that of previous years, or, to state it in other words, we give them a little over thirteen numbers for 1881 of the same size as the numbers for 1880, and such engravings as do appear will be of greatly superior finish and quality, similar to that of the beautiful engraving of Marguerite which appeared in our January issue.

This course was decided upon in deference to the wishes of many of our subscribers who agreed with us that we had well-nigh exhausted the list of subjects of sufficient importance to appear in such a periodical as the *ECLECTIC*, and who preferred first-class reading matter to portraits of second- or third-class men.

### CONDEMNED.

ALUM BAKING POWDERS IN COURT—INTERESTING TESTIMONY OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

[*New York Times.*]

Within the past two years, a bitter controversy has been waged between manufacturers, on account of the use of alum as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar, by many manufacturers of baking powders. The handsome profits yielded by using the substitute have induced dealers as well as manufacturers to push them into the hands of consumers, sometimes under definite brands, frequently by weighing out in bulk without any distinguishing name.

Are such powders wholesome? The Royal Baking Powder Co., who make a cream of tartar baking powder, declared that they are injurious to the public health, while others who make alum powders claim that they are not. The whole matter, as to the effects of

these alum powders, has finally been brought into the courts, and the case was tried in the Superior Court of New York City before Chief-Justice Sedgwick, reported substantially as follows in the *New York Sun*.

CONCLUSION OF A LITTLE TROUBLE BETWEEN A CHEMIST AND AN EDITOR.

The suit of Dr. Henry A. Mott against Jabez Burns, has brought to light the fact that this country produces at least forty-two different kinds of baking powders. Neither Burns nor Mott has been found guilty of making the baking powders, but Burns, who is the editor of a periodical called the *Spice Mill*, has been severely mulcted for libel in his efforts to make his paper spicy. Dr. Mott, it appears, is a chemist, and at one time was employed by the United States Government to analyze different specimens of baking powder which had been recommended for adoption to the Indian Bureau. Dr. Mott reported in favor of the cream of tartar baking powders for the Indians, and against the alum baking powders. The chemist analyzed forty-two kinds of baking powders.

The jury were out about half an hour. Then they came in with a verdict awarding Dr. Mott \$8000, to which the court made an additional allowance of \$150.

As the public have a large interest in the wholesomeness of whatever it is called upon to use as food, the following extracts are introduced from the testimony of some of the prominent men as to the injurious effects of alum powders.

DR. MOTT :

Q. Were you employed by the United States Government?

A. I was, sir ; was employed as chemist, to analyze all the articles of food ; to express an opinion as to the analysis of their healthfulness and purity.

Q. Please tell the jury the baking powders that you examined while in the employ of the Government?

A. It would be difficult to remember them all ; I could refer to my books ; I examined twenty-eight powders ; was given sixteen at first.

By the Court :

Give your best recollection.

Q. And one of the powders included was "Dooley's Baking Powder"?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And the "Charm"?

A. Yes, sir ; the "Charm" and "Patapsco."

Q. Please state in which powders you found alum?

A. I found alum in Dooley's, "Patapsco," "Charm," "Vienna," "Orient," "Ama-

zon," "Lake Side," "Twin Sisters," "Superlative," "King," "White Lily," "Monarch," "One Spoon," "Regal," "Imperial," "Honest," "Economical," "Excelsior," "Chartres," "Grant's," "Giant," and the "Queen."

Q. Now, these powders mentioned in your communication in the *Scientific American*—"Dooley's," "Standard," "Patapsco," "Charm"—baking powder manufactured by C. E. Andrews, of Milwaukee, you stated you found burnt alum; if you will please name the respective powder that you have examined—was it potash or ammonia alum, you found?

A. In the "Patapsco," "Charm," and in the Andrews, it was ammonia alum.

Q. What is the gas usually furnished by baking powders?

A. The object of baking powders is to furnish carbonic acid gas.

Q. Will you state to me again what other gas besides carbonic acid gas, is proper to be evolved from a baking powder?

A. A limited amount of ammonia gas.

Q. I notice in your article that you say starch is a proper ingredient to put in a baking powder?

A. Starch is a proper ingredient to prevent the decomposition of baking powders.

Q. Recurring to the question that has been asked you upon this suit—the result of these examinations which you have made—is it your opinion that alum in these various compounds, in baking powders such as you have examined, is injurious?

A. It is my opinion, based upon actual experiments on living animals.

CHARLES F. CHANDLER, called on behalf of the plaintiff, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. Dr. Chandler, you reside in the city of New York?

A. I do.

Q. Your business is that of a chemist?

A. It is.

Q. You are and have been Professor of Chemistry in several colleges?

A. I have.

Q. Please state how long that employment of yourself has been, and with what colleges you are now connected?

A. I am at present Professor of Chemistry in the Academic Department of Columbia College; the School of Mines, Columbia College; the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the New York College of Pharmacy.

Q. You are President, also, of the Board of Health, are you not?

A. I am.

Q. In your various employments, have you had frequent occasion to examine the question of the wholesomeness of food, and the beneficial or injurious effects of its ingredients?

A. I have.

Q. I will ask you in regard to the use of alum with soda, in a baking powder, whether or not it is neutralized—is there any injurious constituent of alum left?

A. There is an injurious constituent left after the mixture of alum and bicarbonate of soda.

Q. Without using any nicety of chemical terms, what is your opinion about the use of alum in a baking powder, in combination with bicarbonate soda and other ingredients, for raising bread—whether injurious or not?

A. I think it is *dangerous* to the digestive organs, and liable to produce serious disturbance of the liver of the individual making use of such powders.

HENRY MORTON, President of "Stevens Institute," called in behalf of the plaintiff, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. You are President of Stevens Institute?

A. I am.

Q. And have for many years been a chemist?

A. I have.

Q. Have you had occasion to examine the substances which are used in the composition of baking powders?

A. I have.

Q. Did you, some time ago, examine a sample of Dooley's Baking Powder?

A. I did.

Q. Is that it, sir [handing can]?

A. Yes, sir; that is it.

Q. Well, what kind of alum did it contain?

A. It contained potash alum.

Q. Did you make any extract of that alum, to show the kind?

A. I did; I extracted a large quantity of it as potash alum, and it is in that bottle which I have now here [showing bottle]; that is potash alum which came out of the alum baking powder that was in that can.

Plaintiff's counsel offers said can of Dooley's Baking Powder in evidence.

Q. Now, sir, have you made any experiment in the bread made from baking powder, to see whether there was any soluble alumina in the bread itself?

A. I have; I took a portion of this powder and mixed it with flour in the directed proportions, and baked a small loaf with it; then I soaked this loaf—the interior part of it—in cold water, and made an extract, in which I readily detected, by the usual tests, alum—that is alumina in a soluble condition.

Q. Does any baking powder in which any alumina salts enter, contain alumina, in your opinion, which can be absorbed in the process of digestion—are not such objectionable?

A. Very decidedly objectionable, in my opinion.

Q. Why do you say—from what system of reasoning do you make it out—that because alum is injurious, alumina is injurious?

A. Because the injurious effects of alumina, when it gets into the stomach and reacts on the organs, are the same; this hydrate of alumina meets in the stomach the gastric juices, and reacts with them the same as alum would; it forms, in fact, a kind of alum in the stomach with those acids, and whatever alum would do, it would do.

Dr. SAMUEL W. JOHNSON, Professor of



Chemistry, in the Scientific School, Yale College, being duly sworn, testified as follows :

Q. You have had much to do in the examination of substances that enter into food, and the adulteration of food ?

A. More or less ; yes, sir.

Q. After the use of alum with soda, in a baking powder, in your opinion, is there any injurious substance left ?

A. In my opinion, there is an injurious substance left.

Q. What, sir, two years ago, was the prevailing opinion among scientific men, as to the effect of the use of alum in baking powders ?

A. As far as my acquaintance with scientific men is concerned, my personal opinion is derived from my investigation and from reading ; I should think the opinion was that alum, or any compound of alumina, would be decidedly injurious.

Q. Do I understand you to say that any baking powder in which there are aluminous salts, or any resultant from alum which could be absorbed in digestion, is objectionable and injurious ?

A. *Extremely so.*

Prof. JOSEPH H. RAYMOND called, sworn and testified as follows :

Q. Would you be good enough to state your profession ?

A. I am a physician, sir, and a Professor of Physiology.

Q. You also were, and have been for some time, Sanitary Superintendent in Brooklyn—is not that so ?

A. I have, sir.

Q. Now, sir, I will ask you your opinion, from this experience, whether the use of alum with soda, in a baking powder, is injurious or not, in its physiological effects ?

A. I consider it to be *dangerous*.

Q. You examined this question for the Board of Health in Brooklyn, some years ago, did you not ?

A. Two years ago, sir, in December.

*By the Court :*

Q. What was the result of your investigation as to the use of alum in baking powder ?

A. The result of my investigation at that time, was this : that the changes which took place between the time that alum baking powder was put in the bread, and the time the bread was eaten, the chemical changes were so little understood by chemists, that as a physician and physiologist, I considered it a dangerous experiment.

Dr. Mott, the Government chemist, in his review of the subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the royal baking powder, and found it composed of pure and wholesome materials. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analyses of many samples that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form. The label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

THE Society of Decorative Art of New York offers as prizes : \$500 for the best design for a portière or window-hanging ; \$100 for the second-best ; \$200 for the best design for screens of not less than three panels ; \$50 for the second-best ; \$125 for the best design for frieze or band applicable to table-cover, lambrequin, or other decorative purposes ; \$25 for the second-best. A special prize of \$100 for the best table-cover is offered by a member of the Executive Committee, subject to the same conditions and rules. A special prize of \$50 for the best and most artistic example of needlework not included in the above competition, the example to remain the property of the competitor, is offered by the President of the Society. A special prize of \$50 for the best design in outline-work on silk is offered by the Vice-President of the Society, subject to the same conditions and rules. A special prize of \$25 for the best design in outline-work on linen is offered by a member of the Society, subject to the same conditions and rules. A special prize of \$25 for the best example of drawn-work is offered by a member of the Society, subject to the same conditions and rules. A special prize of \$25 for the best figure design suitable for a panel is offered by a member of the Society, subject to the same conditions and rules. A special prize of \$25 for the best color treatment of any design entered in the competition is offered by *The Art Interchange*. All correspondence must be addressed, Prize Design Competition, Society of Decorative Art, 34 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

THE MAGNET IN MEDICINE.—An article in the *Scientific American* of December 4th, after referring to historic investigations, concludes by stating that Dr. Hammond, late United States Surgeon-General, has been trying the effect of magnets in his practice for a couple of years or so, and is convinced that the magnet is really capable of exercising a strong physiological influence, and that there are substantial reasons for believing that it may be used to advantage in medicine. He has tried it in cases of neuralgia, chorea, and paralysis, sometimes with strong evidence of beneficial effects.

THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.—The material of which the obelisk is constituted is red syenite granite. It is nearly 70 feet in height, 7 feet square at the base, 5 feet 3 inches at the top, and weighs 205 tons. All four sides are covered with deeply-cut hieroglyphics, which at one time were filled with gold, and the small pyramidal apex was even encased by a metal hood.

**BOMB LANCE.**—Mr. E. Pierce, of New Bedford, Mass., has invented a new and deadly weapon intended to take the place of the ordinary harpoon for whaling. The invention consists of a gun mounted on a suitable shaft and adapted to the bomb lance. The gun has a lock which is operated by impact against the body of the whale. The bomb lance has a cavity for receiving a charge of powder, and is provided with a wooden staff through which a fuse passes. The staff of the lance is received by the gun-barrel. On throwing the lance the lock of the gun is released and the gun discharged as the point of the lance touches the body of the whale; the fuse of the lance is at the same time ignited, so that immediately after the lance enters the body of the whale its charge of powder is exploded, killing or injuring the whale. The bomb lance is provided with a rod having an eye in the end for receiving the line. The projectile is generally fired from a rowing boat. The instrument is a powerful one. In some instances (Mr. Voy says) the projectile could be driven 80 metres; in which case, it and the cord drawn out would weigh not less than 100 kilogrammes. Mr. Voy describes a striking incident, in which a large yellow-bellied whale (a kind very rarely attacked, on account of its tremendous vigor) was shot at, from a small five-ton steamer, when quite near. The projectile went right through part of the body and exploded beyond. The whale was attached, however, by the cord, and it dragged the steamer (it is stated) four consecutive hours, at a speed sometimes of 16 kilom. an hour, though the engine was reversed. Sunset came, and the whale being still lively, the cord was cut.

THE New York correspondent of the *Rochester Democrat*, who was formerly, we believe, a clergyman, and who is thoroughly posted on personal matters relating to the clergy, gives in a recent letter the ages of several ministers who are prominent in New York and Brooklyn. "Elbert S. Porter, of the Reformed Church, is sixty; Dr. Ormiston is fifty-nine; Dr. Chambers, sixty-one. Dr. Armitage is sixty-one. He is a native of England, and was at an early age highly useful in the Church. He made attempts at preaching when only sixteen, and some of these efforts were highly successful. Theodore L. Cuyler is fifty-eight. Howard Crosby is fifty-four. John Hall is in his fiftieth year. Samuel D. Burchard is still a working preacher, though now sixty-eight. Houghton, of 'the little church around the corner,' is in his sixty-first year. Morgan, of St. Thomas's, is sixty-two.

Bellows, the veteran of Unitarianism, is sixty-six, while Robert Collyer is fifty-eight. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, and Robinson, of the Memorial Church, each is in his fifty-first year. Rylance, of St. Mark's, is fifty-four. Talmage is forty-eight, and Van Dyke, who was his most severe opponent, is ten years older. Beecher has just entered his sixty-eighth year, and has a greater degree of vitality than any American preacher of that age."

**THE SPREAD OF LANGUAGES.**—The progress of languages spoken by different peoples is said to be as follows: English, which, at the commencement of the century was only spoken by 22 millions, is now spoken by 90 millions; Russian by 63 millions instead of 30 millions; German by 66 instead of 38; Spanish by 44 instead of 32; Italian by 30 instead of 18; Portuguese by 13 instead of 8. This is, for England, an increase of 310 per cent; for Russia, 110 per cent; for Germany, 70 per cent; for Spain, 36 per cent, etc. In the case of France the increase has been from 34 to 36 millions, or 36 per cent.

**SEWING MACHINE.**—The largest sewing machine in the world has been lately finished. It is of the Singer pattern, and weighs over four tons. It is worked by steam, and has been made for a manufacturing firm in Liverpool.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The International Scientific Series. Volume XXIX. The Atomic Theory.* By PROFESSOR AD. WURTZ. Translated by E. Cleminshaw, M.A., F.C.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 344. Price, \$1.50.

*A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present.* By T. T. TIMAYENIS. With Maps and Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 447, 445.

*Pictures from Ireland.* By TERENCE MCGRATH. *Leisure Hour Series.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 206. Price, \$1.

*Ernestine.* A Novel. By WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. From the German by S. BARING-GOULD. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. 2 vols., 16mo, cloth, pp. 349, 363. Price, \$1.50.

*Belles and Ringers.* A Novelette. By HAWLEY SMART. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 226. Price \$1.



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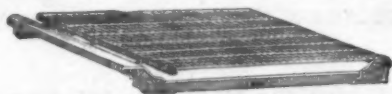
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When any matter has been fully, fairly and pointedly stated; when the facts bearing on the case have been presented; when the statements substantiating the claims made have been offered, and from the character of those furnishing such statements, known to be unqualifiedly true, there remains but one thing more, and that is—the test of personal experience. The common judgment of mankind indicates this as the correct method, and the inestimable benefits received by every one who proceeds according to such direction, constitute an indorsement of its truth too weighty to be tossed aside unconsidered. If you have nothing now to worry or harass you in your household matters or family, consider yourself fortunate. But sooner or later the time will come when sickness and pain will invade your house and attack you or some of your family. To anticipate this misfortune, and thereby prevent it, is the part of sound judgment. And as nothing equals that world-renowned remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in preventing the encroachment of disease, and curing it if established, is it not just the remedy to have always in the house? The German people long ago decided that question, and the Americans, impressed, as we have seen, with the constantly uniform action and great remedial influence of St. Jacobs Oil, have adopted it as their household panacea. The opinions and statements embodied in this article are the echo of thousands of testimonials on our files in favor of the Old German Remedy; and your conclusion to try it—if you have not already done so, and need to use a pain-reliever and healer—will be the means of securing for you a revelation in the rapid banishment of pain, and re-establishment of comfort and health.

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JOHN H. FRANCHI, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, New York City.—“It is with much pleasure that I write as to the popularity and increasing sales of St. Jacobs Oil. From all reports I hear of it, the article has great merit and its sales are certainly wonderful.”

P. VAN SCHAECK, Esq., of the “Old Salamander” Drug House, Chicago, Ill.—“Many of my personal friends, prominent business men of high standing in society—said Mr. Van Schaeck—have tried St. Jacobs Oil, and cannot say enough in its favor. As an article of sale, St. Jacobs Oil is really matchless. You may form an idea of the popular favor which it enjoys among the trade and the people when I tell you that nearly every order we receive, as I show you by the file (and we have several thousand customers), includes St. Jacobs Oil.”

MESSES. BENTON, MYERS & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.—Mr. Daniel Myers, of this old established Wholesale Drug House, said, that with his house the sales of St. Jacobs Oil were greater by far than those of any article of its kind; and, in fact, it was one of the very best selling articles they had handled for many years.

MESSES. BODEMANN & ZINK, Cor. State and Jackson streets, Chicago.—Mr. Bodemann, senior partner, thus speaks: “My sales of the article are very large, in fact, more extensive than those of any other proprietary medicine I have ever sold, for any complaint. It fulfills the promises of its makers in every particular. I have to send orders almost daily to the house. I have noticed the results of its use in many cases, and they are uniformly most satisfactory.”

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ST. LOUIS (MO.) REPUBLICAN.—“It is very rare that the REPUBLICAN consents to editorially forward the interests of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil, from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it. CINCINNATI (OHIO) STAR.—“We stated to Mr. Hill, of the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railway, as we now do to our readers, that the names of parties of national reputation were being freely used by the proprietors of the St. Jacobs Oil in their announcements and otherwise, and we felt it a matter of curiosity, and in some respects a duty to our subscribers, to verify the truth of the statements made regarding it.”

THE CLEVELAND (OHIO) PLAINDEALER, concludes an extended editorial in this wise: “All in all, when summed up, it must be plain to every fair-minded man that never in the history of our country has a medical discovery been brought before the public and accepted with such universal expressions of favor as this Great German Remedy.”

THE CHICAGO (ILL.) TIMES, in closing an elaborate editorial, wherein were embodied the statements of many of the most solid business men and influential citizens of Chicago, observes in reference to St. Jacobs Oil: “These interviews, as herein reported, should be enough to satisfy the most skeptical of the wonderful, almost miraculous properties contained in these little bottles. These sentiments are the universal echo of the press of the land, and carry with convincing emphasis, indubitable proof of the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil.”

### THE PUBLIC TESTIFIES.

THE REV. BISHOP GILMORE, Cleveland, Ohio: “Excellent for Rheumatism and kindred diseases. It has benefited me greatly.”—CHAS. S. SICKLAND, Esq., Builder, of 9 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.: “I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this liniment.”—PROF. TICE, the renowned Meteorologist, St. Louis, Mo.: “Almost instant relief from excruciating pain.”—MME. MARIE SALVOTTI, Prima Donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe: “Nothing can compare with it as a prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named.”—WM. H. WARREN, Esq., Assistant General Superintendent, New York Post Office: “Proved all that is claimed for the Oil and found efficacious. Ready relief for rheumatic complaints.”—HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Postmaster, New York, referring to Superintendent Warren's report concerning St. Jacobs Oil: “I concur.”—PROF. C. O. DUPLESSIS, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.: “Our professionals and amateurs use it in preference to everything we know of or have ever tried.”—MAJOR T. A. HILLIER, No. 225 Master street, Philadelphia, suffered so with rheumatism that he was confined to his bed for weeks at a time, absolutely helpless, happened to hear of St. Jacobs Oil, tried it, and was cured.—GEO. W. WALLING, Esq., Supt. Police, New York City: “Member of this Department relieved of Rheumatism, by its use.”—STACY HILL, Esq., Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: “Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine.”—HON. LEONARD SWEET, the great Lawyer of the Northwest, Chicago, Ill.: “Certainly the best remedy of the kind I have ever known.”—CAPT. PAUL BOYTON, The World Renowned Swimmer: “I do not see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil.”—D. B. COOKE, Esq., American Express Co., Chicago, Ill.: “Gladly bear testimony to its efficacy.”—J. JACKSON SMITH, Member of City Council, Cleveland, O.: “Seems destined to occupy a most important position in every household.”—CAPT. HENRY M. HOLZWORTH, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, O.: “Surprising relief. A world of good.”—J. D. L. HARVEY, Esq., Palace Market, Chicago, Ill.: “I consider it a greater discovery than electricity.”—PROF. EDWARD HOLST, Pianist and Composer, Chicago, Ill.: “Its effects are in harmony with its claims.”



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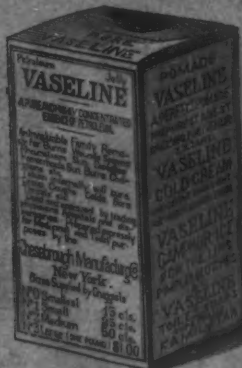
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JANUARY 1, 1881.

Amount of net Cash Assets, January 1, 1880.....\$38,185,431 68

## REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$7,014,819 69
Less deferred premiums, Jan. 1, 1880.....	867,989 02—\$6,646,830 57
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold).....	2,635,877 95
Less interest accrued Jan. 1, 1880.....	317,989 11—
	\$3,517,888 84—\$8,964,719 41
	<b>\$47,150,151 09</b>

## DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same.....	\$1,731,721 37
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same.....	564,579 85
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,303,590 02
Taxes and reinsurance.....	212,424 06
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	770,804 30
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	322,910 64—
	\$5,806,000 24
	<b>\$41,344,120 85</b>

## ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received).....	\$352,028 10
Invested in United States, N. Y. City, and other stocks (market value \$16,764,988.05).....	15,925,174 09
Real Estate.....	5,029,394 59
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$15,365,000.00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	14,464,982 28
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value, \$3,184,840.00).....	2,491,000 00
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$2,975,000.00).....	597,451 13
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1881.....	387,972 13
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies \$440,500.00 included in liabilities).....	304,832 99
Agents' balances.....	34,223 23
Accrued interest on investments, Jan. 1, 1881.....	337,167 37—
	\$41,344,120 85
	1,639,812 96
* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the annual report, filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	

CASH ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1881.....\$43,183,934 81

## APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1881.....	\$335,195 40
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	198,761 98
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....	109,643 95
Annuities, due and unpaid.....	5,294 25
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent Carlisle net premium.....	36,473,691 79
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.....	1,732,165 82
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	14,084 63
	<b>\$38,888,837 82</b>

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.....\$4,295,096 99

Estimated Surplus by the New York State Standard at  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, over \$9,000,000 00.

From the undivided surplus of \$1,293,096 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 6,916 policies have been issued, insuring \$22,329,979.

No. of Policies in force.	Amount at risk.	Death-claims paid.	Income from Interest.	Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.
Jan. 1, 1877...45,421	Jan. 1, 1877, \$127,748,473	1876.....\$1,547,648	1876.....\$1,906,950	Jan. 1, 1877, \$2,626,816
Jan. 1, 1878...45,603	Jan. 1, 1878, 127,901,857	1877.....1,638,128	1877.....1,867,437	Jan. 1, 1878, 2,664,144
Jan. 1, 1879...45,005	Jan. 1, 1879, 135,232,144	1878.....1,687,676	1878.....1,945,665	Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436
Jan. 1, 1880...45,705	Jan. 1, 1880, 137,417,768	1879.....1,569,854	1879.....2,033,650	Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,374
Jan. 1, 1881...43,548	Jan. 1, 1881, 135,726,916	1880.....1,731,721	1880.....2,317,889	Jan. 1, 1881, 4,295,096

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**YIELD OF PRECIOUS METALS.**—The Director of the Mint has submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury a report upon the production of precious metals in the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, which shows the following amounts by States and Territories:

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Alaska .....	\$6,000	.....	\$6,000
Arizona .....	400,000	\$2,000,000	2,400,000
California .....	17,500,000	1,100,000	18,600,000
Colorado .....	3,200,000	17,000,000	20,200,000
Dakota .....	3,600,000	70,000	3,670,000
Georgia .....	120,000	.....	120,000
Idaho .....	1,980,000	450,000	2,430,000
Montana .....	2,400,000	2,500,000	4,900,000
Nevada .....	4,800,000	10,900,000	15,700,000
New Mexico .....	130,000	425,000	555,000
North Carolina .....	95,000	.....	95,000
Oregon .....	1,090,000	15,000	1,105,000
South Carolina .....	15,000	.....	15,000
Utah .....	210,000	4,740,000	4,950,000
Virginia .....	10,000	.....	10,000
Washington .....	410,000	.....	410,000
Wyoming .....	20,000	.....	20,000
Other sources .....	14,000	.....	14,000

**THE FATE OF GREAT DISCOVERERS.**—The four American claimants of the grand discovery of anæsthesia were Jackson, Long, Morton, and Wells. The fate of these men was very unfortunate. Long died in 1878,

very little known, and a poor man. Morton, having been reduced to poverty during the twelve years in which he tried to obtain from Congress and the courts a recognition of his rights, died suddenly in New York City of cerebral congestion, brought on by reading a work attacking his claims. Wells' mind failed in the fierce controversy; and after his arrest in New York for throwing vitriol on women's clothing, he destroyed himself. Jackson died on August 30th, after seven years' illness, during which his mind was clouded with agitation and disappointment.

**LARGE COTTON-MILL.**—The largest cotton-mill in the United States has just been opened at Willimantic, Connecticut. It is one immense single room, 820 feet by 174, and one story high, lighted at night by fifty-one electric lights.

**MICA SHOE SOLES.**—Mica has been applied to a new use, that of fashioning it into middle soles to boots and shoes. The invention, according to the *American Manufacturer*, consists of a sheet of mica imbedded in thin coatings of cement, and placed in the boot or shoe under and adjacent to the insole, the upper leather of the shoe lapping over its edges or next under the filling, or between the filling and the outer or bottom sole, and covering the upper space from the toe to the instep.

**ENDYMION.**—Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" has aroused remarkable interest across the Channel, and over 130 proposals to translate the novel into French have been sent to the author. In Russia also, after passing under the censor's eye, the work will be brought out in four separate translations—two cheap editions in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and in the weekly supplements of the *Novoe Vremya* and the *Novosti*.

**LADY FLORENCE DIXIE**, the young Englishwoman who owns two pet jaguars, and who has lately published a book upon her travels in Patagonia, is going out to South Africa as war correspondent for the *Morning Post* of London. Sir Beaumont Dixie, her husband, and Lord Queensberry, her brother, are to accompany her. If this spirited lady undertakes to describe actual fighting, her letters will be looked for with not a little curiosity.

ENTERTAINMENT IN IRELAND.—Biddy O'Flannigan: "Shure now, Mrs. Driscoll, lave your washin' an' come out. Mr. Maguire, the landlord, has passed, rinnin' away, bedad; Pat, his tenant, has passed, rinnin' after him, goin' to cut his dhirty throat; the bailiffs have passed, rinnin' after Pat for the rint, wid revolvers in their hands; the 'skull threshers' have passed, rinnin' afther the bailiffs, to corpse 'em; an' all the darlint boys an' girls are rinnin' afther the lot jist to see the fun, be jabers."—*Fun*.

"RESPECTABLE" TRAVELLERS.—The famous definition of respectability by a witness in the Thurtell case has long been proverbial. It was in days of travelling by road, and not by rail, that a man was deemed respectable because "he kept a gig." The phrase "gigocracy" will be remembered. A railway director's notion is akin to this. At the last half-yearly meeting of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway at Manchester, the chairman uttered a note of warning that our institutions were in danger of being Americanized. The accounts showed, he said, that "respectable," well-dressed persons, with kid gloves and even kid boots, now went into third-class carriages, which had been specially appointed for "men with clogs and of rough exterior generally." The inevitable result, he declared, would be the adoption of only one class of carriage—the third, while only a small number comparatively of select passengers will pay for the luxury of Pullman or drawing-room cars!

ROYAL CHILDREN'S TRAINING.—It is a curious fact, and deserves to be recorded, that every prince of the Royal House of Prussia, when young, is taught some useful trade or other, for the purpose of sobering the mind and bringing it face to face with the material world and the realities of life; and among the profusion of curiosities and artistic relics which crowd the emperor's private cabinet may be seen specimens of bookbinding, carving, carpentering, and other handiwork performed by his sons and grandsons.

THE outrages committed upon the Victor Emanuel library may be judged from the circumstance of the archæologist Corvisieri finding a folio in what the librarians Castellan and Podestà both pronounced a heap of waste paper to be sold, which proved to be a "quatrecento" original edition of the letter of Christopher Columbus on the discovery of America.

ANAGRAM.—The following is a happy transposition, and teaches a valuable lesson:

"Pray tell me where is Christianity?  
Transpose the letters: *It's in charity.*"

USE FOR COTTON SEED HULLS.—The Chicago *Railway Review* reports that the use of cotton seed hulls as a substitute for cotton waste in packing the journal boxes of cars and locomotives has been adopted on several roads, and others are preparing to adopt it. It is claimed that the hulls are actually superior to ordinary cotton waste for packing, and would be preferable at the same cost. Cotton seed hulls can be delivered in any part of the United States at one cent a pound.

DISCOVERIES have been made by Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey, showing the existence of man there in the paleolithic period, that before the red Indians there were men living on the Trenton gravels in the glacial period. Mr. Abbott has been working for the Peabody Museum, a clause in Mr. Peabody's will providing that if any indications of the existence of man in America, in any age preceding the present, are found, the trustees of the museum may make an investigation.

"Do you pay for poetry?" asks a young lady in Ohio. We do. If written on white paper, it is worth a cent a pound. Most papers do not pay for poetry, but we want to encourage genius in a substantial manner.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The History of Modern Europe.* By C. A. FYFFE, M.A. Vol. I. From the Outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1792 to the Accession of Louis XVIII. in 1814. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 612. Price, \$2.50.

*The Leaden Casket. A Novel.* By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 424. Price, \$1.

*International Scientific Series.* Vol. XXX. *Animal Life as Affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence.* By PROFESSOR KARL SEMPER. With 2 Maps and 106 Woodcuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 383. Price, \$1.75.

*The New Nobility. A Story of Europe and America.* By JOHN W. FORNEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 395. Price, \$1.50.

*The Longfellow Birthday-Book.* Arranged by CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES. With Portrait and Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Square 18mo, cloth, pp. 398. Price, \$1.

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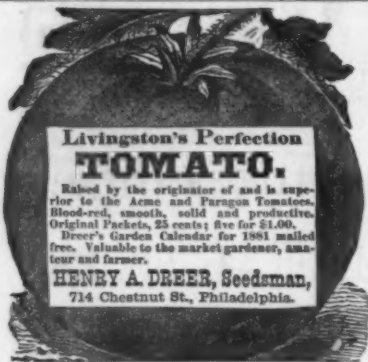
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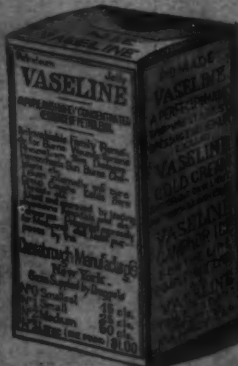
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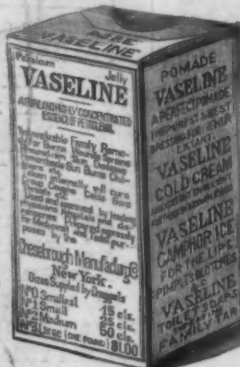
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## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### MARGUERITE.

WE have had the beautiful engraving of Marguerite, which appeared in the January number of the *ECLECTIC*, printed on fine, heavy paper, India proofs only, to frame, about 12 x 16 inches.

We are glad to say that the demand for these beautiful engravings has been fully equal to our expectations, and the first edition printed is nearly exhausted. The price we charge for this engraving, 50 cents, is less than one half the price that similar engravings can be had for in art stores, but we thought it best to make the price such that it might be placed within the reach of all. When this engraving is artistically framed, with a fine gilt frame and narrow inside border of velvet, it is a beautiful subject for a present, and is an ornament to any room. Those of our subscribers wishing this engraving had better send for it at once.

**SUPPLY OF COAL IN ENGLAND.**—The prognostications published some years ago with regard to the exhaustion of the English coal-fields by the rapid increase in the rate of consumption have not apparently been verified. On the contrary, the economies effected, chiefly in connection with the iron trade, have had the result of keeping the annual consumption at a fixed figure—if anything, it has declined. Since 1871 the annual saving of coal in making pig-iron has amounted to nearly 5,000,000 tons, and as similar reductions have been made in the steel and other trades, it is claimed that there is, even now, in spite of the strikes, a surplus of coal at bank.

**WHEN** Dubufe's celebrated paintings of "Adam and Eve" were on exhibition at Edinburgh, Mr. McNab, the curator of the Botanical Gardens in that city, was taken to see them, and was asked for his opinion. "I think no great things of the painter," remarked the authority on gardening. "Why, man, Eve temptin' Adam wi' a pippin o' a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"

**SUGAR FROM RAGS.**—Some years ago Mr. Pepper created some sensation by undertaking to make sugar from old shirts. Sugar is now manufactured in Germany from old rags. The rags are treated by sulphuric acid and convert-

ed into dextrine; this is treated with a milk of lime, and is then subjected to a new bath of sulphuric acid, which converts it into glucose. The glucose obtained by this process is identical with that of commerce, and may be used in the same way for confections, ices, etc. When the manufacture has become more abundant the price will doubtless be very small. It is known that a large number of substances are capable of transformation into glucose. The cellulose of fibrous tissue of wood, treated with sulphuric acid, is changed into dextrine and glucose, and glucose is industrially produced from starch.

**MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Jun.,** maintains the family reputation for talent, being known in Boston as a worker of remarkable embroidery, one piece of which, of her own design, she has just sold for \$500. It represents the lower sash of a window, through which the star-lit Charles River is seen. The surface is dark blue satin, in three frames of ebony to represent the whole window-frame.

**THE UTILIZING OF THE TIDES.**—A Philadelphia engineer has invented, it is claimed, a machine by which the power of the tides can be utilized. Numerous plans have been proposed for the accomplishment of this most desirable end, but only under exceptional conditions have they been practical or economical. If the new device can harness the tide in an open channel, so as to convert any considerable portion of the vast power into working force, the inventor will rank among the great benefactors of humanity. Emerson says somewhere, "Hitch your wagon to a star." A device for utilizing mechanically the free tides, as they sweep along our shores, would come next to that, since it would enable us, though converters and carriers of electricity, to hitch our wagons to the sun and moon.

**ELECTRIC TIDES.**—A remarkable discovery has been made by Mr. Alex. Adams, one of the technical officers of the Post-Office Telegraph Department. It is the existence of electric tides in telegraph circuits. By long-continued and careful observations he has determined distinct variations of strength in those earth currents, which are invariably present on all telegraphic wires, following the different diurnal positions of the moon with respect to the earth.

**SPEECHES LEARNED BY HEART.**—I have never yet precisely understood why it is considered the most vicious thing that can be said of a man, that he learns his speeches by heart. I should have imagined that an audience ought to be grateful to a speaker for taking this trouble. To complain of it is to regard speaking like dancing on a tight-rope, and to incur it with difficulties in order to derive pleasure from seeing them overcome. In nine cases out of ten a learned speech is better than an unlearned one. I have always envied the memory of those who, without hesitation or pause, can deliver a set oration. One of the greatest adepts of this art is Lord Beaconsfield, who, although a fluent and ready impromptu speaker, has often adopted it. More than once he has handed a speech to the reporters at meetings, and he has then repeated it without the mistake of a word. I once tried to do this; some one had explained to me a system of mnemonics, by means of which everything was to be remembered by locating phrases in different corners of the room. For five minutes I got on beautifully, but when I had exhausted one corner and turned to the next, my key became confused, and I ignominiously broke down.—*London Truth*.

**MAKING FORGERY DIFFICULT.**—Mr. A. A. Nesbit has proposed what seems to be a very hopeful plan for rendering a forged cheque an impossibility. He suggests the application to the paper of a dye which is sensitive to both acids and alkalies, and which will change color on being brought into contact with either one or the other. He would then have the necessary printing executed upon such prepared paper in two operations—in one case using an alkaline, and in the other case an acid, ink. This would render the task of altering the written words or figures an impossible one, for it is a well-known fact that all ink-reinovers are of an acid or alkaline character. The attempted application of any solution of the kind would at once become apparent, and the forger would be successfully baffled.

**MISS LOUISE McLAUGHLIN**, the discoverer of painting under the glaze on pottery, realizing that art, like health, was free to all, told her process to other artists, explained it to reporters, and even published a book giving directions. A man has now taken her process and patented it!

**SENATOR EDMUNDS.**—Speaking of Senator Edmunds and his habit of proposing amendments, the *Waterbury American* says that, not many months since, a distinguished Senator from New England, being a little annoyed by one of Senator Edmunds' proposed amend-

ments, remarked to a brother Senator that he would bet fifty dollars, if the truth could be known, that when Senator Edmunds' mother first taught him the Lord's Prayer, he bounced up on her knees and offered an amendment to it.

**LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.**—Mr. W. H. Preece, the English electrician, has determined, with a very close approximation to accuracy, the area protected by a properly adjusted lightning rod. His conclusion is that a lightning rod protects a conic space whose height is the length of the rod, the base being a circle having its radius equal to the height of the rod.

**A PATENT FACT.**—Necessity is the mother of invention, they say, but seeing how many people ruin themselves by taking out patents, we think that "Invention is the mother of necessity" is the way the proverb should read.—*Fun*.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON** couldn't tell a lie. Charles Lamb could, but he stammered so badly that he never attempted it.—*Geo. Percival*.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Analytical and Classed Catalogue of the Brooklyn Library.* Authors, Titles, and Subjects. Published by the Library. Large 8vo, pp. 1110. Price, \$6 in cloth; \$7 in half morocco.

*Sight: An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision.* By JOSEPH LE CONTE, LL.D. *International Scientific Series.* With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 275. Price, \$1.50.

*Lady Clara de Vere.* A Novelette. From the German of FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. *Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series.* 18mo, paper, pp. 182. Price, 25 cents.

*The Irish Land Question. What it Involves, and How Alone it can be Settled.* An Appeal to the Land Leagues. By HENRY GEORGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 85. Price, 25 cents.

*A Lazy Man's Work.* A Novel. By FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK. *Leisure Hour Series.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 377. Price, \$1.

*Cassell's Popular Library. History of the Free Trade Movement in England.* By AUGUSTUS MONGREDIEN. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 188. Price, 25 cents.

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Mrs. H. HARPER, 702 Stone St., Denver, Col.;  
Mrs. A. J. WHITTELEY, Sheffield, Mass.;  
CARWELL & MASSEY, Newport, R. I.;  
Mrs. SUSAN B. LEIGHTON, New Market, N. H.;  
JOHN L. HERRING, cor. Park Ave. and McMechan St.;  
Geo. G. PRESSBURY, Prop. West End Hotel, Long Branch;  
Mrs. GEORGE HAYDEN, West Roxbury, Mass.;  
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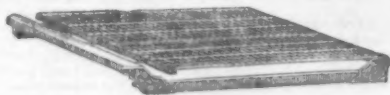
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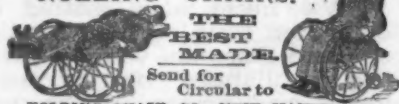
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figures why the publican interest is so powerful in English politics. For the three kingdoms the annual drink bill is more than \$15 a head for every man, woman, and child, and more than \$75 for each family. The entire revenue of the Church of England, if it were sold to-morrow, down to church furniture and parish vestments, would not pay last year's "moderate" drink bill.

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**ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.**—The Marquis of Westminster left an estate with an income of more than a million a year, ten thousand pounds going to each of his daughters, and the remainder to his son, now the Duke of Westminster. Old leases falling in, and renewed at an advance of more than a hundred per cent, have doubled this vast rent-roll. One of the sisters married in Cannes, in the south of France, an accomplished physician, who wished to settle in London; but with the English contempt for physicians in general, and the Duke of Westminster's in particular, the Duke gave his sister another ten thousand pounds to keep her husband out of England—a circumstance throwing light on Miss Thackeray's little story of "Fina's Aunt," lately published in the *Bazar*.

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**A CAPITAL CHOICE.**—Cousin Amy: "So you haven't made up your mind yet what *profession* you're going to be when you grow up, Bobby?" Bobby: "Well, yes! I don't exactly know what it's called, you know, but it's living in the country, and keeping lots of horses and dogs, and all that!" (Bobby's papa is a curate, with £200 a year.)—*Punch*.

**THE LICK OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE.**—The trustees of the Lick Observatory have finally closed the contract for the optical part of their great telescope. There has been considerable doubt whether a refractor or an enormous reflector would be selected, but the decision is in favor of the former. The object glass is to be three feet in diameter, and the Clarks of Cambridge, Mass., are to make it for \$50,000. The mounting for the instrument is not yet provided for. Proposals will be obtained from the principal instrument-makers of Europe and America. Probably the mechanical part of the instrument will cost as much as the optical. It may be three years before the telescope is finished. If the instrument proves successful, it will be the most efficient ever pointed at the heavens. Its power will exceed that of the Pulkowa glass by forty-four per centum, and it will be almost twice as powerful as the great telescope at Washington, which at present is the best of its kind.

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*Matrimony.* A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS. *Leisure Hour Series.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 433. Price, \$1.

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*Cassell's Popular Library: The Scotch Covenanters.* By JAMES TAYLOR, D.D., F.A.S.E. New York and London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 188. Price, 25 cts.

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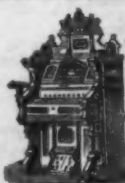
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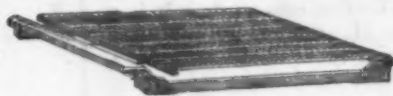
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